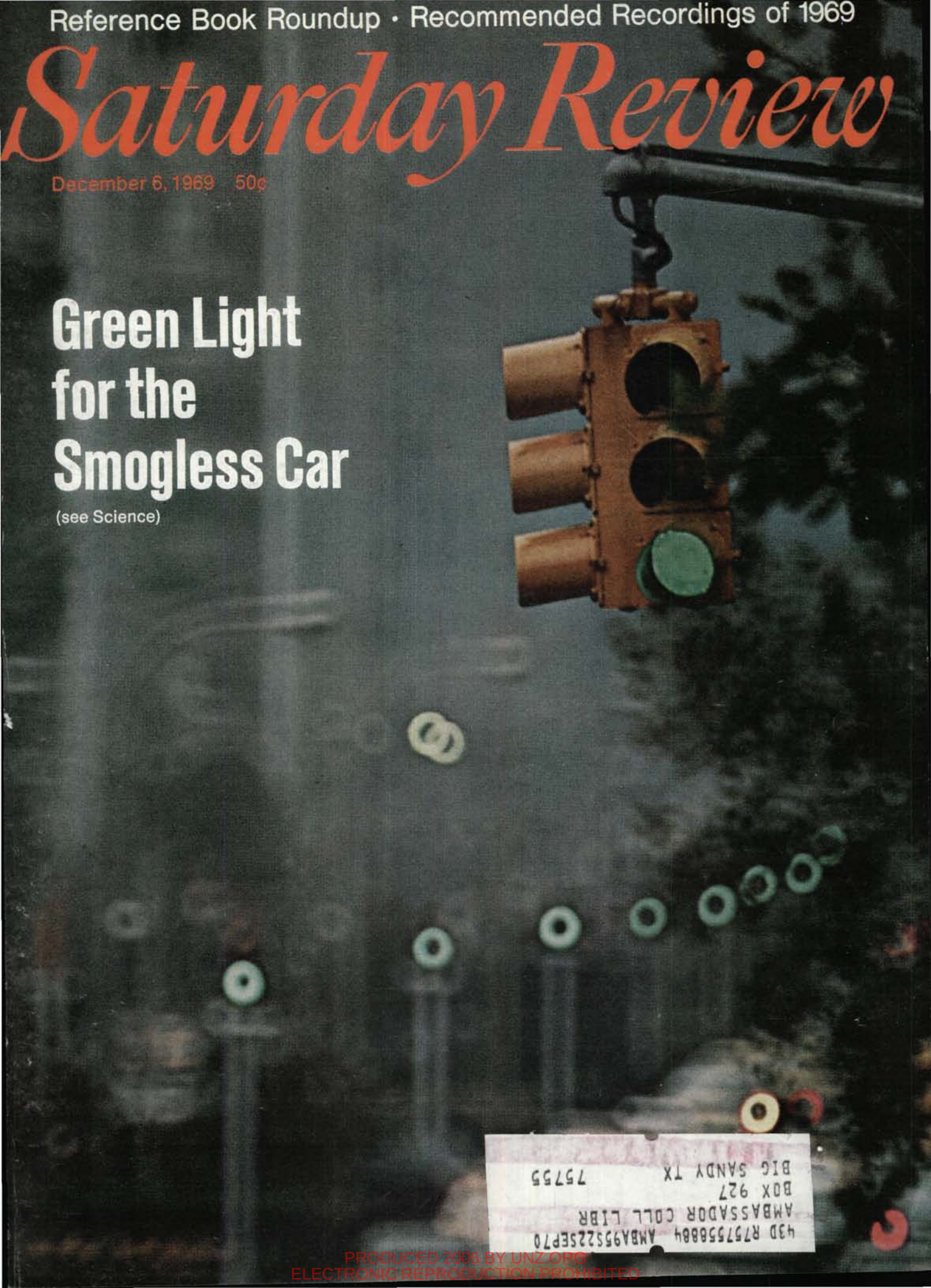
Reference Book Roundup · Recommended Recordings of 1969

Saturday Review

December 6, 1969 50¢



Green Light for the Smogless Car

(see Science)

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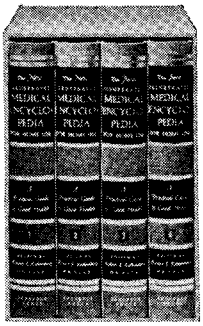

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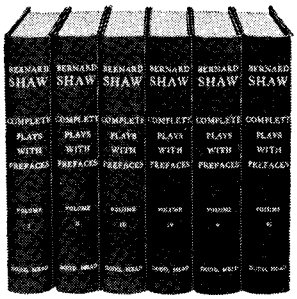

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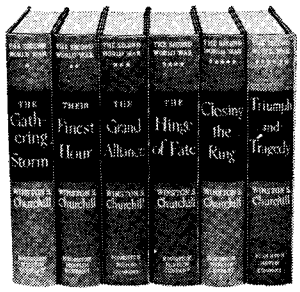

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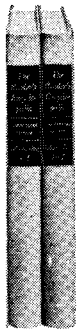

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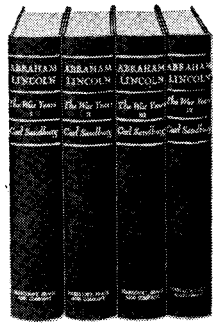

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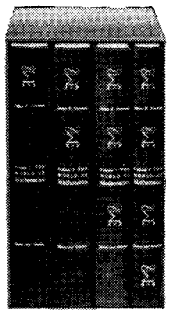

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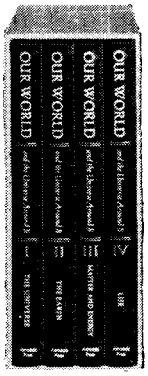

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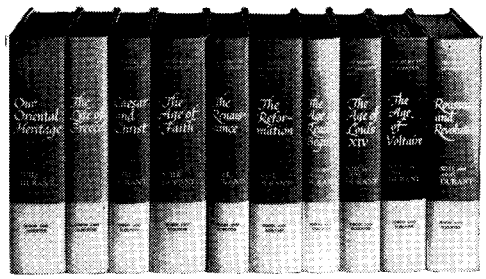

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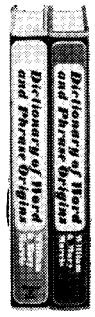

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(Advertisement)

Walking home from work the other night I met up with the son of one of my neighbors. He was of course sporting a peace button and also one for a local political figure, but they were barely visible behind the stack of school books that he was carrying. Harry is a tenth-grader and, like most students his age, he is taking a biology course. Although he will study chemistry and physics before his high school days are over, many of his friends will end their study of science with that tenth-grade biology course. What will they remember from it?

Some years ago, after the flight of Sputnik I, a group of biologists, calling themselves the Biological Sciences Curriculum Study, decided to change the unreal, abstract, and dull classroom biology into a science relevant to the student's own world. The BSCS, one of the first projects of its kind, ultimately achieved success but the road there was a long one, as is very evident in Arnold Grobman's recent book THE CHANGING CLASSROOM, a fascinating and sometimes terrifying account of how to go about curriculum reform. Grobman's evaluation of the group's activities, and its problems, should help educators promote reform of other subject areas.

The BSCS was plagued with financial and administrative problems, and, to get the necessary classroom materials, the group's members had to write much of it themselves. They also had to learn how to fight unfavorable publicity: the ASPCA brought suit against one school system using their lab books. These being the extraordinary problems, there were also the expected ones: getting the materials printed, tested, and into schools.

Using BSCS materials, more than three-fourths of our tenth-grade biology students are now engaged in a lively inquiry into the physical world around them. There could be a relationship between a classroom experience of seeing the beauty and diversity of life and some of the thought behind those peace buttons.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

THE CHANGING CLASSROOM ($6.95), by Arnold B. Grobman, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., also publishers of RESEARCH PROBLEMS IN BIOLOGY, Volumes 1, 2, 3, and 4. Copies may be ordered from your own bookseller or through any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York.

Saturday Review

Cover Story, page 81

Green Light for the Smogless Car
by John Lear

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IDEAS

24 The Necessity of Art by Herbert Read

EDITORIAL

28 Testing Ground in Tokyo

BOOKS

37 Index of Books Reviewed

37 Are Art Books Not Books? by Richard Edwards

40 European Literary Scene by Robert J. Clements

41 Book Forum: Letters from Readers

45 SR's Semi-Annual Reference Book Roundup by David M. Glixon

SCIENCE

81 Green Light for the Smogless Car by John Lear

87 A Time Clock for History by Bruce C. Heezen

90 What Happened to the "Ra"? by Thor Heyerdahl

91 Letters to the Science Editor

THE ARTS

DANCE

36 Walter Terry on the genius of Jerome Robbins.

THEATER

72 Henry Hewes reviews "Apocalypsis cum Figuris," "Who's Happy Now?" and "Groove Tube."

MUSIC

74 Irving Kolodin: Haefliger's Schubert, Bach by Tureck.

PRE-CHRISTMAS RECORDINGS

76 The Year's Best Recordings

80 From the Dawn of Opera by Herbert Weinstock

TRAVEL

66 David Butwin follows Molly Malone to Belfast in the "Black North."

COLUMNS

4 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest

14 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

16 Henry Brandon: State of Affairs

18 Al Horowitz: Chess Corner

20 Jerome Beatty, Jr.: Trade Winds

35 Letters to the Editor

64 Nicholas G. Balint: As Others See Us

75 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio

WORD GAMES

58 Your Literary I.Q.

61 Literary Crypt

71 Wit Twister

98 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1861

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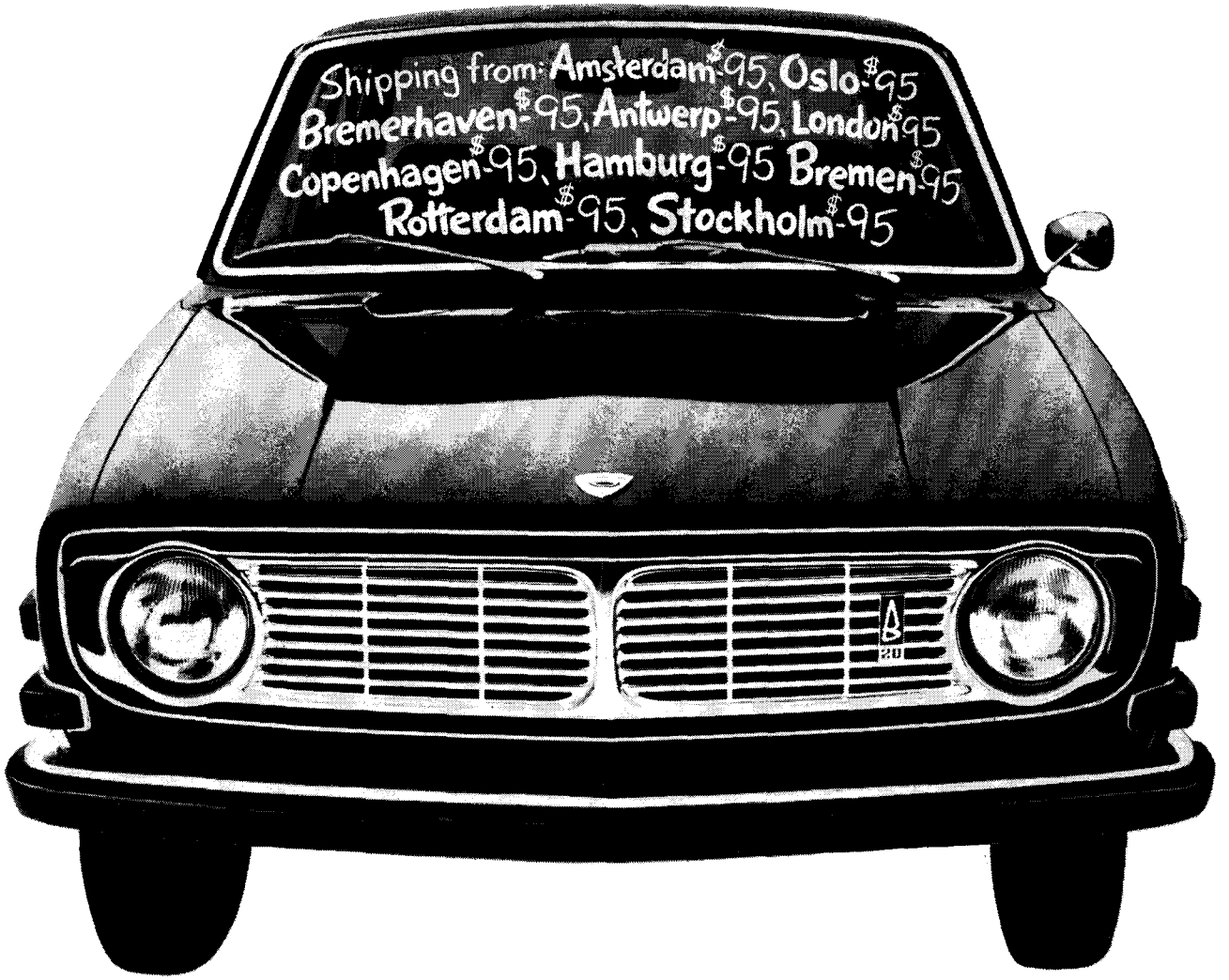
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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Post-Holiday Cheer (For Beef Lovers with a Beef)*

At last the bird is finished—
The last croquette is fried;
No giblets left for fricassee,
No stuff'n's left inside.
Thanksgiving!

—*e.g., FRED SAIDY.

Wood-Sawing Day

WINTER IS coming and the days are getting colder and I still don't have any wood cut for the fireplace. I promised my wife I would saw up the old dead tree on Saturday. I didn't get to it, but that doesn't mean I wasn't busy around the house. I tried to tell my wife why no wood got cut, but in less than fifteen minutes her attention began to wander and I had to give up halfway through the story.

For the enlightenment of annoyed housewives everywhere, I'm going to explain the whole thing here. Next time your man doesn't complete a certain task over the weekend you'll understand why, and appreciate the effort involved in not getting something done. Now pay attention:

Right after breakfast, bright and early, I went outside to get the big wood saw. On the way to the garage I noticed that the dog had littered the yard with orange peels and pieces of cardboard. I stopped to pick up everything and put it back in the trash can.

When I tried to get in the garage to look for the saw, I had trouble opening the overhead door. The tracks and rollers needed oil. This job required my immediate attention because with freezing weather the door would stick even tighter. I looked around for the oilcan and remembered it was in the cellar. I went back to the house and when I got down in the cellar I noticed that the big wastebasket next to the workbench was full. I figured I'd better empty it because the garbage is collected Monday.

I took the oilcan and the wastebasket outside. In the short time I had been in the cellar the dog had knocked over the trash can and had littered the yard with orange peels and pieces of cardboard. I couldn't leave the stuff strewn around like that, so I picked up everything again. When I was putting it back in the can, along with the trash from the cellar, I discovered that the reason the dog was tipping over the trash can so easily was because it was resting on uneven ground.

The logical solution was to build a small level platform for the trash can. This required wood, but I didn't waste time looking around for scrap pieces. Every handyman knows that the quickest way to get wood for a project is to take apart something he has built. I dismantled some shelves in the garage that really weren't being used for anything except to store empty paint cans. (I threw out the paint cans. There were so many of them I had to get a cardboard box from the attic.) After finding the hammer and the right size nails in the cellar, I went to work on the platform. When I finished it was time for lunch. My wife asked me how the wood-sawing was going, and I said I was getting there.

After lunch I went out to get the saw, tripped over the oilcan on the garage floor, and remembered that I had to oil the overhead doors. I oiled the tracks and rollers, but couldn't reach the pulleys without a ladder. I took the workbench wastebasket down to the cellar and brought the stepladder out. It couldn't open until I oiled the hinges. I also repaired two of the steps that were loose. Then I set up the ladder, climbed up, and oiled the door pulleys. When I finished I folded up the ladder and took it back to the cellar, because if you don't put things away in their right places you have a hard time finding them again.

I went back out to the garage and rolled the door up and down for a little while to get it working smoothly. Then I started looking for the firewood saw. I found it hanging on the garage wall behind my collection of bald tires.

The saw was so rusty that I decided to oil it. But I couldn't find the oilcan, even in the cellar. I finally spotted it on one of the overhead garage beams, where I had left it after oiling the pulleys.

I couldn't reach it, so I went in the house and got a kitchen chair to stand on. (I didn't want to waste time getting out the stepladder again.) While I was reaching up and getting the oilcan down I noticed that the chair was unstable. Close examination revealed that three legs and two rungs were loose.

I went down to the cellar and found the wood glue, but I couldn't get the cap off and I had to use the work-

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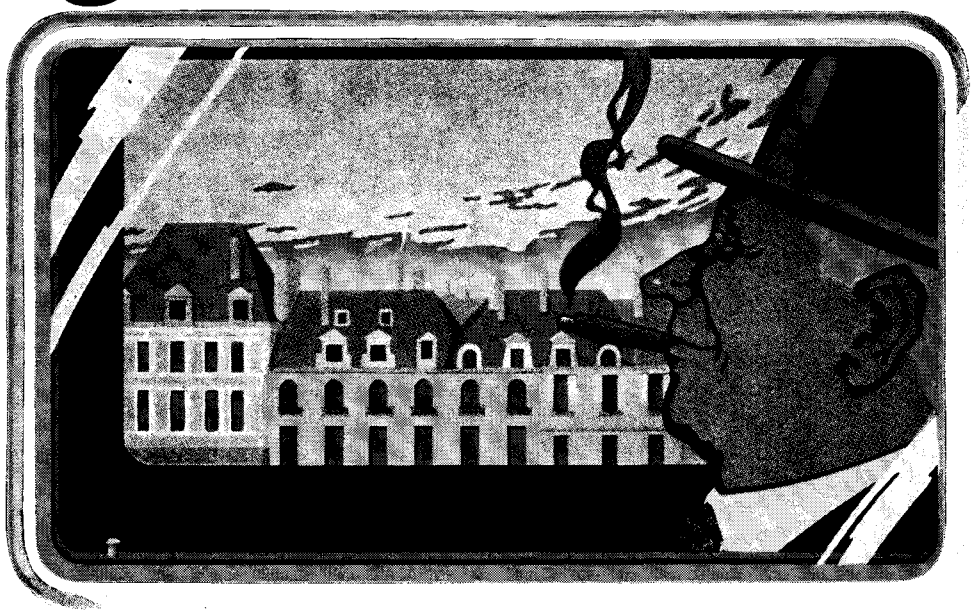
The tycoon's guide to Paris.



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Suites des executives

Naturally, you'll want to choose a hotel that's best suited to your needs and those of your staff. Any of these will do nicely:

Ritz Place Vendôme. You'll be more likely to feel at home here than any place else in the world. You might enjoy the Napoleonic Suite; the wing where it is situated can be conveniently blocked off to allow your bodyguards to screen any visitors.

Bristol 112, Fbg. St. Honoré. Ask for Number 721, a duplex with private elevator, living room, dining room, office and three bedrooms.

Meurice 228, rue de Rivoli. Superb rooms, all recently renovated. The suites have a view of the Tuileries Gardens. Number 108, once the home of King Alphonse XIII of Spain, is particularly spacious.

Clubs exclusifs

If you enjoy a good meeting of the minds in an intimate moneyed atmosphere, there are a number of private clubs for you to frequent:

Jockey Club 2, rue Rabelais. Unfortunately there has not been one new name added to its membership in fifty years. That doesn't mean you can't enjoy an evening as someone's guest.

l'Automobile Club de France 6, Place de la Concorde. This is a club for your own kind; V.I.P.'s from industry, the stock exchange and commerce use the superb facilities which include swimming pool, gym, sports room, library, restaurant and cinema.

Nouveau Cercle des Capucins 6, blvd. des Capucines. A very smart gambling club catering to very smart businessmen: you must be introduced by two members. The bank is open.

Le Grand Cercle 12, rue de Presbourg. Another pleasant gambling club with a charming restaurant that overlooks the Place de l'Etoile. Games include poker, écarté, chemin de fer, gin rummy and belote. And, for you, the bank is open.

Votre banque

One of the first things you'll want to do in Paris is to familiarize yourself with the branch of whatever bank you like to do business with. In Paris, banks are generally open between 9:30 a.m. and noon and between 2 and 4 p.m.

American Express 11, rue Scribe.

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First National City Bank 60, ave. des Champs-Elysées.

Lloyds Bank Ltd. 43, blvd. des Capucines.

Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. 14, Place Vendôme.

The Chase Manhattan Bank 41, rue Cambon.

Vocabulaire

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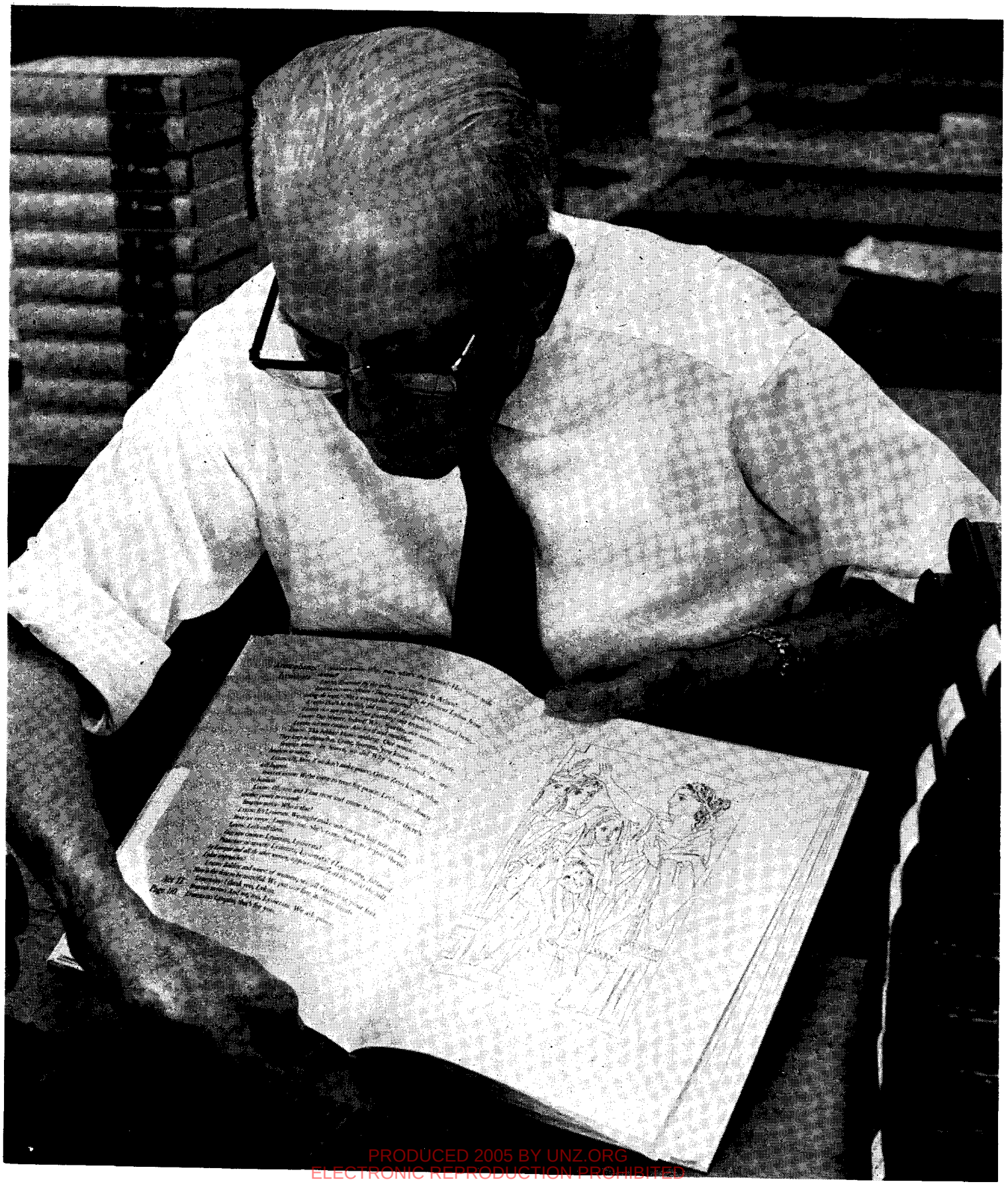
Few books should be made this good



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Some books are read once and tossed aside. Others may hold our affection for a month or a year.

But when a great work captures our heart, we want to keep it at hand and return to it again and again.

Such a book deserves all the graces of the bookwright's art.

Lysistrata, a recent Heritage Club selection, is a good example.

Indecent, vulgar, and uproariously funny—Lysistrata by Aristophanes is (after 2,500 years) remarkably up to date, for it portrays a women's campaign to end the war, a campaign that worked in a way only women could make it work.

We felt Lysistrata deserved a superlative edition. Picasso agreed with us.

For our edition, he etched six copperplates and drew forty pictures. They are considered some of the best examples of Picasso's neoclassical style.

Like all Heritage Club books, our edition of Lysistrata is printed on paper chemically treated to last at least two centuries. It is carefully sewn, staunchly glued, and pressed between boards overnight—a costly binding method that is almost unknown today.

Then trained experts (one is shown here) examine each book, rejecting some for defects so slight most people wouldn't even think of them as imperfections.

After the inspector's nod of approval, the book is placed inside a strong slipcase that will keep dust off its edges and protect its covers.

This is not the way most books are made today. But Heritage Club members insist on it in every one of our selections.

By any standard, books like these should cost about ten dollars a copy. But since we publish relatively few titles and our members help us decide, in advance, which they should be—substantial savings are possible. Even today, we can still give our members the extraordinarily beautiful books they've come to expect for only $5.95 each, plus shipping.

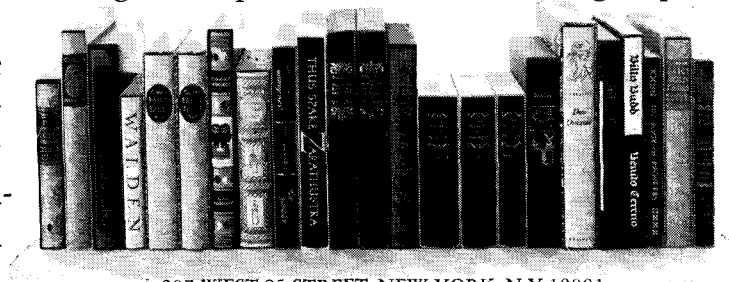
Do you like the idea of such a Club? Then we would welcome you as a member.

Simply by mailing the attached card, you can get a copy of our Picasso Lysistrata as our new member's gift . . . plus the chance to acquire other beautiful Heritage Club editions.

In months to come, you will have a choice of such remarkable volumes as Dana's Two Years Before the Mast, The Dead Sea Scrolls, The Invisible Man by H. G. Wells, The Writings of Thomas Jefferson, The Jungle Books by Kipling and Tales of Mystery and Imagination by Edgar Allan Poe. Each book will be designed, decorated and embellished by an internationally famous artist and so well made you will cherish each as a proud possession and sound investment.

You're not bound to take any of these books. The Club gives you the option to make substitutions from a backlist of some fifty or more books in print.

If you have a taste for fine books, holding Picasso's Lysistrata in your hands will be a thrilling experience. We believe that it will also make you want to continue as a Heritage Club member. But that decision will be up to you.



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It Just Is Not True

that the new "individual" (November to March) jet fares to Europe announced by the airlines are the lowest for regularly scheduled flights. The "bulk" fares still remain the lowest by far. For example, when you travel to London:

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Rome	$299	$260 plus $60 voucher
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bench vise and pliers to get it unstuck. The vise almost fell off the workbench on my foot; I caught it just in time. It is supposed to be fastened to the workbench, but I had never gotten around to it. I decided to bolt it down right away, before it fell on the kids.

I had to find three 5/16-inch bolts, at least three inches long, and the right nuts and washers and lock washers. This required a little time looking through coffee cans. Then I got out the drill and the proper bit and bored three holes in the workbench and bolted down the vise.

I took the wood glue out to the garage and glued the chair legs and rungs. I had to rig turnbuckles as glue clamps. I found the turnbuckles in the coffee cans in the cellar and fastened them to some pieces of rope I fetched down from the attic. When I got the

chair all lined up and clamped, excess glue was running down the legs; so I went in the house to get some rags from the bottom of the kitchen closet.

While I was inside the closet with a flashlight, my wife asked me how the wood-sawing was coming along, and I told her I was getting to it as fast as I could.

I cleaned off the chair in the garage and brought it inside where it was warm. After having a cup of coffee, I went outside to oil the big saw.

It was getting dark. I couldn't see much point starting on the firewood since I would have to quit right away. So I oiled the saw and hung it back on the wall, after moving the bald tires again. I took the oilcan back to the cellar, and while I was down there I oiled some tools that were showing signs of rust. I also filled up the oil caps on the furnace circulator motor.

When I finished I went upstairs and told my wife that I would start cutting firewood next Saturday. Tomorrow, Sunday, had been set aside to rake leaves.

As it turned out, I didn't get any leaves raked on Sunday. And I'd like to explain about that. First thing after breakfast I went out to the garage to get the leaf rake. . . .

—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

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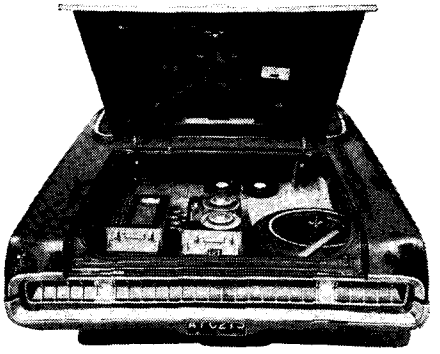

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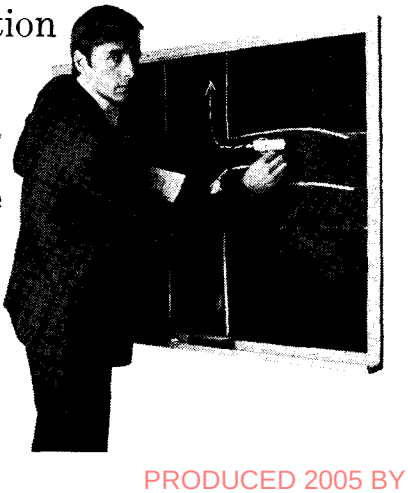

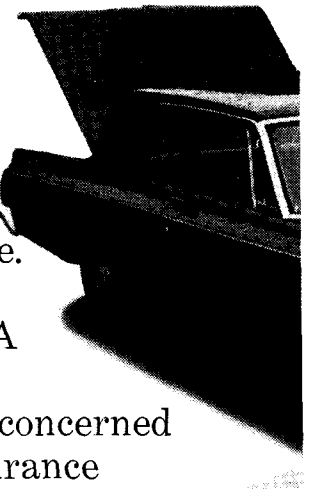

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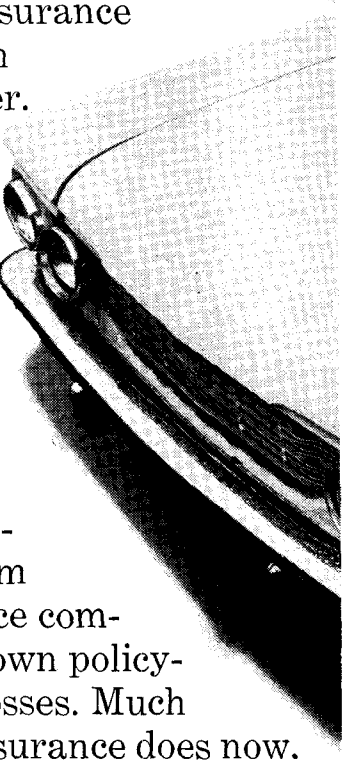

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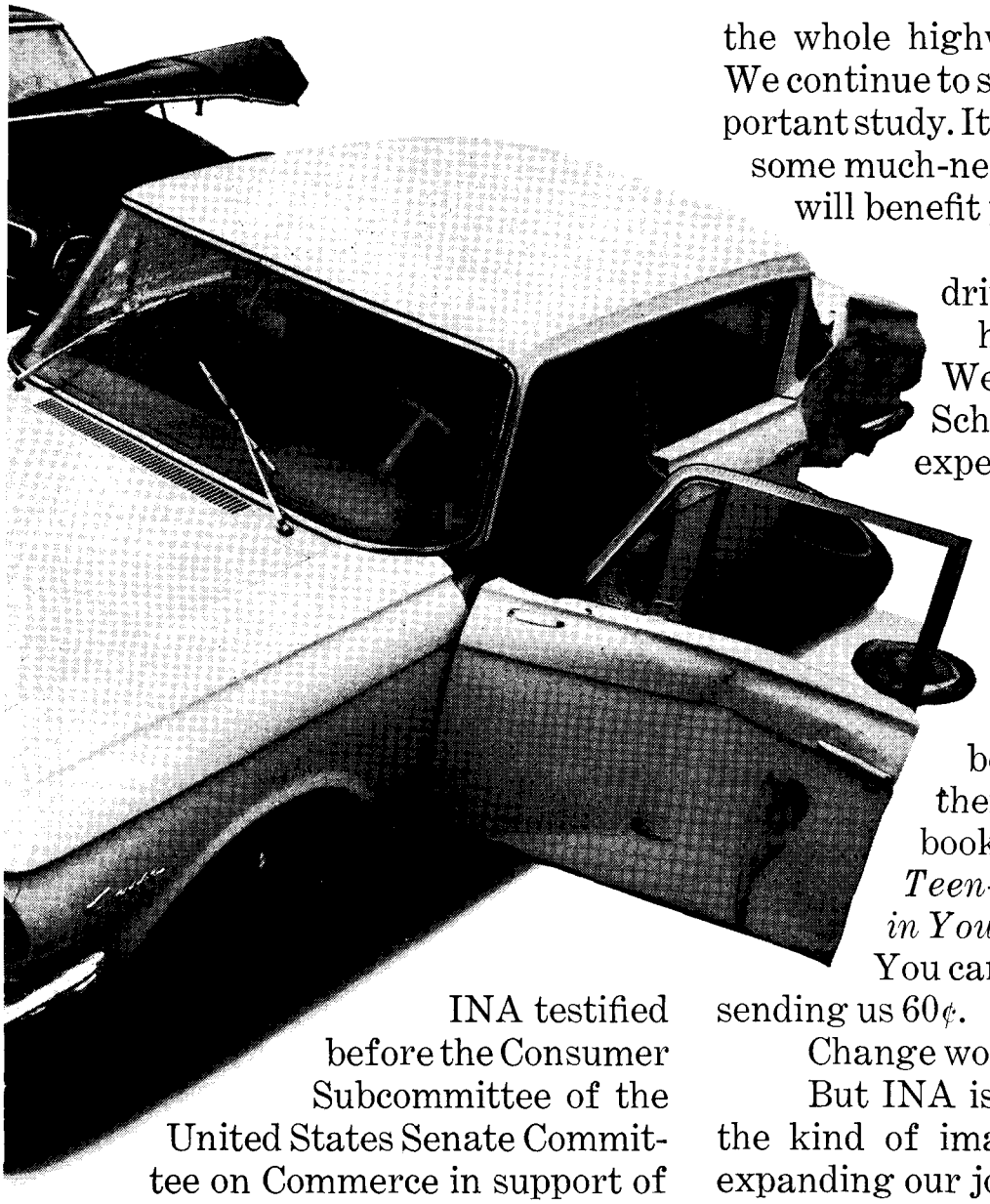

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Fastest Gut in the East

THERE IS an effete corps of impudent snobs who run around referring to Vice President Spiro Agnew as a "gut fighter"—a man fast on the draw, who shoots from the lip.

But the calmer and more softly spoken President Nixon has said: "I am very proud to have the Vice President with his Greek background in our administration."

Well, now, given that "Greek" qualification, we can more readily understand with compassion what Mr. Agnew is about when he speaks of the "effete snobs who characterize themselves as intellectuals." Also, for instance, the night he spoke about the decadent thinking of certain people in America, of whom he said: "We can afford to separate them from our society, with no more regret than we should feel over discarding rotten apples from a barrel."

Now we can realize how he happened to use the "rotten apple" imagery. The Vice President was drawing on the vast array of treasured legends of his Grecian forebears, one of whom was the great Titan Atlas.

As I recall my Greek mythology, Atlas was standing around one day minding his business, which was to hold the skies on his shoulders, when Hercules came along and spoke to him.

"Ho, Atlas," Hercules said, "I've been commanded by the king to perform eleven labors, which I've done. Now he's tacked on another. He's commanded me to bring him the Golden Apples of the Hesperides, and this I cannot do without thy aid."

"Are you kidding?" asked Atlas. "How can I help you? I have to hold up the skies, because if I let go for even a minute, the skies will come tumbling down and the whole megillah will be destroyed."

And Hercules said, "No sweat. I'll support the skies, if you will fetch the apples."

"Oh sure," sneered Atlas, "just turn the whole world over to a young upstart like you."

Hercules smiled. Get this old guy, he thought to himself. For years he's been holding up the skies, tottering under the weight, dropping stars all over the place. What a mess he's made!

"Try me," Hercules taunted.

"Do you realize what the skies weigh?" Atlas asked.

"Weight is only a matter of balance and stress and strain. Once the skies are on my back I'm certain I can bring them to their proper equipoise."

"What are you—some kind of intellectual or something? I don't hand over the skies to any Hermes, Eros, or Prometheus that passes by."

"Try me," Hercules repeated.

Well, Atlas was rather dragged out, and he could use a breather and stretch his legs. So he shifted the skies to the shoulders of Hercules, and walked off to get the apples. And after a time of holding all that weight, Hercules realized he wasn't as strong as he thought he was, and he was sure glad to hear Atlas returning.

"Boy, am I glad you're back!" he said. "Make haste, O Atlas, and take back the skies, for already I am wearied of it."

"Yeh?" said Atlas. "I was wearied long ago, and now I will myself carry the apples to the king and thou shalt remain here in my place."

This shook up Hercules pretty good. But he played it cool.

"Well, OK, Atlas," he said. "I guess I'm stuck. But before you go, if I'm to take thy place, let me at least spread my lion's skin on the rocks of this mountain I'm standing on, for they are hard and rough, and my feet are killing me."

Well, Atlas was big and strong, but he wasn't too much with it. On paper it sounded like a good deal.

"OK," he said, and he put down the apples and took back the skies, thinking he would presently put them again on Hercules' back."

"Atlas," Hercules said, "it's thy task to support the skies, as it is my job to take the apples to the king. Thou wouldst have tricked me into this thing, but instead the joke's on you."

"Why, you young, decadent, effete s.n.o.b.!" Atlas shouted.

But Hercules, laughing impudently, picked up the apples and departed, leaving Atlas standing there with the heavens upon his shoulders.

"Serves me right," said Atlas. "That's what I get for fooling around with those rotten apples."

Well, now you know the Spiro Agnew story. And if you ever find yourself uptight about something our Vice President says, I refer you to another of his countrymen, the greatest intellectual of them all, who said: "No excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of madness." Aristotle.

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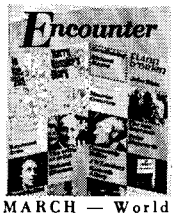

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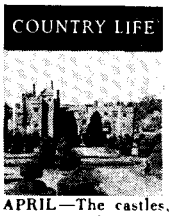

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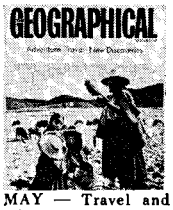

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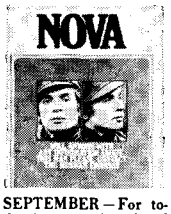

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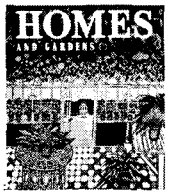

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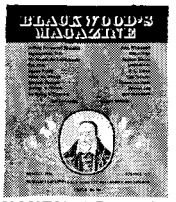

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State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

Marching and Talking

THOSE WHO saw their faces during the November 15 March on Washington could not help but be moved, and those who listened to their silence could not escape its eloquence. But how convincing were the marchers to those in power? All but a few members of Congress boycotted them, and this leads one to conclude that these politicians know something about public opinion, at least in their own constituencies, that made them decide to stay away. One factor, no doubt, was the fear that the demonstration might deteriorate into violence. There was also the danger of being seen in the company of marchers carrying Vietcong flags.

How has the march affected the President? On the eve of the demonstration, he rushed to Capitol Hill in an unusual attempt to strengthen his position and image as a leader; he sent Vice President Agnew into the fray to put the mass media on the defensive; and he mobilized behind-the-scenes citizen action that may not have the spectacular impact of a march, but that nevertheless may be more effective. There is a consensus in Washington that President Nixon has succeeded in rallying an important majority to his "plan" and that he has gained time. The President is said to be convinced that, if he agreed to a quick withdrawal, there would be an immediate sense of relief. But gradually, he thinks, the humiliation would surface and the extreme Right would come into its own, generating another McCarthy-type period of persecution.

Much will depend on how the President uses the time he seems to have gained. He can gain more time if he balances its passage with regular and substantial troop withdrawals. If he does not, the war will destroy him the way it did President Johnson. Many people mistrust his assertion that he has a "plan," but more seem to have given him the benefit of the doubt. If he is really determined to insist on major reductions of American combat troops, this obviously will affect the military strategy of the field commanders, whether they like it or not. Furthermore, these reductions will make a defensive strategy inevitable, which in turn leads to a further reduction of casualties. The President, therefore, has it in his power to keep control of public opinion as long as it is obvious that he has a plan and that he is pursuing it.

One of the problems that haunts Mr. Nixon is the discrepancy in views among his own spokesmen. The situation has reached a point where one has to await a statement from Press Secretary Ron Ziegler as to whether this or that declaration by a member of the administration has the President's approval. After the March on Washington, for instance, Attorney General John Mitchell was quoted as having said that "the New Mobilization Committee expected violence to occur, and that was the result." He criticized officials of the committee for not having condemned the incidents—which, in fact, they did immediately after the first fracas on Friday night. A day later, however, Mr. Ziegler said that the President felt the demonstrations were "generally peaceful."

Vice President Agnew's "effete corps of impudent snobs" remark was not endorsed by the White House, but when he attacked the television networks, Herb Klein, the President's director of communications, made it clear that Agnew's views had Mr. Nixon's strong approval. The Vice President made a few telling points. Instant commentary based on a hasty reading of a speech without much time for contemplation is hazardous and can lead to rash conclusions or unfair criticism. ABC was at fault in asking only Averell Harriman to comment on the speech immediately afterward and not presenting someone else with a different viewpoint. But if the Vice President attacks television's "small and unelected elite" for unfairness and inaccuracy, he must not indulge in similar mistakes and exaggerations himself. He accused Mr. Harriman of having "swapped some of the greatest military concessions in the history of warfare for an enemy agreement on the shape of the bargaining table." He will have great difficulty substantiating his charge—and his view was not one of those instant commentaries.

In any event, if the polls taken after President Nixon's November 3 speech in defense of his Vietnam policy are correct and he, in fact, did win the support of a substantial majority of viewers, this would prove that the voice of the President is still the most powerful and that, if he takes the trouble to exert leadership, he still can do so successfully despite marchers and television critics—at least as long as people believe that he has a "plan."

The odd couple.

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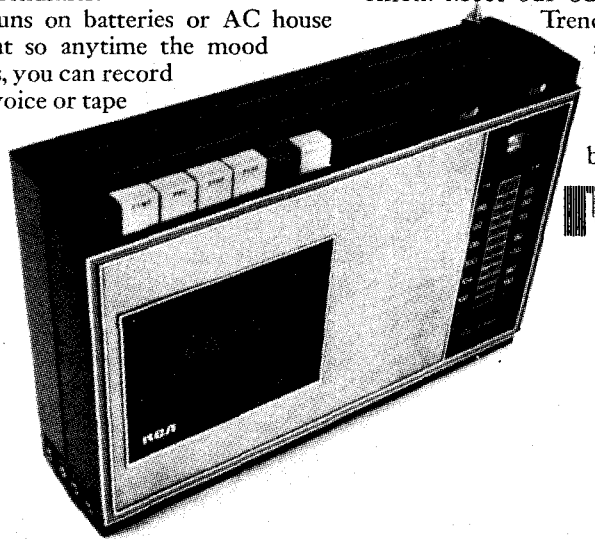

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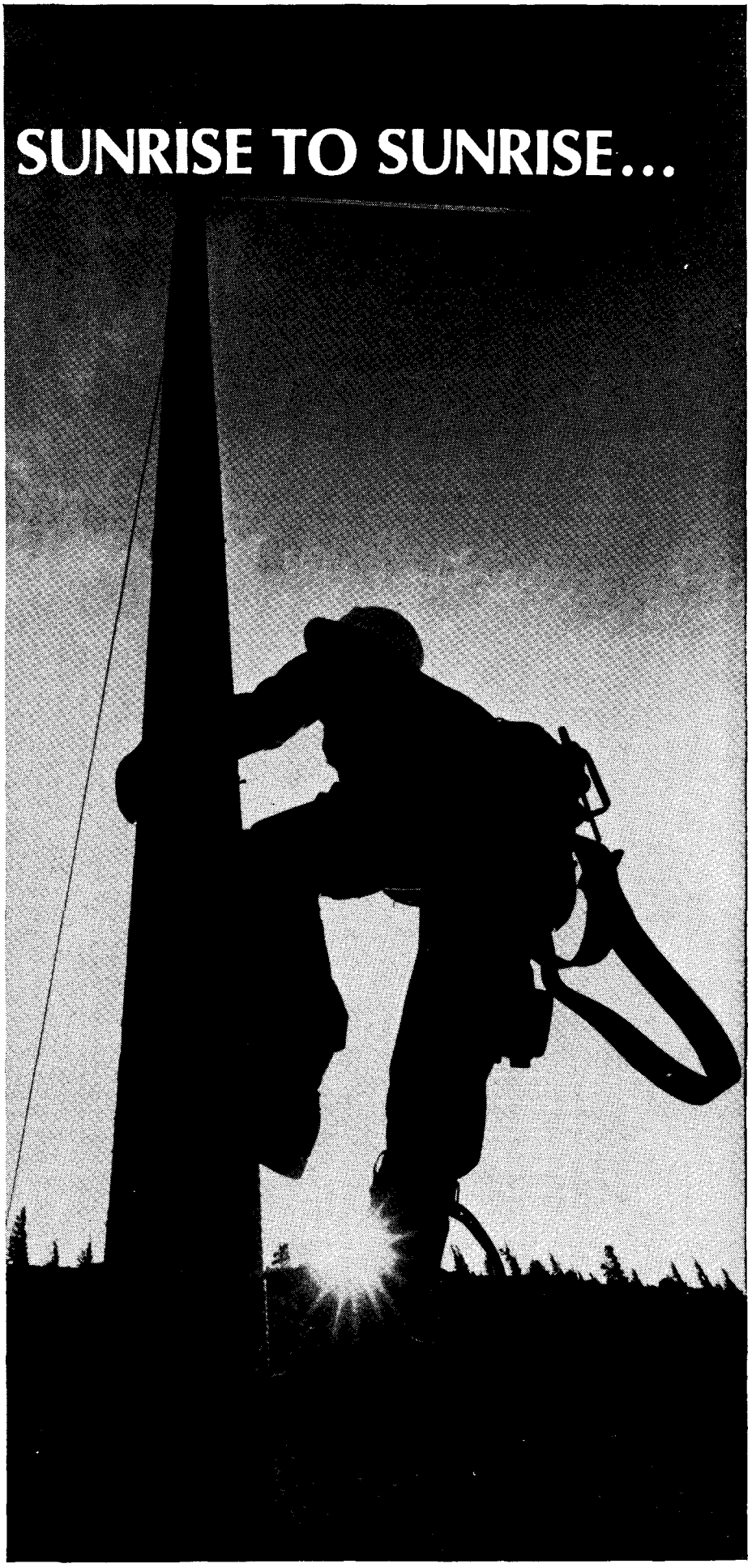

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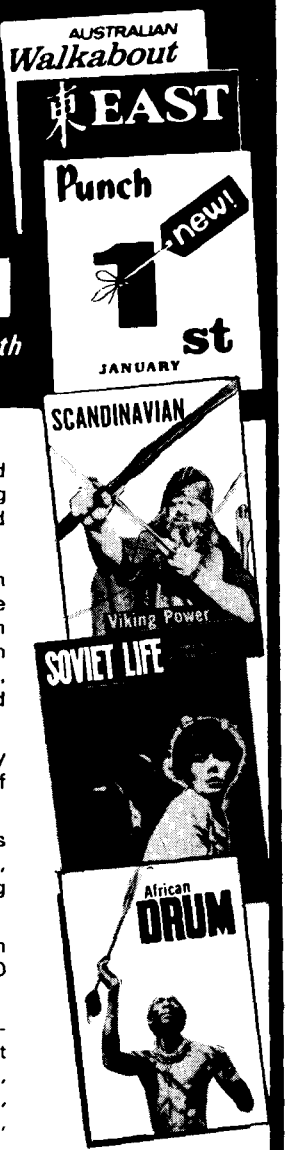

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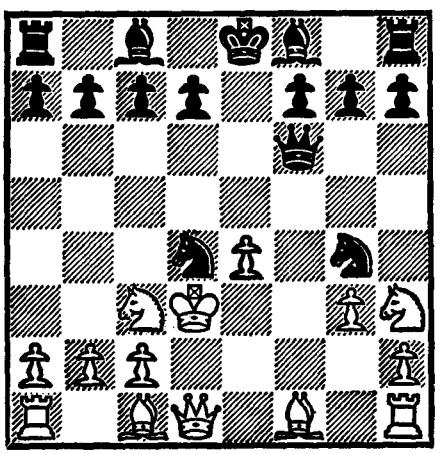
Chess Corner No. 143

Many people who do not play assume that chess is, in effect, a war game, in which opposing "armies" of white and black pieces are commanded by "generals" along lines emulative of military strategy. Historically, such assumptions are quite correct; the very names of the pieces suggest that the first sets were imitative of contending national states, and the moves of the game highly stylized imitations of battlefield maneuvers.

In truth, however, any resemblances between chess and warfare are strictly superficial. Skill at the one by no means necessarily implies skill at the other. In proof, witness Napoleon: The greatest military strategist of all time reportedly was an execrable, if enthusiastic, chess player.

To determine the truth about Napoleon's play is, unfortunately, impossible: We have no game left to us that we can attribute to him with certainty. The following game, probably his, indicates a lively if unconventional style —much too unsound, however, to be serviceable on a battlefield. Bringing out both knights on the first two moves displays a certain impetuosity that, had it been apparent at Waterloo, might have saved Wellington a great deal of trouble.

Remusat	Napoleon
White	**Black**
1 P-K4	N-KB3
2 P-Q3	N-B3
3 P-KB4	P-K4
4 PxP	QNxP
5 N-QB3	KN-N5
6 P-Q4	Q-R5ch
7 P-N3	Q-B3
8 N-R3	N-B6ch
9 K-K2	NxQPch
10 K-Q3	. . . . .



. . . . .	N-K4ch
11 KxN	B-B4ch
12 KxB	Q-QN3ch
13 K-Q5	Q-Q3 mate

—Al Horowitz.

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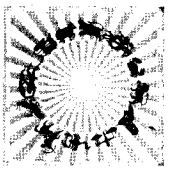

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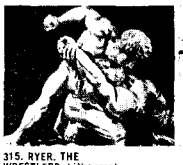

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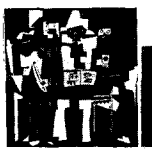

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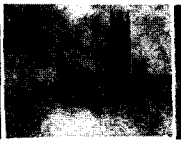

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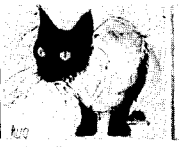

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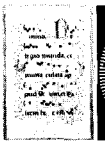

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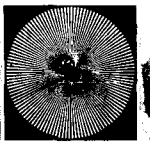

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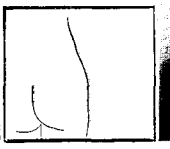

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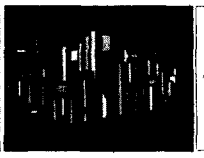

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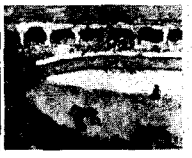

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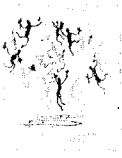

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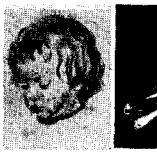

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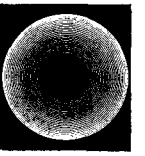

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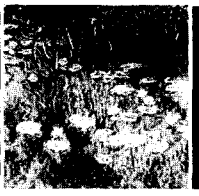

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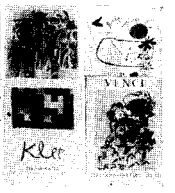

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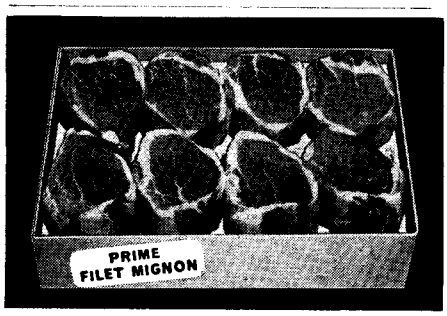

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Not long ago G. F. Bush of Princeton, New Jersey, met Ed Wood of Deer Island, Maine, who at the age of ninety-two is the lone surviving member of the crew of the *Columbia* that competed for the America's Cup in the yacht races of 1895. From his home on the water Mr. Wood has a magnificent view.

"Over theah to the east you can see Mount Cadillac on Baah Haabah," he told his visitor. Bush struggled to fathom the Maine accent, as the old salt talked about his experiences aboard the *Columbia*, mentioning such things as the "evenin' staah," "roundin' the maakah," "to the staab'd," and "ahftah daak." Bush knew that the crew of the victorious *Defender* that year had worn aluminum-bronze badges given them by the New York Yacht Club. When asked if the *Columbia* crew also had had a badge, Mr. Wood promptly replied, "Yes, sir. I loaded provisions on her every day before the race."

In 1910 the general feeling was that the future of aviation was with balloons, and that what the Wright brothers did in their flying machine was merely a stunt. So it was an anxious world that watched the motor balloon *America* start out on what was to be the first flight across the Atlantic Ocean. Driven by two propellers, and with a steel car hanging under its belly, the airship took off from Atlantic City October 15 of that year. A crew of six was aboard, including the journalist-explorer Walter Wellman, who had organized the expedition. Back on shore, men waited tensely for the historic first wireless message to be sent from an aircraft at sea. It soon came: "Roy, come and get this goddam cat."

Roy Chamberlin jumped into a motorboat and sped out to sea after the *America*. The airship's crew tried to let the cat down in a bag, but the waters were too rough and Kiddo, the stowaway feline, stayed aboard. Neither cat nor man made the crossing, for just beyond Nantucket the wind changed and blew them back toward Bermuda. At one point they almost ran down a schooner in the fog and gave the sailors a fright.

One of those who followed the *America*'s fortunes was a little boy named Edward Mabley. Now a well-known playwright and composer, Mabley has dug up the story of the *America*, getting in touch with some of those who were part of the expedition, and has written a delightful account, *The Motor Balloon "America"* (Stephen Greene), illustrated with fascinating photographs. Read it to find out what finally happened to the balloon, and to Kiddo the cat.

In Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, Susan Rice teaches a fifth-grade class "whose ten-year-old originality and innocent sense of the absurd give me many opportunities to smile," she writes. "Teaching is not a joke, but it is a joy." To show what she means she sent along some graffiti the children composed in conjunction with a study of ancient Greece.

Athena uses a computer.

Zeus takes Excedrin.

Aphrodite wears a beard.

Hermes flies Pan Am.

Aesculapius smokes three packs a day.

Dionysus is taking up pot.

Poseidon uses water wings.

Ares supports the moratorium.

A citizen of Placentia, California, who signs himself J. Herringbone Tweed, has started a movement to change the town's Zip Code to Roman numerals. As of now the Zip is 92670. In Roman it would be XCIIDCLXX, according to Mr. Tweed's calculations. He and his followers are basing their campaign on the historical significance of the town. California's Placentia was named for the Italian city of Piacenza, which in Roman times was an important village. It was the site of the first battle fought by Hannibal after his having crossed the Alps with the elephants.

The Tweed faction has run into a stumbling block, namely, the U.S. Post Office Department, which has told them that "since the Zip Code system is based on the use of Arabic numerals, it would not be permissible to show the Zip Code for Placentia in Roman numerals." Tweed & Co. are, nevertheless, pressing forward and may go over the head of the Postmaster General. After all, President Nixon was born not far from Placentia and vacations nearby, too.

Tweed feels that in the light of the

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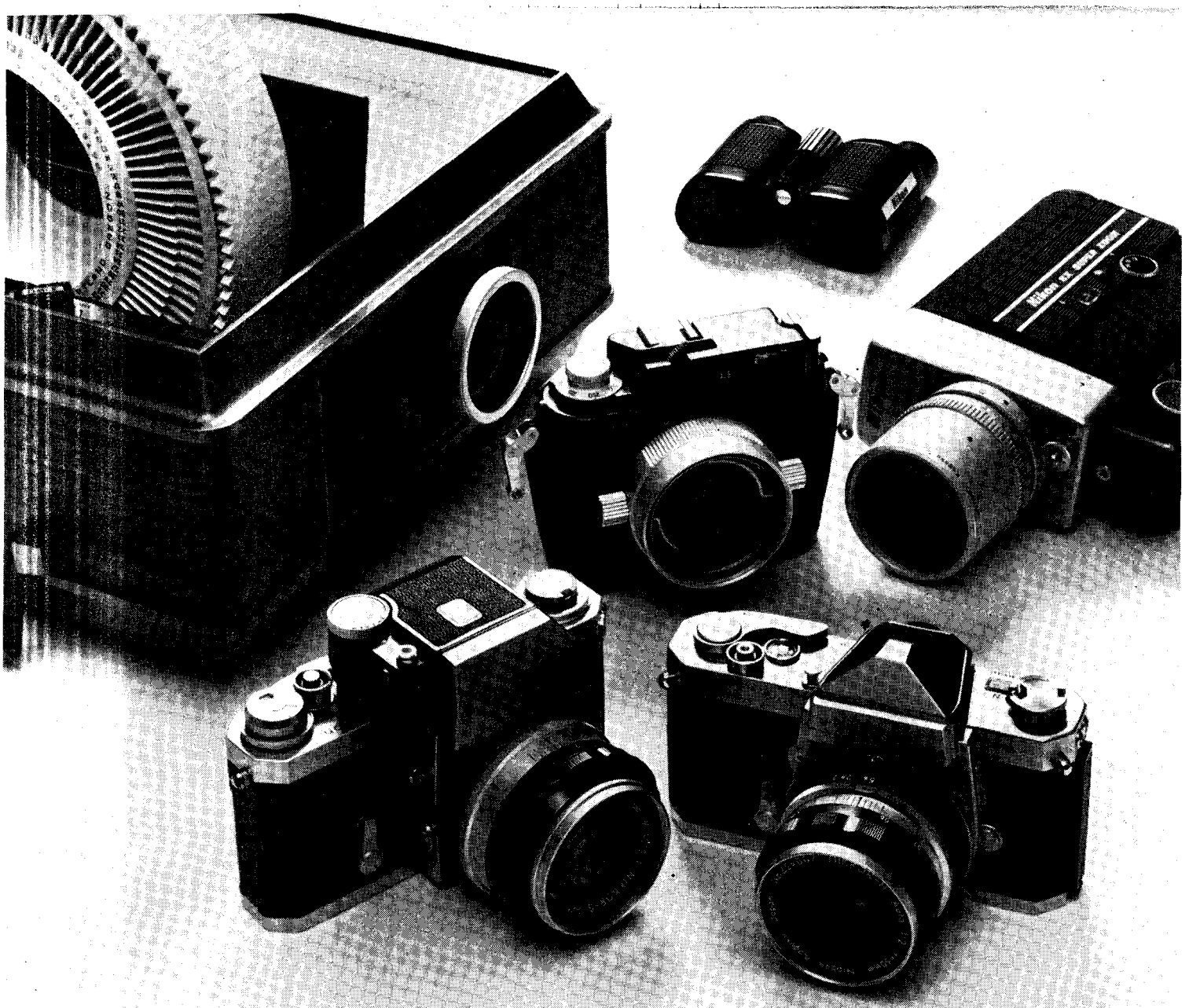

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explosive Middle East situation the White House might deem it good diplomacy to get away from Arabic numbers as much as possible. Also, there is a rumor that Rome, Georgia, is attempting to be first with a Latinized Zip Code. Another thing, the Placentia *Courier* print shop wants to get started on the backlog of orders for stationery using XCIIDCLXX. (Apparently no one has thought about how it will slow down the mail.)

Sharps and Flats: A Hampshire, England, fire department received a government memorandum seeking statistical information. One of the questions was, "How many people do you employ, broken down by sex?"

► Don McQuillen reports that the ultimate in youth alienation from elders occurred recently when a young man stalked out of a conference on aging, refusing to participate in the process.

► An Armistice Day thought: It's time the orators stopped referring to the brave men "who gave their lives," etc. It should be: "whose lives were taken from them."

► The new *Vogue's Book of Etiquette and Good Manners* (Simon and Schuster) is evidently going to be quite far out, says Bardi McLennan, who found this advice therein: "A man need not tip his hat in an office-building elevator when he meets another businessman who happens to be a woman."

► Jody Schwarz sent me an election-time clipping from the Columbus *Dispatch* in which the paper describes its monumental "Voter's Guide." It was to be replete with valuable information, including "brief biological sketches of candidates."

► Marjorie Crawford: Show me a crazy rower who has fallen from a one-man racing boat, and I'll show you a guy who is out of his scull.

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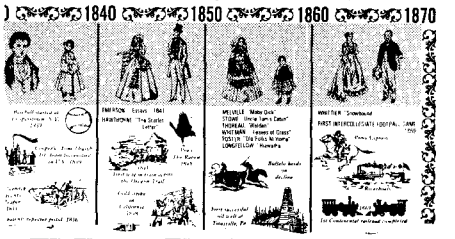

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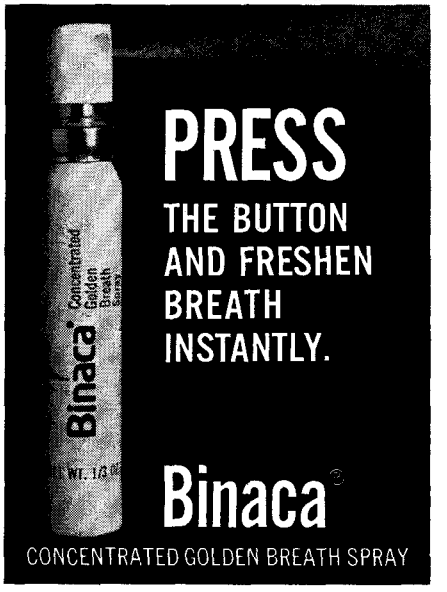

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The Necessity of Art

by HERBERT READ

"Art" and "society" are two of the vaguest concepts in modern language. In English the word "art" is so ambiguous that no two people will spontaneously define it in the same sense. Sophisticated people try to isolate some characteristic common to all the arts and soon find themselves involved in the science of art, in esthetics, finally in metaphysics. Simple people tend to identify art with one of the arts, usually painting. They are confused if they are asked to consider music or architecture as art. Common to both sophisticated and simple people is the assumption that whatever art may be, it is a specialist or professional activity of no direct concern to the average man.

"Society" is equally vague as a concept. A society may be taken to mean the total population of a country—it may even mean mankind as a whole. At the opposite extreme it may mean a few people who have come together for a common but special purpose—the members of a religious sect or a club. But just as we have a science of art—esthetics—that tries to bring order to a confused subject, so we have a science of society—sociology—that tries to give logical coherence to this second concept. The two rarely overlap, but there have been attempts to create a sociology of art, and various utopias and works such as Plato's *Politicus* are concerned with an art of society, with government or social organization conceived of as an art rather than as a science.

Very few philosophers—Plato is one of them—have seen that art and society are inseparable concepts—that society, as a viable organic entity, is somehow dependent on art as a binding, fusing, and energizing force. That has always been my own view of the relationship, and I should like to give some account of what such a relationship involves (or has involved in the past) and of the fatal consequences that follow from the absence of any such relationship in our contemporary civilization.

Both art and society in any concrete sense of the terms have their origin in man's relation to his natural environment. The earliest surviving works of art are the fairly numerous Paleolithic cave paintings and a few figurines in bone or ivory of the same period. We have no precise knowledge of the origins or purpose of these works of art, but no one supposes that they were works of art for art's sake. They may have had a magical or a religious function and as such were intimately related to the social structure of that time. This is also true of the art of all the succeeding civilizations of which we have historical evidence. If we examine the first records of the early civilizations of Sumer, Egypt, or the Middle East, we always find artifacts that still appeal to our esthetic sensibility—indeed, our knowledge of these societies is largely based on the evidence derived from surviving works of art.

All the way down the long perspective of history it is impossible to conceive of a society without art, or of an art without social significance, until we come to the modern epoch. We may next ask, how does it come about that modern societies have become insensitive to the arts? The hypothesis that at once suggests itself is that this fundamental change is, in some sense to be determined, a consequence of the sudden increase in the size of societies, a development that accompanies the industrialization of a country. It has always been a matter for wonder that the greatest epochs of art—Athens in the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., Western Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the city-states of Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—are associated with communities that, in comparison with the typical modern state, were minuscule. We tend to ignore this fact, to regard it as irrelevant, and even to assume that the biggest and most powerful nations must naturally, in due course, produce the greatest art. It is a conclusion for which history offers no support.

The most cursory consideration of the nature of the creative process in the arts will give us the explanation of this paradox. Whatever may be the nature of the relationship between art and society, the work of art itself is always the creation of an individual. It is true that there are arts, such as drama and dance and ritual, that are complex by nature and depend on a group of individuals for their execution or presentation; nevertheless, the unity that gives force and singularity and effectiveness to any one example of these arts is the creative intuition of a particular dramatist, choreographer, or architect.

But the individual does not work in a vacuum. The whole complexity of our problem arises from the fact that the artist is in some sense dependent on the community, not merely in the obvious economic sense, but in a sense that is far subtler and awaiting a psychological analysis. That would define two separate but interacting psychic entities: on the one hand the subjective ego of the artist, seeking to adjust itself to the external world of nature and society; on the other hand, society itself as an organism with its own laws of internal and external adjustment. Herein lies one of the basic paradoxes of human existence: Art is the pattern evolved in a complex interplay of personal and societal processes of adjustment.

There are certain evasions of the problem. The first is the one found in most democratic countries, that is to say in all those that have become aware of the problem. It is realized that art as a social activity has characterized the great social systems of the past, from prehistoric and primitive civilizations to the great aristocratic,

The above essay by the late Sir Herbert Read, distinguished English art historian, critic, and poet, is excerpted from *The Arts and Man*—an examination by nine world authorities of the role and functions of the arts in society. The book is published jointly by UNESCO and Prentice-Hall. © UNESCO 1969.

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"All the way down the long perspective of history it is impossible to conceive of a society without art, until we come to the modern epoch. We may next ask, how does it come about that modern societies have become insensitive to the arts?"

ecclesiastic, and oligarchic societies of more recent times. This inevitable and apparently significant association of art and society is then seen to break down with the inception of the modern age—the age of industrialization, mass production, population explosion, and parliamentary democracy. Two deductions are then possible. The first, which prevailed generally during the nineteenth century, assumes that art is a thing of the past, and that a civilization such as ours can dispense with it. The second deduction, which is more and more characteristic of our own time, denies this historicist assumption, asserts that what is wrong with our present civilization can be diagnosed, and proceeds to recommend various remedies.

The most popular and in my opinion the most ineffective of these remedies is economic subsidy. It is pointed out, quite truly, that art in the past always had its patrons—the church in the Middle Ages, the princes and city councils of the Renaissance, the merchants of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This is a superficial generalization that would not survive a scientific analysis—there is no demonstrable connection between the quality of art in any period and the quantity of patronage: Patrons for the most part have been whimsical, inconsistent, and sometimes positively tasteless or reactionary. But there is no need to examine this explanation of the present situation because the patronage at present enjoyed by the arts is probably greater in amount than at any previous time in European history. In the past fifty years vast sums have been expended on the purchase of Italian "old masters" and Impressionist paintings, and equally large sums have been spent on the building of museums, theaters, opera houses, concert halls, and so on, and on the subsidy of performances in such institutions. All to no effect on the basic problem, which is the creation of a vital democratic art to correspond to our democratic civilization. Our civilization, in its visual aspects, is chaotic; it is without a characteristic poetry, without a typical drama; its painting has sunk to a level of mindless incoherence and its architecture to "economic" functionalism that projects its own "brutalism" as an esthetic virtue. There are exceptions to these generalizations, but nowhere in the world today is there a *style* of art that springs spontaneously from the basic social and economic realities of our way of life.

The first question to ask and the most profoundly disturbing one is whether there is an incompatibility between those basic realities (our system of economic production) and the spontaneous production of works of art. Before answering that question it is perhaps necessary to affirm that there is no change in the potentiality of the human race for the production of works of art. I am evading Hegel's suggestion that art, "on the side of its highest possibilities" (an important qualification), is a thing of the past. I proceed on the assumption that human nature, *in its potentialities*, does not change (or has not changed within measurable time). The world is full of frustrated artists, or rather of people whose creative instincts have been frustrated. Burckhardt pointed out that "there may now exist great men for things that do not exist." I refer not only to obvious geniuses who in spite of the times they live in give evidence of their genius in fragmented works of individualistic expressionism—the works of artists such as Picasso, Klee, Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Eliot—but also to all those potential artists who waste their talents in so-called commercial art (a contradiction in terms) and to all those sensitive children who give early proof of their potentialities and are then sacrificed like rams on the altars of industrial expediency. One of the most tragic injustices of our technological civilization is that the natural sensibility of men, which in other ages found an outlet in basic crafts, is now completely suppressed, or finds a pathetic outlet in some trivial "hobby."

I begin, therefore, by affirming with Burckhardt that "the arts are a faculty of man, a power and a creation. Imagination, their vital, central impulse, has at all times been regarded as divine." It is true that we must always distinguish (as Burckhardt does) between the doers and the seers, between the craftsmen and the visionaries. "To give tangible form to that which is inward, to represent it in such a way that we see it as the outward image of inward things—that is a most rare power. To re-create the external in external form —that is within the power of many."

We must examine our way of life—our social structure, our methods of production and distribution, the accumulation of capital, and the incidence of taxation—to decide whether it is not in these factors that we should look for an explanation of our esthetic impotence. To do this in detail would be a task for a book, not a brief essay, but I have written much on the subject in the past and would now only point briefly to three characteristics of our civilization that are patently inimical to the arts.

The first is the general phenomenon of alienation, which has been much written about since Hegel invented the term and Marx gave it political significance. The term is used to denote both a social and a psychological problem, but these are only two aspects of the same problem, the essence of which is the progressive divorce of human faculties from natural processes. Apart from the many social aspects of the problem (beginning with the division of labor and leading to the elimination of labor, or automation, and other consequences of the Industrial Revolution such as conurbation and congestion, disease and delinquency), there is a general effect, noticed by social philosophers such as Ruskin and Thoreau, but not greatly the concern of "scientific" sociologists, which might be described as the atrophy of sensibility. If seeing and handling, touching and hearing, and all the refinements of sensation that developed historically in the conquest of nature and the manipu-

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lation of material substances are not educed and trained from birth to maturity, the result is a being that hardly deserves to be called human: a dull-eyed, bored, and listless automaton whose one desire is for violence in some form or other—violent action, violent sounds, distractions of any kind that can penetrate to its deadened nerves.

The second feature, the decline of religious worship, is doubtless the inevitable consequence of a growth of scientific rationalism, and the fact that scientific progress has not been accompanied by any equivalent progress in ethical standards is frequently regretted. But it is not so often observed that the same forces that have destroyed the mystery of holiness have destroyed the mystery of beauty. I am not suggesting that this process of rationalization is reversible: The mind never gives up its materialistic conquests, short of world catastrophe. I am merely pointing to the obvious fact that the scope of scientific knowledge is still limited. The nature of the cosmos and the origins and purpose of human life remain as mysteries, and this means that science has by no means replaced the symbolic functions of art, which are still necessary "to overcome the resistance of the brutish world."

Thirdly, and most diffidently, one must mention a characteristic of our way of life which, however solidly based on our cherished ideals of democracy, is inimical to art. I have already mentioned the obvious fact that works of art are produced by individuals. It follows from this that the values of art are essentially aristocratic: They are not determined by a general level of esthetic sensibility, but by the best esthetic sensibility available at any particular time. This is a faculty possessed by relatively few people—the arbiters of taste, the critics and connoisseurs, and, above all, artists themselves—and the level of taste is determined by their intercourse. Whatever we may think of Carlyle's or Burckhardt's theory of the role of the great man in history—and Burckhardt pointed out that there are categories of great men, some of them of doubtful benefit to humanity—and however much importance we may give to the "grass roots" theory of art, nevertheless, the history of art is a graph traced between points that represent the appearance in history of a great artist. A Michelangelo or a Mozart may be the product of ascertainable forces, hereditary or social; but once he has created his works of art, the history of art departs from its previous course. I do not, of course, assume that the history of art is identical with the history of culture. Culture is not even the sum of all the arts, or of all the arts, customs, scientific and religious beliefs of a period. As T. S. Eliot once pointed out, all these parts into which a culture can be analyzed act upon each other, and a culture is something they create which is greater than the sum of their parts. Fully to understand one you have to understand all.

Unfortunately for art, a democratic society has its own categories of greatness that do not necessarily correspond to our definitions of culture. I do not refer so much to the heroes of war, politics, or sport. These nonesthetic categories are common to all ages. I confine my observations to the arts, and there modern democracy has shown a total incapacity to distinguish between genius and talents. This is probably due to the strangeness or originality of genius—even in other ages, genius was not always immediately recognized at its true worth. But more recently technological advances in methods of communication have conspired with an innate envy of originality to produce that typical famous man of our time, the pander. Whether as a columnist or a television "personality," this usurper appears before a public numbering millions and, by anticipating their opinions and prejudices, flatters them into concurrence and adulation. To see—actually to see—their own commonplace thoughts and instinctive judgments voiced by an eloquent jack-in-the-box gives people not merely the illusion that greatness is democratic, but also the greater illusion that truth need not be disturbing. For complacency (allied to complicity) is the ultimate ideal of a democratic way of life.

Art, on the other hand, is eternally disturbing, permanently revolutionary. It is so because the artist, to the degree of his greatness, always confronts the unknown, and what he brings back from that confrontation is a novelty, a new symbol, a new vision of life, the outer image of inward things. His importance to society is not that he voices received opinions, or gives clear expression to the confused feelings of the masses—that is the function of the politician, the journalist, the demagogue. The artist is what the Germans call *ein Rüttler*, an upsetter of the established order. The greatest enemy of art is the collective mind, in any of its many manifestations. The collective mind is like water that always seeks the lowest level of gravity; the artist struggles out of this morass, to seek a higher level of individual sensibility and perception. The signals he sends back are often unintelligible to the multitude, but then come the philosophers and critics to interpret his message. On the basic works of one genius, a Homer, a Plato, a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Michelangelo, a Bach, a Mozart, we build not only outworks of in-

"There, there, dear. I'm sure Congress wouldn't close up your loophole on purpose."

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terpretation and explication but also extensions and imitations, until the art of one individual pervades and gives name to an epoch.

From whatever angle we approach this problem of the function of the arts in contemporary society, it is evident that their proper function is inhibited by the nature of that society. The Hegelian contradiction between art and idea loses its force and application in a society that has no use for either —either for "the soul and its emotions" or for "a concrete sensuous phenomenon," the two dialectical entities which in a progressive civilization are fused into unity by the vital energy that is life itself in its creative evolution.

It may be said that I have placed my priorities in the wrong order (actually I am denying that there are any priorities in the process). It has been generally assumed—at least in my own country, where Matthew Arnold gave currency to the opinion—that "the exercise of the creative power in the production of great works of literature or art . . . is not at all epochs and under all conditions possible." Arnold limits his illustrations to literature, but his meaning is quite general. "The grand work of literary genius is a work of synthesis and exposition, not of analysis or discovery; its gift lies in the faculty of being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, when it finds itself in them; of dealing divinely with these ideas, presenting them in the most effective and attractive combinations—making beautiful works with them, in short." This is the intellectualist heresy derived no doubt from Goethe and indirectly from Hegel. While it is true that in the creation of a masterwork (in any of the arts) "two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment," the essence of any work of art does not lie in synthesis and exposition, nor even in analysis and discovery, but in realization and manifestation. What is realized is an image—"we must render the image of what we see, forgetting everything that existed before us" (Cézanne). The artist, whether he is a poet or a painter, a musician or a potter, "gives concrete shape to sensations and perceptions" (Cézanne again); and what he manifests is this shape, in colors, in words, in sounds. The rest is what Wittgenstein called "the language game" and has nothing to do with art.

But that manifested shape is the node from which in due course ideas spring, and the more precise, the more vital the work of art, the more powerful will be the ideas it suggests. Then we can say with Arnold that "the touch of truth is the touch of life, and there is a stir and growth everywhere." But the first necessity is that the artist should render the image; if there are no images there are no ideas, and a civilization slowly but inevitably dies.

"It doesn't bother me that we can't communicate, but your mustache makes me feel like a grandfather."

I believe that there is only one way of saving our civilization and that is by so reforming its constituent societies that, in the sense of the phrases already defined, the concrete sensuous phenomena of art are once more spontaneously manifested in our daily lives. I have called this reform "education through art," and it now has advocates throughout the world. But what I have not sufficiently emphasized and what is not sufficiently realized by many of my fellow workers in this field is the revolutionary nature of the remedy. An education through art is not necessarily anti-scientific, for science itself depends on the clear manifestation of concrete sensuous phenomena, and is necessarily impeded by "the language game." But an education through art does not fit human beings for the mindless and mechanical actions of modern industry; it does not reconcile them to a leisure devoid of constructive purpose; it does not leave them satisfied with passive entertainment. It aims to create "stir and growth" everywhere, to substitute for conformity and imitation in each citizen an endowment of imaginative power "in a kind perfectly unborrowed and his own" (Coleridge).

To believe that art is born in intimacy is not a quietist philosophy; there is no necessary association between art and inactivity. It is true that at the practical level there is a general contradiction between extrovert activities and the calm needed for creative work of any kind. War and revolution destroy the constructive works of the artist. But at the same time we must admit with Burckhardt that "passion is the mother of great things" and the artist is stimulated by great events, although he takes no part in them and does not even celebrate them directly in his works.

There are few conclusions in this field that can claim scientific validity. Genius is a genetic chance and history a confused clamor, but life persists. It is a flame that rises and sinks, now flickers and now burns steadily, and the source of the oil that feeds it is invisible. But that source is always associated with the imagination, and a civilization that consistently denies the life of the imagination must sink into deeper and deeper barbarism.

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Testing Ground in Tokyo

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Shortly after this dispatch was received, the news was announced in Washington that the United States and Japan agreed to the return of Okinawa to Japan in 1972. It was also agreed that the United States would retain military bases on the island "as required for the security of both countries." Okinawa would be free of nuclear weapons except in "emergency" situations, undefined.*

TOKYO.

All day long, the tensions in Tokyo had been building. You could see it in the taut faces of the policemen, with their blue battle fatigues, visored helmets to protect them against bricks, and arm-length asbestos gloves for handling fiery objects. The police did not appear to be carrying firearms, but they all had long, cane-thick prodding sticks. Some of them stood behind four-foot-high curved metal shields and carried walkie-talkies with raised antennae. The combined effect was bizarre; they looked like a cross between medieval knights and boys in Buck Rogers uniforms.

The police guarded government and public buildings, the embassies, and hotels. They moved about in groups on all the important thoroughfares. The windows of the squad cars and patrol vans were protected by metal screens. How many men had been recruited for emergency police duty it was impossible to guess. One thing was certain. The city was heavy with foreboding. The word was out that many thousands of people, most of them students and trade unionists, would be having a series of live rehearsals for the mass demonstration to take place three days later, when Prime Minister Eisaku Sato was scheduled to leave for Washington. High on the agenda for discussion with the United States was the Security Treaty under which American military bases have been maintained in Japan. An even more controversial item was Japan's request for the return of Okinawa.

The reason so much importance was being attached to the Washington talks was that to many Japanese they seemed to symbolize the end of the winner-loser relationship between the two countries that has existed, on a long and diminishing scale, since the end of the Second World War. Uppermost among the particulars of any new relationship was the status of Okinawa. There is no disagreement among the Japanese about the need to bring Okinawa back. The only question is whether Japan should permit the United States to maintain its large military installation on the island. Reportedly, nuclear explosives and nuclear delivery systems are stored at the base. Okinawa is a key link in the chain of American military installations in the Pacific and Far East. So is Japan itself, for that matter; but no U.S. nuclear weapons are said to be stored in Japan.

Not just students and labor unionists but many Japanese of diverse backgrounds are seriously apprehensive about having their country become either a nuclear station or target. Most of the newspapers have warned against any deal, secret or otherwise, under which Japan would permit nuclearization of Okinawa as the price of repatriation of the island. It is the tactics of the students, rather than their basic position, that are repugnant to most Japanese. The people—as a whole—react sharply against violent demonstrations. The trade unionists, however, feel so strongly about the issue of growing militarism in Japan that they have made common cause with the students in protesting Prime Minister Sato's trip to the U.S.

The Okinawa question is symbolic because it cannot be separated from the larger question of Japanese rearmament. Memories of a militaristic Japan are still fresh in the minds of many Japanese. They have no taste for the military adventurism that resulted in Japan's major role in starting the Second World War, and brought on widespread destruction and suffering.

These Japanese find it difficult to understand why the United States, which was victimized by the sneak attack at Pearl Harbor, should now be pressing Japan to re-arm. They fear that Japanese rearmament means the ascendancy of the military in government. And they fear the overthrow of the historic Clause Nine of the Constitution, written at the behest of Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Clause Nine renounces war and the means of war. General MacArthur regarded this clause as one of the greatest achievements of the Occupation.

All these facts figured in the opposition to a nuclearized Okinawa on the eve of Prime Minister Sato's trip. Whether because of the combined might of the students and the unionists, or the depth of general feeling about a nuclearized Okinawa, all Tokyo seemed to be bracing itself for a series of violent demonstrations.

Paradoxically, few Japanese have paid any attention to the far-seeing proposals made by Foreign Minister Ki-ichi Aichi for a review conference of the United Nations. Mr. Aichi suggested that the twenty-fifth anniversary of the United Nations in 1970 provides a natural opportunity to reassess the record of the U.N. since San Francisco, as the basis for a wide effort to strengthen the organization. If the U.N. is truly to become an effective instrument, he said, it needs peace-making and peace-keeping powers. Just as important, he added, is the full development of the U.N. on the economic and social level.

Yet the public debate in Japan did not appear to recognize that the alternatives were not confined to defenselessness or remilitarization. Japan's involvement in a persistent effort to upgrade the United Nations might well represent the strongest single step it

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could take in the pursuit of its security. But the country was almost totally caught up in the debate and the drama over the departure and the demonstrations. Mr. Sato was due to leave for Washington on November 16, but by November 14 the confrontations began.

An unnatural calm hung over the city most of the day. Then, late in the afternoon, the quiet was shattered by shouts as the demonstrators materialized. We saw them from our hotel window not far from the government buildings. Young men and women were running in lock-step formation, four abreast. They divided themselves into units of about eighty persons, each with its own leader. Some of the units carried flags identifying a particular trade union. They were chanting as they ran. "No secret military deals . . . No rearmament for Japan . . . No arms on Okinawa"—these were some of the cries that could be heard above the heavy late-afternoon traffic.

Near the multi-million-dollar new Akasaka Tokyo Hotel, the running formations of the protesters met the police head-on. At first, there was no confrontation. Then, one of the columns had a brush with a few police. The skirmishes spread, and soon homemade bombs were being thrown and the police were charging the demonstrators. Eighty people were hurt. It could have been much more. It was apparent that neither side wanted to have a major test of strength. This would come two days later when the demonstrators would try to prevent the departure of the Prime Minister.

We were at the airport the morning of Mr. Sato's scheduled trip. All roads leading to the airport were heavily guarded. Our car was stopped several times at checkpoints on the expressway running directly from downtown Tokyo to the airfield. When we arrived at the airport, we saw dozens of police lorries, their windows criss-crossed with protecting metal. Near the main terminal building, a police lieutenant was giving instructions to a group of about 200 men, some of them in plain clothes. Regular passengers were getting through, but we had the impression that the normal activity had been scaled down.

The precautions worked well enough. The attempts of the demonstrators to reach the airport in massed numbers failed. But the protesters had made their point. No one could doubt the depth of feeling on the issue of Okinawa in particular or remilitarization in general. Many of the newspapers that denounced the demonstrators also expressed a carefully reasoned opposition to nuclear bases on Okinawa. So far as an outside observer could see, many of the people are sickened by the entire affair—by the madness of the violence and by the seemingly inexorable trend toward rearmament. A policeman in full battle dress with whom I spoke the morning after the first demonstration gave me a sense of the inner turmoil now being experienced by the Japanese.

—N.C.

At the Tokyo airport just before the Prime Minister's departure: A police lieutenant instructs his men on plans for coping with demonstrators.

"My brother is one of the demonstrators," he said. "He is angry because a friend of his was hurt by the police in a riot a couple of months ago. I'm just as angry as he is. Two friends of mine in my own police squad were hurt by students in the same riots. One of them was hit on the side of the head by a brick and almost blinded. It would be terrible if my brother and I found ourselves battling each other."

I asked the policeman how he felt about Okinawa, nuclear bases on Japanese soil, and the remilitarization of Japan—all of which were the basis of protests.

"Oh, I agree with my brother," he said. "It would be very bad for Japan if the war-makers came back."

The policeman was describing a situation that involved him directly, but much of what he said applied to an increasingly large part of the world. At the bottom of much of the global unrest today is profound apprehension over the wild growth and spread of weapons that can demolish man and all his works—and equally grave uneasiness over the corresponding intrusion of the military in the political life. The instinct for human survival has been jarred by the knowledge that it is now possible for man to put an end to his world, and the knowledge, too, that there is nowhere yet in evidence a world-wide counter-thrust that can give people reasonable assurance that good sense and a proper regard for life can prevail. This combination of alarm, frustration, and resentment, as would be expected, finds its extreme and most clamorous manifestations among the young.

Yet the main confrontations today throughout the world—and this is especially true of Japan and the United States—are occurring not on the issues themselves but on the level of action and reaction. Indeed, the underlying questions are becoming increasingly lost in the terrible upward spiralings of provocation and violence. Many students pick up rocks or begin to make Molotov cocktails after an episode involving police brutality or what they regard as vigilante action masquerading as law and order. Similarly, the fact of violent protests has caused authorities in many countries to give the police increased latitude to deal with demonstrators in order to quell riots with far harsher measures than would have been sanctioned only a year ago. And so up and up the spiral of violence continues, pulling in more and more people with every swirl.

Out of such spinnings are mass upheavals and revolutions made. The wise and successful government today is the one that understands both the basic issues and the polarization of forces that both grow out of those issues and conceal them. Sanity is represented not just by measures to bring protesting students under control but by vigorous efforts by nations to bring the world arms race under control. Responsibility is represented by the need to make distinctions between deliberate demolition and honest dissent. The effort to combine sanity with responsibility is not easy, but in today's world it happens to be the test of workable leadership. —N. C.

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Why are the shorelines of our cities such eyesores?

Why do the harbors still harbor industries no longer dependent on water transportation?

Why have we filled our rivers with sludge and turned our lakes into mires? And why are the banks lined with trash?

Why, if we live in cities that are located on the water, must we go hours away to go sailing or fishing or swimming?

Why have we let our historic waterfronts become breeding places for crime and rats?

Why is our beautiful country growing uglier every year?

why?

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Why not inviting shorelines we're proud of?

Why not limit industrial use of urban shores? And require beautification of existing plants?

Why not enforce our pollution laws?

Why not parks and pools and marinas — recreation areas sorely needed by the people in our crowded municipalities?

Why not team-plan transformations that make cities places to play in, not escape from, weekends?

Why not an America for our children's children more beautiful than it is today?

Why not, America?

AIA/American Institute of Architects

why not?

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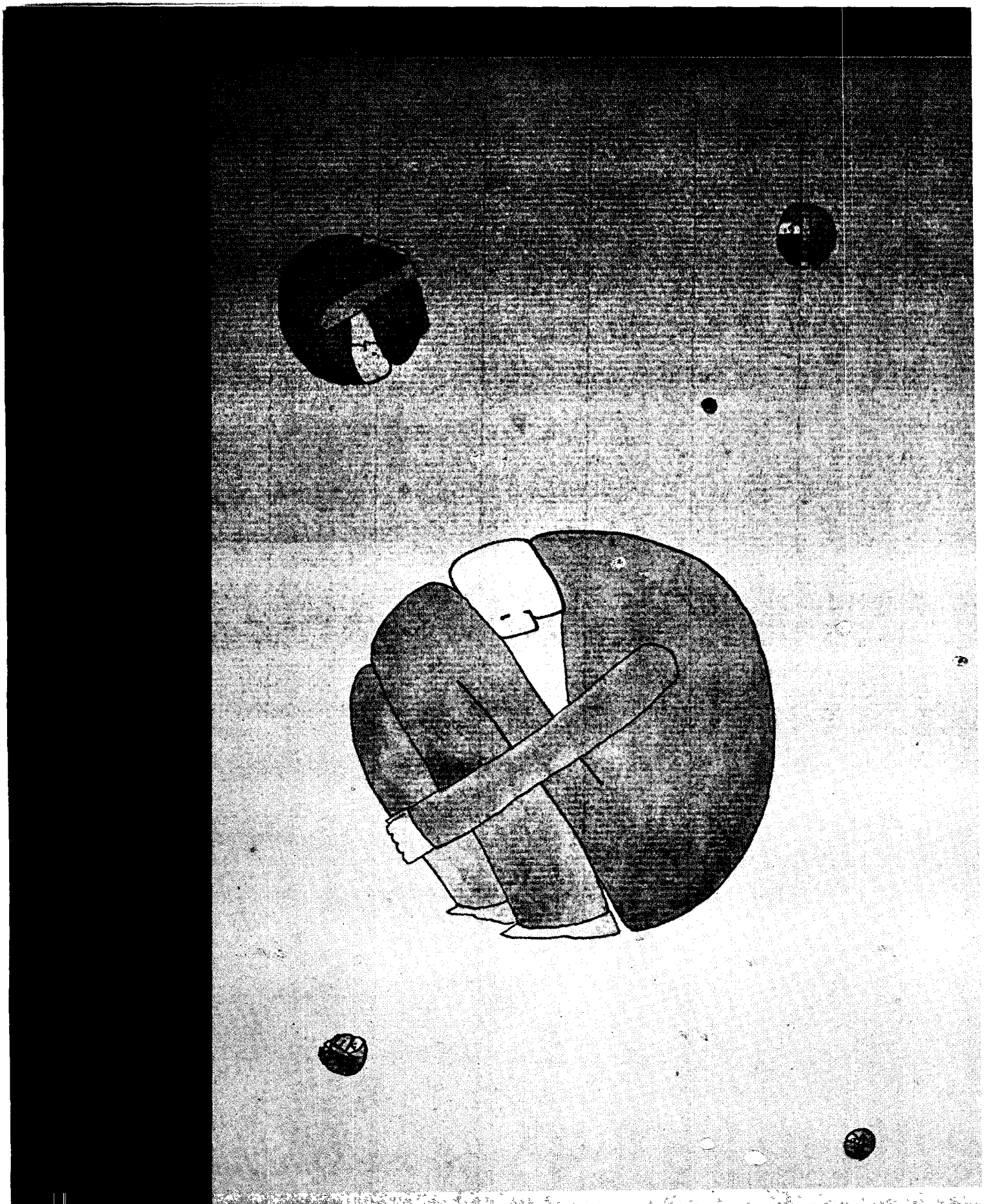

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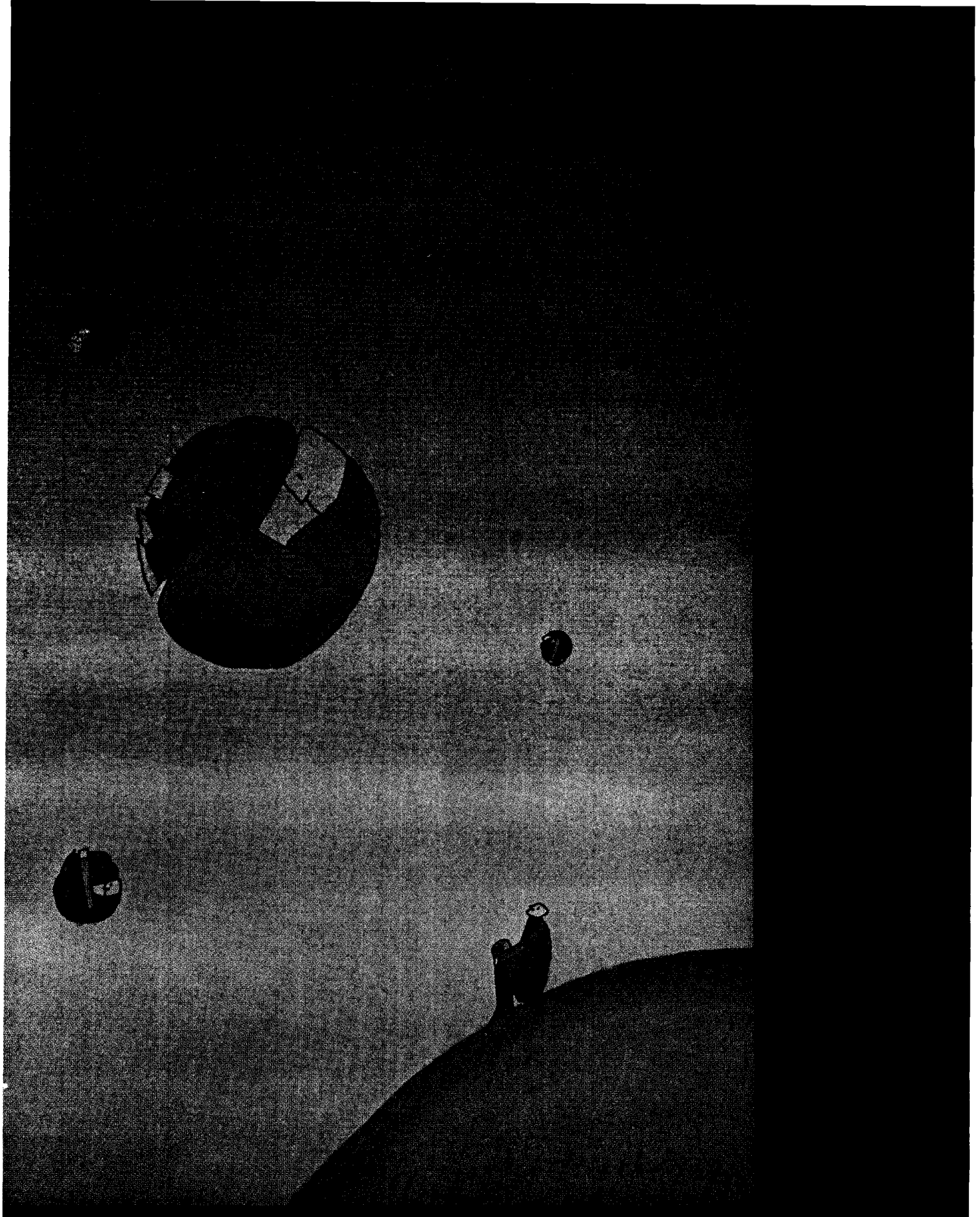

Reach out for someone.
To communicate is the beginning of understanding.

AT&T

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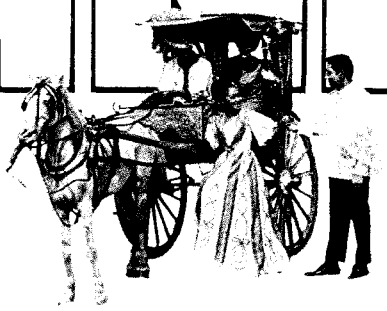
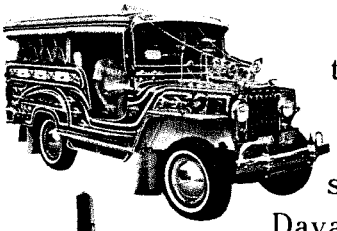
Between the most beautiful sunset and the rest of the world is a city waiting for you.

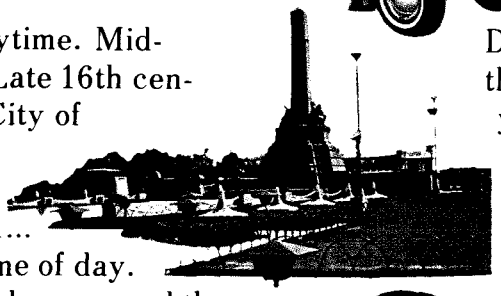
MANILA.



One bay. One glorious sunset. Asia's most picturesque park. The Orient and the old world within city limits. They're here waiting for you.



Manila begins anytime. Midday in Chinatown. Late 16th century in the Walled City of Intramuros. A few minutes past six on Roxas Boulevard... with nightlife any time of day.



If you have a few days, spend them collecting memories. The ride on a colorful jeepney. The foggy mornings at Rizal Park. The Bayanihan dancers. The deaf-mute coffee shoppe. The dungeons of Fort Santiago. The kaleidoscope of cultures at the Philippine Village. The latest fashion in pineapple fabric. A lifetime for every day.

If you have a week, sail/fly to the outer islands. Cebu, with its guitars and Spanish cathedrals. Zamboanga, land of swift-sailing *vintas* and sea gypsies. Davao, where you taste the fruit of the gods. Take in the outer islands on your own or on a package tour.

No visa is needed up to 7 days. If you're flying anywhere in Southeast Asia, you can take in Manila at little or no extra air fare. You'll have 16 international airlines for easy connections. And the warmest of friends among people who speak your language. Come. Get yourself a lasting memory.

For further information, write to the Board of Travel and Tourist Industry or Philippine Tourist and Travel Association P.O. Box 3451 Manila, Philippines.

Philippines

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Letters to the Editor

Tomorrow's University

JACQUES BARZUN's article "Tomorrow's University—Back to the Middle Ages?" [*SR*, Nov. 15] was excellent. Professor Barzun has surpassed Panurge at dropping odoriferous and embarrassing articles into the scholastic hood. A large number of our scholars amply deserve this treatment. When faculty after faculty has acceded to the demands of minority pressure groups, even when these demands are clearly detrimental to the university, ridicule of such senseless performance is strictly in order.

While Barzun's proposition that our universities may return to the medieval pattern is undoubtedly facetious, there is enough foolishness on campus at present to let him make this suggestion. Instead of arguing about how many angels can stand on the head of a pin, our faculties are now debating as to how many young devils can sit on the floor of the president's office.

It may be hoped that Barzun's article will bring some professors down to earth from the upper stories of their ivory towers.

WM. S. CREIGHTON,
Professor Emeritus, C.C.N.Y.,
LaFeria, Tex.

PROFESSOR BARZUN's article lamenting the passing of the golden age of the university is the logical, cogent conclusion of a highly dubious assumption. That assumption is Barzun's view that the university exists, not for the students, but rather for the faculty.

Barzun points out that student power has in the past led to instability, and that central administration led to enforced orthodoxy, and that both systems have often been accompanied by a multiplicity of rules. He overlooks several faults of comparable magnitude in his favored system of government by faculty. The most important of these are over-specialization and compartmentalization of the curriculum and formation of rigid walls between departments. Consequences of this are often the making of policy decisions by political dealings among the faculty, and development of a hierarchical structure only a little less rigid than governmental rule; department chairmen and academic deans often resemble feudal barons, jealously exercising arbitrary power over a small domain.

Another problem has been that frequently professors have devoted their time to research having little or no teaching value. Yet another weakness of faculty government is, once more, a multiplicity of rules, the result of the faculty politics and the departmental barriers. But Barzun does not notice these rules, since they do not hinder the faculty, who made them, but rather the students.

Barzun is greatly concerned with faculty tenure. He seems less interested in the broader question of what system of university government best protects the quality of higher education. Perhaps he forgets that professorial academic freedom is only one of the necessary conditions to the success of a university. He overlooks the need for students to enjoy the same freedom. He ignores the harmful effect of over-specialization on liberal education. (The free elective system praised by Barzun has rarely been used.)

Open-mindedness and the willingness to compromise have been traditional academic virtues. Yet, Barzun has not considered the possibility that students and faculty, both of whom have a legitimate academic interest in the university, may share in the responsibility of governing it. Neither has he seen the weaknesses of exclusive faculty control. The golden age on which he looks back with nostalgia actually never existed.

ROBERT MCCLENON,
George Washington University,
Washington, D.C.

Taxing Artists

I SHOULD LIKE to comment on Roland Gelatt's editorial "A Tax Break for Artists" [*SR*, Nov. 15], in which he speculates about architecture and film in reference to Ireland's new Finance Act. Earnings in these categories have not been excluded from income tax under the act.

The administration of the act has caused great initial difficulties, but as far as we (who are outside its administration) can see at this early stage, the Revenue Commissioners are proceeding on the basis of establishing to their satisfaction that a writer or other artist has done original and creative work of high standard at one time during his life. Once they are satisfied of this, they allow him exemption from income tax in respect of all subsequent work of that kind without questioning the value of the subsequent work. This is a generous interpretation of the act, but the only possible one from the point of view of practical administration. From what I hear, novelists and playwrights are being granted exemption in respect of their earnings from current journalistic work in the form of book reviews, radio commentary, and so on.

This is quite a sensible way to proceed, because it can be argued that a good writer, even if engaged in hack work, will carry over into it some of the originality and thought that inspired his better and more serious work, and will never write cheaply.

MERVYN WALL,
Secretary,
The Arts Council,
Dublin, Ireland.

Cities' Villain

GUS TYLER's analysis of the plight of U.S. cities in "Can Anyone Run a City?" [*SR*, Nov. 8] will not do. With the weight of evidence proving that our cities are now quagmires, Mr. Tyler then offers this description: The unsung heroes are the regional planners, whose solutions are ignored; the villains are the lobbyists for automobile manufacturers and oil companies, along with the politicians who depend on large companies for campaign contributions.

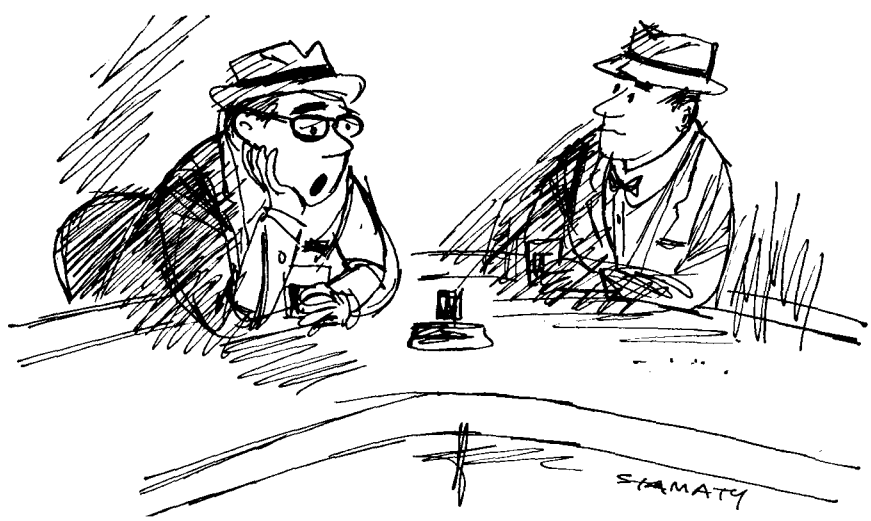
The description is missing a vital ingredient. What is responsible for this mess? I suggest that a false philosophy of government is the villain, and that it is government-by-lobby that should be attacked, not "laissez faire, a Panglossian notion that what is, is best." What is, is statism, not laissez faire.

DENNIS J. CHASE,
Southfield, Mich.

Whence Opsott

I NOTICE that H. Allen Smith in his amusing article "Bread" [PHOENIX NEST, Nov. 1] was having difficulty in finding the origin of the word "opsott." In German, the word for the heel of a shoe is *Absatz*, which, of course, also has a few other meanings. Phonetically the word in English usage has become opsott. Mr. Smith evidently did not come in contact with any Rhine Prussians or Hanoverians, since they both use this pronunciation.

E. C. HERRMANN,
Professor of German,
Brainerd State Junior College,
Brainerd, Minn.



"All I know is what I read in the books I write."

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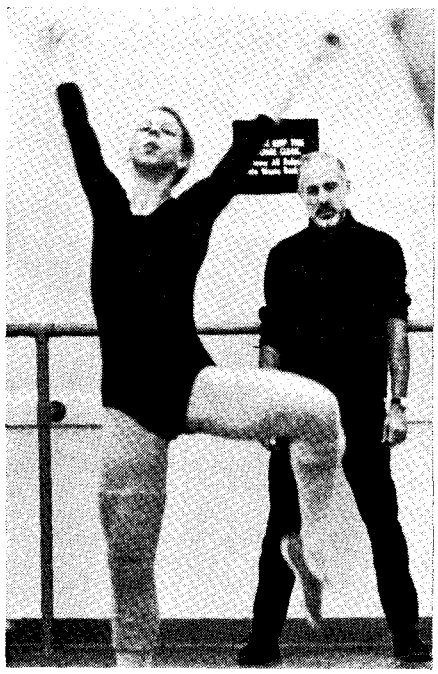
World of Dance

Walter Terry



—*Jack Mitchell.*

Robbins himself rehearses his "Les Noces" with the American Ballet Theatre (Sallie Wilson, foreground).

J. Robbins, Dance Master

JUST ABOUT a decade ago, I wrote a lead story for the arts section of the old New York *Herald Tribune* under the heading NEW YORK IS A JEROME ROBBINS FESTIVAL. The reason for this paraphrase of the municipal promise that New York was, in truth, a summer festival was that Robbins was represented, as a choreographer, on Broadway by three companies: the American Ballet Theatre, the New York City Ballet, and his own Jerome Robbins's Ballets: U.S.A. In all three, as well as in musicals, his genius was shining.

Yet for much of the following decade, he deserted the theater of dance—the ballet—for the musical theater, for experimental theater, for workshop explorations involving actors, dancers, performers of all sorts. Today, twenty-five years after his debut as the choreographer (1944) of *Fancy Free* for the American Ballet Theatre, he has returned to the world of dance. We are richer for it. The Harkness Ballet was permitted (with Robbins, "permission" and "submission" are prerequisites for doing his ballets, since he is both a perfectionist and a fiendish taskmaster) to revive his *N.Y. Export, op. Jazz* (first created for his own Ballets: U.S.A.), and it is very probably the best jazz ballet in the world, for its recent season at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

The New York City Ballet opened its forty-ninth New York engagement (thirteen weeks at the New York State Theatre) with Robbins's *Dances at a Gathering,* which he had created expressly for this company last spring, and it is one of the great dances of our time. And for his alma mater, the American Ballet Theatre, now playing at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, there is his unsurpassed conception of Stravinsky's *Les Noces,* choreographed especially for this company (1965).

As a dividend, his *Fancy Free* was performed at the White House on a state occasion (*op. Jazz* had been danced there during an earlier administration) last month by American Ballet Theatre.

All three major American companies —American Ballet Theatre, the New York City Ballet, and the Harkness Ballet—always do honor to Robbins's ballets, and this fall he has once again emerged as a major ballet figure (he is always major on Broadway, as in *Fiddler on the Roof,* for example) for a truly major ballet season in New York.

In subsequent reports I shall have something to say in detail about the current performing of Robbins works by the three different troupes, but for the moment I think it important to take note of his twenty-fifth year as one of the dance world's foremost choreographers of the twentieth century; to say that after a decade, New York is once again a Jerome Robbins Festival; and to reproduce, on these pages, photographs of the Robbins dance works that are masterpieces of our age.

Not long ago, I told Robbins that I still had a letter from him that he had sent to me twenty-five years ago, when I was in military service overseas, right after he had done *Fancy Free.* I said that I might want to publish it, to which he responded, "My God! What did I say?" I reminded him that he had written to me about the success of *Fancy Free,* that he was sitting in a park in Weehawken, that he was contemplating his future, and that he was scared to death. He laughed about the last phrase and said, you may quote me, "I haven't changed a bit!" There have, of course, been changes in Jerome Robbins, the man, but Robbins, the dance genius, still flourishes mightily.

Dancers of the Harkness Ballet in Jerome Robbins's "N.Y. Export, op. Jazz," a revival of the ballet first done for Robbins's own Ballets: U.S.A.

—*Valente.*

Muriel Bentley, the original "girl with the red handbag" (1944) in Robbins's first ballet, "Fancy Free."

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Are Art Books Not Books?

by RICHARD EDWARDS

HISTORY OF CHINA, by C. P. FitzGerald *(American Heritage, 416 pp., 297 illustrations, $17.95);* **ARTS OF CHINA, by the editors of Horizon** *(American Heritage, 348 pp., 413 illustrations, $16.95);* **A PICTORIAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE ORIENTAL ARTS, edited by Kadokawa Shoten Co.** *(Crown, 7 vols., 288 pp. each, 587 color illustrations, 1,175 black-and-white; Japan, $35; China, $17.50; Korea, $8.95; $55 the set);* **A TREASURY OF JAPANESE WOOD BLOCK PRINTS, by Sadao Kikuchi, translated from the Japanese by Don Kenny** *(Crown, 423 pp., 100 color illustrations, 1,500 black-and-white, $17.50).*

Having spent a good many hours trying to absorb what these volumes present, I am more than ever convinced that art books are usually not books.

There is no particular connection between these publications except that they all rely extensively on pictures, and they all picture with varying degrees of written commentary something about the Far East. The format is rather large, 10¼ x 13 inches to 7½ x 10 inches. They are hard-cover; sets are boxed; and with a generous number of color plates all radiate an aura of glittering magnificence. The prices are not low, but in this age and place of affluence they are not beyond reach. One must step out of the paperback class in order to have Art. Particularly in this season when the unusual gift is so necessary and so difficult to find, this kind of publication has its attraction.

Why then can one not write a glittering review to match the intent of these volumes? Let me at the outset state that there is only one book that I am really pleased to own, the Horizon volume *History of China.* Pictorially this is magnificent journalism. Worlds are revealed in an absolutely first-rate and imaginative selection of material. Let me give you one example, portraits. Starting with the present, for it is the kind of book that you can begin anywhere, look at the "Western" oil of the young Mao Tse-tung, pure of countenance, with clenched fist, bamboo-and-paper umbrella, striding over mountain heights. (Iconographers might be inclined to think of the umbrella as a modern reference to the ancient royal symbol that so often sheltered the kings of Asia, but now, certainly in deference to the masses, quietly folded and tucked under his right arm.) Contrast that with the Empress Dowager Tz'u Hsi shown in an old photograph, so strong and yet so decadent (thin, clawlike fingernail guards on the last two fingers of each hand). There is none of Mao's determined purity in that face. The two reproductions are admirably chosen. Contemporary photographs are too familiar, and thus a painting may shock us into seeing far more (forget whether it is "art" or not) than just another photograph. On the other hand, to have revealed in the contemporary medium of the photograph something that is usually reduced to the mere words of old history is indeed to bring the past to life.

It is not difficult then to move further back in time to far more ancient monarchs preserved for us alone in the thin selection of exact brush-lines and even flat color—marks of the traditional artist's craft in China, which by their very imposed selection offer an intense grandeur to the subjects: stern power in the founder of the Sung, Chao K'uang-yin; or the eighth-century Ming Huang, softer and more easy, the emperor who, according to history and legend, or the legend of history, tells us was lured to decadence and loss of power by a disastrous obsession—his famous mistress, Yang Kuei-fei.

Running down the list of acknowl-

RICHARD EDWARDS is chairman of the Department of the History of Art at the University of Michigan.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

37 **"History of China,"** by C. P. FitzGerald; **"Arts of China,"** by the editors of Horizon; **"A Pictorial Encyclopedia of the Oriental Arts,"** edited by Kadokawa Shoten Co.; **"A Treasury of Japanese Wood Block Prints,"** by Sadao Kikuchi

40 **European Literary Scene,** by Robert J. Clements

41 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

42 **"My Rabbi Doesn't Make House Calls: A Guide to Games Jews Play,"** by Albert Vorspan; **"How to Be an American Jew,"** by Robert J. Milch; **"God of Daniel S.: In Search of the American Jew,"** by Alan W. Miller; **"My Beloved Is Mine: Judaism and Marriage,"** by Roland B. Gittelsohn; **"Growing Up Jewish . . . in Europe, America and Israel,"** edited by Jay David

45 **SR's Semi-Annual Reference Book Roundup,** by David M. Glixon

56 **"The Kennedy Legacy: A Peaceful Revolution for the Seventies,"** by Theodore C. Sorensen

57 **"The New Israeli Writers: Short Stories of the First Generation,"** edited by Dalia Rabikovitz

58 **"The Colors of Vaud,"** by Bryher

58 **"It's Not Far But I Don't Know the Way,"** by Hoke Norris

59 **"The World the Slaveholders Made; Two Essays in Interpretation,"** by Eugene D. Genovese; **"Great Slave Narratives,"** selected by Arna Bontemps

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edgments, one realizes that the illustrations come from excellent sources, but a person also needs the imagination to assemble them and check the quality of reproduction.

They are loosely tied together by, as the title says, "History." This has been written by one who is hardly a stranger to those who have studied China. C. P. FitzGerald writes in an expected lively fashion. Events, anecdote, custom and ideas unfold with interest and ease. There is admiration for the past and a just attempt within the scope of such a general book to evaluate its importance. There is also clear sympathy for the present and an understanding of the necessity for that revolutionary change which has so tragically produced a case of overshock among so many who cannot for China equate the facts of tradition with the compelling demands of the modern world.

Only the format is difficult. Lap or hand will tire, and type is set in a journalistic double-column fashion.

This returns us to the proposition: Art books are not books. A product of Marshall McLuhan's Gutenberg Galaxy, the modern book is formed by words and what the precision of printing makes it possible to do with words. The result must be small, compact, easy to manage. For this mobile age it is best that the book fit into pocket or purse. Most of all it must have a quality of unity. Words have a way—even when you play around with them—of trapping experience within a consistent cage of form that shields one from distracting alternatives. Once pictures are introduced, unities are threatened. This need not completely destroy the book, as the history of wood-block printing both in East and West might confirm. As long as the picture is used as illustration, it will not damage the book. In this sense it supplements the text. That is why the imaginative use of plates does so much to enliven Mr. FitzGerald's text without being exactly tied to it. They act, rather, as a supplementary commentary with in turn their own "commentary" in the form of rather lengthy captions.

Once you leave history for art, you have, I think, left the book—at least in its traditional sense. This is the difference between illustration and art. When the picture becomes art the essence of the book has shifted from the verbal to the visual. What you do with words in something that looks like a book but is essentially a revelation of visual art must inevitably differ from the way you use words in an illustrated book. The American Heritage *Arts of China* suffers by comparison with the history volume because the editors never made the important shift from verbal history to visual art. More is required than just showing the look of art.

In art publication words must be secondary to visual experience because they depend upon that experience. This volume and the beautifully printed series of volumes that Crown has published had best be considered as exhibitions. In any great art exhibition it is imperative to select carefully, and with equal care arrange and display. Then words may be used, and you can begin to "appreciate" without accepting an open invitation to confusion and obscurity.

Arts of China simply does not get beyond incidental historical journalism. While it would be wrong to say that there is nothing new or interesting in the somewhat chatty approach of the text, it is so chopped up, so specifically uninformative about art as opposed to saying something about the situation in which that art lived (what was the history volume for?), that when one is through one wonders what one has learned. Chinese art remains something of a mystery, the opening essay would have us believe, a very beautiful mystery, but still a mystery: ". . . it is tempting, indeed fatally easy, to respond to its beauty on our own, Western, terms." This is perhaps why we are not encouraged to compare the similarities in the next to last plate in the book, an example of Franz Kline, with page 123, on which is shown a Ming emperor's bold calligraphy of the number 9. We are not told that the Chinese symbol is as simple as that. It might lead the Western mind to start thinking of Jasper Johns. Rather, we must remain unenlightened: "The more these Chinese objects are studied, the more they speak to the viewer in a language that is understood imperfectly—if at all."

Every great culture has its own special kind of excellence, which in the arts is inevitably tied to mystery, for the business of art is to reveal what has hitherto not been apparent. But by the very nature of the task, meaning may have similar implications in widely separated areas of the world. The Horizon editors point out that "Most great European works of art are public . . . those of China are essentially private and contemplative." Anyone who reads this will be at least puzzled if he walks into the Sackler Gallery of the Metropolitan Museum, or into a similar room in the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto and is faced by over-life-size figures crowded into the huge Chinese wall paintings on display. Or if, reading about the T'ang capital, Ch'ang-an, he discovers that during the seventh and eighth centuries China's greatest painters were famous for their wall paintings in the leading temples of the city. To turn the notion around, how can we possibly claim that the magnificent private world of the medieval manuscript is not a major part of the Western artistic heritage? We are told that Mu-ch'i's "Six Persimmons," "far from being a simple still life, is a religious work of art of a type almost totally unknown in the West. It expresses the merging of the artist's personality with the oneness of the natural universe." Do I have to abandon my notions of Chardin, whose still lifes—up to now—I have always considered to hold a simple enduring quiet, which at least as far as time is concerned has something to do with the universe? When we are told that Chinese art has nothing to do with "illusion," I would like to point to the same Persimmons, where there is such a sensitive combination of round and square shapes. Whereas one *can* relate this to eternal geometry, it is well to point out that in the very earthy Chinese market—with its flies, dust, sounds, smells and all of ordinary humanity—one can buy both round and square persimmons.

Finally, one comes upon this notion: "The arts of the West have been dominated by the classical Greek idea of man as the measure of all things; in Chinese art the human figure plays a minor role . . ." The great figure painters of the Six Dynasties and T'ang periods would hardly appreciate that remark. Landscape with the stereotype of its tiny figures only developed into a major art form in China from the tenth century onward. But, more important, the human figure in Western art is not so much expression itself as a vehicle for expression. In later Chinese art the landscape became this vehicle, and one can often discern in the Chinese landscape visual statements which parallel ideas formed by the human figure in the West. China has as great a humanistic tradition as that of the Mediterranean West. Indeed, there is far greater difference between the page of a Celtic manuscript and a Mediterranean relief than between such a relief and most sculpture and painting from China. And existing within China itself is a very similar contrast: Shang bronzes and T'ang sculpture.

Crown's *A Pictorial Encyclopedia of the Oriental Arts* is, as the English in the title might suggest, a "translated" Japanese publication. It is condensed from what was printed in Japan as the Asian section of *Sekai Bijitsu Zenshu* ("Complete Compilation of World Art") by the Kadokawa Shoten Publishing Company. Crown makes the latter its editor. The plates are of extraordinary beauty, printed with a clarity and skill that seem to be a characteristic of

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Japanese art printing at its best. In this the only weakness is the inevitable Japanese desire to print the beautiful detail without letting us see the work of art as a whole. To turn the pages of these volumes is to delight the eye.

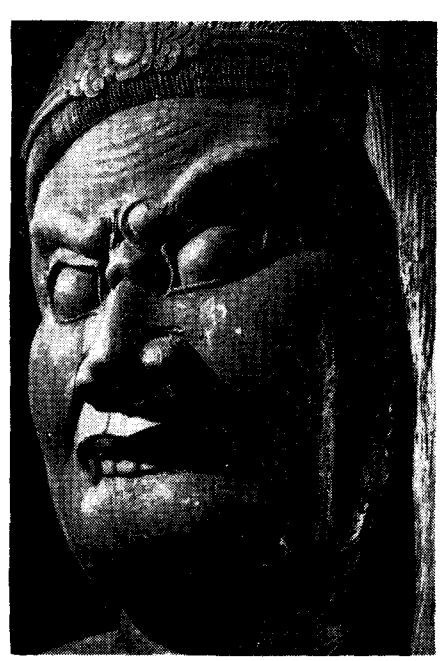
However, knowing the source, one wonders what it is that the publisher is pressing upon us. Only the Korean volume has the same plates as the original Japanese edition. As for the rest, Crown's two Chinese volumes are taken from six issued in Japan. Although retaining all the color plates, they reduce the black-and-white illustrations from 686 to 370. The four Crown volumes on Japan come from an original eleven and again, while retaining the color plates, the publisher has cut down the black-and-white from over 1,100 to 676. All plates are arranged historically, and thus period coverage is drastically curtailed. It means that the Ming artists Shang Hsi, Wu Wei, Lü Chi, Wang Mien, Shen Chou, Ch'en Chi-ju, Mi Wan-chung, Huang Tao-chou, Chang Jui-t'u, Shao Mi and a few lesser hands are eliminated from the English edition. To deny us at least a single glance at Shen Chou is a little like refusing to show Raphael in a comparable view of Renaissance painting.

Granting economic considerations, one finds it difficult to escape the implication that this condensed *Encyclopedia* is a reflection of the "Mysterious East" viewpoint in a different guise. It may be valid for the "Oriental Mind" to receive a full complement—the Western world had better have an easier display. Nor need one be as detailed in the introduction. Instead of an accurate translation of the Japanese, a brief English adaption is sufficient. All this might be appropriate if we were living in a different age. But we are almost a quarter of a century out of World War II; we are only hours from Tokyo by jet; one can exchange letters within a week; and there is always the telephone. My advice (except for the Korean volume) is write to Tokyo in hopes you can still buy the original set, the captions of which are in English as well as Japanese. If you need the English introduction, it is brief enough for convenient Xeroxing.

The final splendor comes in the form of Sadao Kikuchi's *A Treasury of Japanese Wood Block Prints*. Again one stands somewhat in awe before the skill of Japanese printing. But once he has absorbed the beauties of page and format—a twenty-five-page English introduction, 100 color plates, 1,500 black-and-white reproductions—he begins to wonder why another general book on the Japanese print? The color prints are only briefly explained, a few sen-

(*Continued on page 63*)

Mao Tse-tung (above, left), the Empress Dowager Tz'u Hsi (above, right)—"worlds revealed in an imaginative selection of material." Taesong-jon of the Confucian Temple Mum-myo, Yi Dynasty, Seoul (below, left), Fudo, c. 1005, Kyoto (below, right)—"the only weakness is the inevitable Japanese desire to print the beautiful detail without [showing] the work of art as a whole."



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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

Günter Grass's barnstorming for Willy Brandt in West Germany's electoral campaign not only irritated such rightists as Cabinet Minister Strauss and such leftists as Rudi Dutschke, but left the literary world stunned. Although members of Gruppe 47 have been from their beginnings committed to political action, the unrelenting pace kept up by Grass was unique. Now this novelist's motivations are clarified in his latest novel, *Oertlich Betäubt* (Locally Anesthetized), published by Luchterhand. The work deals with his own generation, which inherited conditions provoking rebellion and resentment that had to be coped with. The world was awry, and even at the local level society seemed anesthetized against taking even the beneficent action Grass himself espouses, one that perfects rather than destroys. Grass cannot agree with the unhappy claim of former Chancellor Kiesinger (who nevertheless presented Grass to Nixon) that German writers were "in opposition to the deep-seated sentiments of the great mass of the German people."

Grass's political commitment has changed the protocol involved in accepting literary awards. When he received the Theodor Heuss Prize last February, he questioned and disagreed with the political policies of the first president of the Bundesrepublik, for whom the prize was named. Then the dramatist Harmut Lange, on winning this year's Gerhardt Hauptmann Prize, commented to the jury: "I hope that you have crowned one of your gravediggers." Publisher Klaus Wagenbach, when he accepted from the mayor of Berlin the Theodor Fontane Prize (named after the nineteenth-century Berlin novelist), seized the occasion to berate local police methods. Peter Schneider, presented with an award from the City of Berlin, displayed a Vietcong flag during the ceremony. Even the well-known Rhinelander Heinrich Böll, recipient of the Georg Büchner Prize, quoted from Büchner's *Death of Danton*: "If there is one useful thing in this world, it is violence." The militant commitment of the Federal Republic's men of letters is by now a recognized phenomenon, but Grass is the most articulate and, one might add, perhaps the most reasonable in his engagement.

Although Herman Melville's *Typee* and *Omoo* were partially translated into Russian as early as 1849, *Typee* (1846) was not fully translated until 1929, a decade after the rediscovery of Melville by the English. When *Moby-Dick* was translated in 1961, it sold out immediately. The Russians found it an exciting experience. Wrote Kirill Andreyev, "Even in our days there are books quite unlike anything in our experience. An utterly different sense of values, different proportions." *Moby-Dick* was at length considered major enough to appear in the classics series Biblioteka Vsemirnoy Literatury, in a press run of 300,000 copies. The edition included the Rockwell Kent illustrations.

The critical approaches of East and West are summarized in *Soviet Literature*: "If Western critics tend usually to interpret Melville as a mystic and profound pessimist, one of the fathers of contemporary modernism, a forerunner of Kafka and Joyce, a man who posed the problem of the clash of Good and Evil on an abstract, philosophical plane, Soviet students of American literature look for the humanistic and social significance of the novel, seeking real historical problems of his time behind the symbolism and the allegories." To Abel Startsev, a Melville specialist, the White Whale represents "those false standards, inequality and moral abasement which triumph in the life of the average man, his enforced loneliness and insecurity which prevent his becoming truly great and brilliant." In Yuri Kovalyov's view the mysterious and menacing conflicts of *Moby-Dick* reflect "the political struggle that divided America on the eve of the Civil War." Similarly, Alexander Nikolyukin sees the masterpiece as "a critical reflection of the peculiarities of American social and political life in the mid-nineteenth century presented in a romantically complex, allegorical form." All this genuflecting to the principles of Marxist criticism seems to underestimate the deeply religious nature of Melville and his book written "in hellfire."

Simone de Beauvoir's 1,000-page *The Second Sex* was particularly unflattering to American females, whom she accused of requiring stupefying quantities of alcohol before they could overcome their puritanical attitudes toward sex. Women in Europe were not very happy about the book, either, but no one answered with a broadside on behalf of the fair sex. The reason, according to Belgian writer Suzanne Lilar, is that Mme. de Beauvoir's status was such as to make her taboo, above criticism. Now Mlle. Lilar has published, in collaboration with a mere male (Professor Gilbert-Dreyfus), the long-missing riposte, *Le Malentendu du Deuxième Sexe*, with the Presses Universitaires de France.

Among Mlle. Lilar's many objections to the work is the somewhat unexpected one that a work of such length composed in only eighteen months cannot be taken seriously. Then she charges Mme. de Beauvoir with relying on two dubious postulates: first, that man has made woman into something apart, an object rather than a comparable being; second, that there is no true feminine nature, that everything feminine is artificial. The younger woman believes there are sufficient traits common to both men and women to invalidate the apartheid insisted upon by M. Sartre's friend. Mlle. Lilar would indeed seem to be turning the immortal remark of the French legislator into "*Vive la petite bisexualité.*" In her public differences (like the one with America's Mary McCarthy) Mme. de Beauvoir is accustomed to having the last word. We wait with interest.

Last August the antifeminism of French law erupted in all the headlines and editorials. A young Marseilles *lycée* teacher was accused of having seduced a seventeen-year-old boy pupil and was brought to trial. She was convicted, and, although the sentence was suspended, she killed herself in pathetic protest. Now Simone Salgas's novel *Le Goupil* (The Fox), published by Juilliard, recreates an almost identical

drama set in the Midi of France. Considering the public outcry and indignation in early September, Mlle. Salgas's reading public is doubtless going to be a vast one.

V. S. Pritchett (1900—) continues to compete for the title of the most prolific prose-writer in Britain. His latest effort is *Blind Love and Other Stories* (to be published here by Random House late next month). Of the several tales in this volume everyone understandably likes best the title story, which is also the longest. A blind solicitor falls in love with his cockney secretary, who has never been able to hold a man because of a vexing "liver-colored" blemish on her body. To prove that love, and not just the solicitor, is blind, the lady reveals her defect and is told, "I knew all the time. From the beginning." Although

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she (and we) will never know if this generous admission is true, it does not matter. The two whose afflictions might have barred them from love enjoy an even richer affection. The veteran writer from Ipswich has traveled a long way from that Unamunian "tragic sense of life" so thematic in his first volumes during the time of his Spanish sojourns, *Marching Spain* (1928) and *The Spanish Virgin* (1930).

Soviet reactions to the defection of Anatoli Kuznetsov continue to be incredibly ill-advised. The latest strategem was giving to the Western press services an open letter to the novelist allegedly from his former secretary and acknowledged mistress, twenty-year-old Nadya Tsurkan. Even granting the old saying about the fury of a woman spurned, the long list of wrongs and hypocrisies which Nadya attributes to Anatoli sounds like purple prose from the Agitprop. Much is made of Nadya's pregnancy, and his carefully considered defection is treated as a hallucinatory crisis. There is even a mention of Kuznetsov's collection of pornographic magazines, prompting *Le Figaro littéraire* to the sarcasm, "as if such publications could be found lying about in the USSR, with all its custom officials and censors protecting the morality of the Soviet citizen."

Speaking of pornography, while Frankfurt was holding its annual *Buchmesse*, Copenhagen played host to a *Sexmesse* which made observers in other European countries envious of a book trade totally unencumbered by censorship. In England, the editors of *The Times Literary Supplement* started to complain that British subjects cannot purchase John Cleland's *Fanny Hill* or the anonymous "Walter's" *My Secret Life*, which are sold freely in the States. It could, however, report one sign of a sex "thaw": much of the erotica shelved heretofore in the Private Case of the British Museum has been declassified and put on the general shelves.

With the departure of Gaullism, Paris is witnessing an explosion of erotica. Typical is the series on the history of eroticism published by the Jeune Parque and the Private Library of Régine Deforges, which groups together such classics as Théophile Gautier's *Lettre à la Présidente*, Michel Millot's *Ecole des filles*, and Riche de la Popelinière's *Tableau des moeurs du temps*, which one could not find even along the quais of the Seine. Maybe someone will locate the plates of that edition of the complete works of de Sade which was ordered destroyed just a few years ago.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Innocent Target

EDWARD CALLAN'S ESSAY REVIEW of *For You Departed*, by Alan Paton [*SR*, Nov. 8], is welcomed for its warmth and sensitivity, and its ending is utterly appropriate. I fear, however, one adverse consequence of this bitter commentary on those of us who "spend more than $20 million in one year on South African rock lobster tails." In the South Atlantic, approximately half way between South America and Africa, lies Tristan da Cunha. Still living in the nineteenth century, recently devastated by volcanic eruptions, populated by descendants, all intermarried, from so small a nucleus that only seven family names exist, and plagued by hereditary diseases, this lonely colony has suffered gravely from the ravages of obligatory geographic and ethnic apartheid. Thus, it stands as a brave, sad rebuke and as a warning for South Africa. Its only cash crop comes from the spiny lobsters that swarm in surrounding waters. I believe that these are marketed as South African rock lobster tails. If Mr. Callan's indirect appeal reaches the conscience of the world and appropriate action results, unintended harm might come to an innocent target. I hope, therefore, that the true source of rock lobster tails on the world's market can be determined.

GEORGE MARGOLIS,
Hanover, N.H.

What Sold Richard Nixon

AS ONE OF JOE MCGINNIS'S "typical Americans" who has never made an original observation in his life, may I make one now? *The Selling of the President 1968* [*SR*, Oct. 18] is a fourth-rate book conceived by a hack and elevated to "classic" status by anti-Nixon bias.

The merits and effectiveness of both the press and audio-visuals in the "image" making and selling business are now suspect by a large segment of the public mind. Perhaps what "sold" Richard Nixon was simply admiration for his past accomplishments, confidence in his personal and political philosophy, and appreciation of his substance as a person.

IRENE PRATER DELL,
Carl Junction, Mo.

Extraordinary Study

I VERY CAREFULLY READ Haskel Frankel's review of Morris Renek's *Siam Miami* [*SR*, Nov. 15] and suddenly realized that I had read the same book! Mr. Frankel provides a crude hatchet job, a piece of non-criticism that reaches a new low in misinformation and personal invective.

Siam Miami, I would suggest, is an extraordinary study of human beings under the stress of blind currents in their lives. The fact that this occurs on Broadway should not delude one into thinking that we have another show biz novel. Mr. Renek has taken gaudy folklore and used it for an examination of lives lived or fatally damaged.

MURRAY HOWARD,
Bronx, N.Y.

Between the Lines

IN HIS SUMMARY of *The Nisei: The Quiet Americans* [*SR*, Nov. 15] Jerome Charyn laments the author's not expounding on the larger racial problem within the United States. If Mr. Charyn will recheck the title, this particular book is about Nisei, not about racial problems in general, either here or elsewhere.

From my limited experience with Japanese ways, I would say that the quiet Nisei author may be letting his reader arrive at natural conclusions without having everything spelled out in boldface type.

PATRICIA MERSOL,
South Euclid, O.

THE PRICE OF *The Nisei: The Quiet Americans*, by Bill Hosokawa, is $10.95 — not $8.95, as listed in *SR*.

SHERRY W. ARDEN,
William Morrow & Co.,
New York, N.Y.

Most Aware

FRED DARWIN'S VIEWS of *Running Against the Machine* [*SR*, Nov. 15] will in all probability produce an effect upon Aquarius quite similar to that of consuming cottage cheese. Mailer is, I believe, one of the most aware, alive and sincere thinkers of our time.

DODGE SIMPSON,
Bartlesville, Okla.

RADIO NEWS COMMENTATOR Fred Darwin says regarding Bill Buckley, Jr.: "His book, *The Unmaking of a Mayor*, received broad acceptance and made him more sought after as a campus and television personality than any conservative has a right to be."

Wouldn't this remark support Vice President Agnew's contentions regarding the bias of the network news media?

DON M. MOORE,
Monument, Kan.

Pinto Photos

ALTHOUGH ROBERT HALSBAND MAY have received a flawed copy of the late Vivian de Sola Pinto's *The City That Shone* [*SR*, Nov. 22], the illustrations are very much present in all the copies of the John Day edition that we have checked.

LINDA C. EXMAN,
The John Day Co.,
New York, N.Y.

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Emphasis on a Way of Life

by ROBERT S. ROSEN

What is it like to be a Jew in America today? What has it been like to grow up Jewish these past few centuries? How can an alienated middle-class intellectual in our time give content to his being Jewish? These are but some of the questions to which the five books under review here address themselves.

For Albert Vorspan, the author of *My Rabbi Doesn't Make House Calls,* "being Jewish is a warm, tangy, zesty experience," and he sees all America anxious to share it. If you are not Jewish, and interested, there is an epilogue offering advice on "how you, too, can be Jewish." It isn't even necessary to convert; all it takes is the "right attitude" and some "key words" — and both are cheerfully supplied.

Other chapters of this book are devoted to such problems as "How to Identify a Jew (Even If He Doesn't *Look* Jewish); How to Organize, Avoid and Survive Jewish Meetings; How to Be an Ecumaniac; How to Build a Temple: The Jewish Edifice Complex; How to Escape Jewish Fund Raising *(You Should Live So Long)*; How to Be a Jewish Liberal *(Despite Everything)*; How to Raise Children, They Should Go to College." About all of this Mr. Vorspan writes without a trace of self-consciousness and with some humor. As satire this is very gentle stuff and I for one cannot see its moving, as the author seems to expect, even a "public relations-conscious Jew" to protest. The charge is more likely to be leveled that Mr. Vorspan presents somewhat too rosy a picture of American-Jewish life and of its impact on the rest of the country.

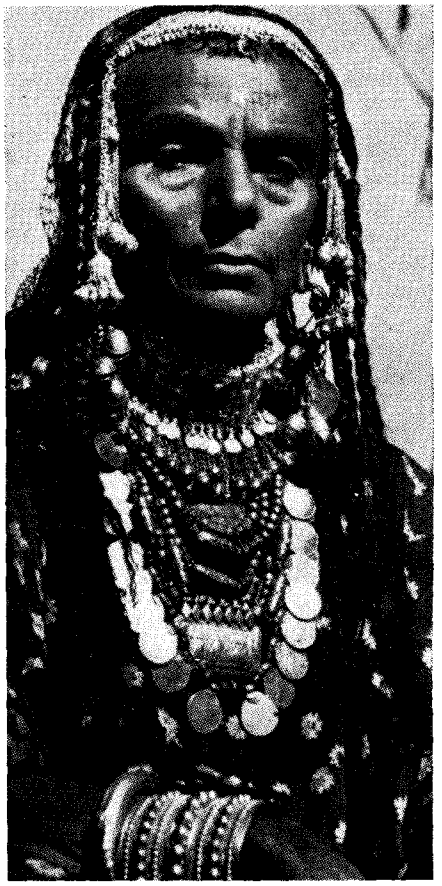
Among his qualifications for writing the book the author lists his professional involvement in Jewish social action and his *chutzpah.* I can't gainsay him the first—it's a matter of public record—but when it comes to *chutzpah,* no one even approaches Robert J. Milch, the author of *How to Be an American Jew.* There is *chutzpah* for you.

Mr. Milch views American Jews with unrelieved cynicism. He opens his tract with brief sketches of the denominations — Hassidism, Orthodox Judaism, Conservative Judaism and Reform Judaism — all of which he seems to find equally detestable. A Hassid, he observes, "won't ride on the Sabbath (but after all, dressed as he is, where would he go?) . . ."

"Orthodox Jews attend synagogue or temple three times a year, unless it is inconvenient, make regular pilgrimages to the Jewish shrine at Miami, and light electric Menorahs at Christmas time." We are told that American Jews in the suburbs join Conservative synagogues because of the name. They want to disprove their gentile neighbors' notion that all Jews are liberal. Reform Judaism is defined as "the first, though not the most famous, of the final solutions to the Jewish Problem that have originated in Germany."

Having thus disposed of the denominations, he examines the holidays. We learn that Rosh Hashanah is "particularly thought of by our sages as a special day for women. The weather is just mild enough for them to wear their mink stoles all day without suffering . . . heat prostration." Yom Kippur, usually perfect weather for wearing mink stoles, is a day to be observed also by fasting "a little. Breakfast should be no more than juice and coffee, but if you simply must eat, do not, repeat, do not, have your usual bacon and eggs; on such a solemn holiday eggs are enough." Still there are those who do fast and they can be recognized by a fearful affliction which causes the author no end of concern. He even drags in a quote from the Roman satirist Martial, who in an epigram written some 1,900 years ago, included "the breath of the fasting Sabbatarian Jews" in a catalogue of some very vile stenches indeed. This permits Mr. Milch a dig at the Reform rabbis, who, he tells us, have passed a resolution "permitting the use of a mouthwash during the fast because of the necessity of making a good impression on the gentile community."

I'll spare you Mr. Milch's views on the various rituals, communal activities, and the Jewish family. Even worse than the irreverence is the irrelevance of this smart-aleck presentation. For surely it will not come entirely as news that vulgarity and hypocrisy do exist among Jews. If only Mr. Milch would let us in on what he is driving at. Why, I wonder, did he feel compelled to air his personal obsessions with mink stoles, Miami, bulging stomachs and large bottoms? (What is a



—From "One People: The Story of the Eastern Jews."

Robert S. Rosen is assistant professor of German at the City College of New York and a translator.

MY RABBI DOESN'T MAKE HOUSE CALLS: A Guide to Games Jews Play

by Albert Vorspan

Doubleday, 151 pp., $3.95

HOW TO BE AN AMERICAN JEW

by Robert J. Milch

Yoseloff, 112 pp., $3.95

GOD OF DANIEL S.: In Search of the American Jew

by Alan W. Miller

Macmillan, 245 pp., $5.95

MY BELOVED IS MINE: Judaism and Marriage

by Roland B. Gittelsohn

Union of American Hebrew Congregations, 326 pp., $4.95

GROWING UP JEWISH . . . in Europe, America and Israel

edited by Jay David

Morrow, 341 pp., $7.50

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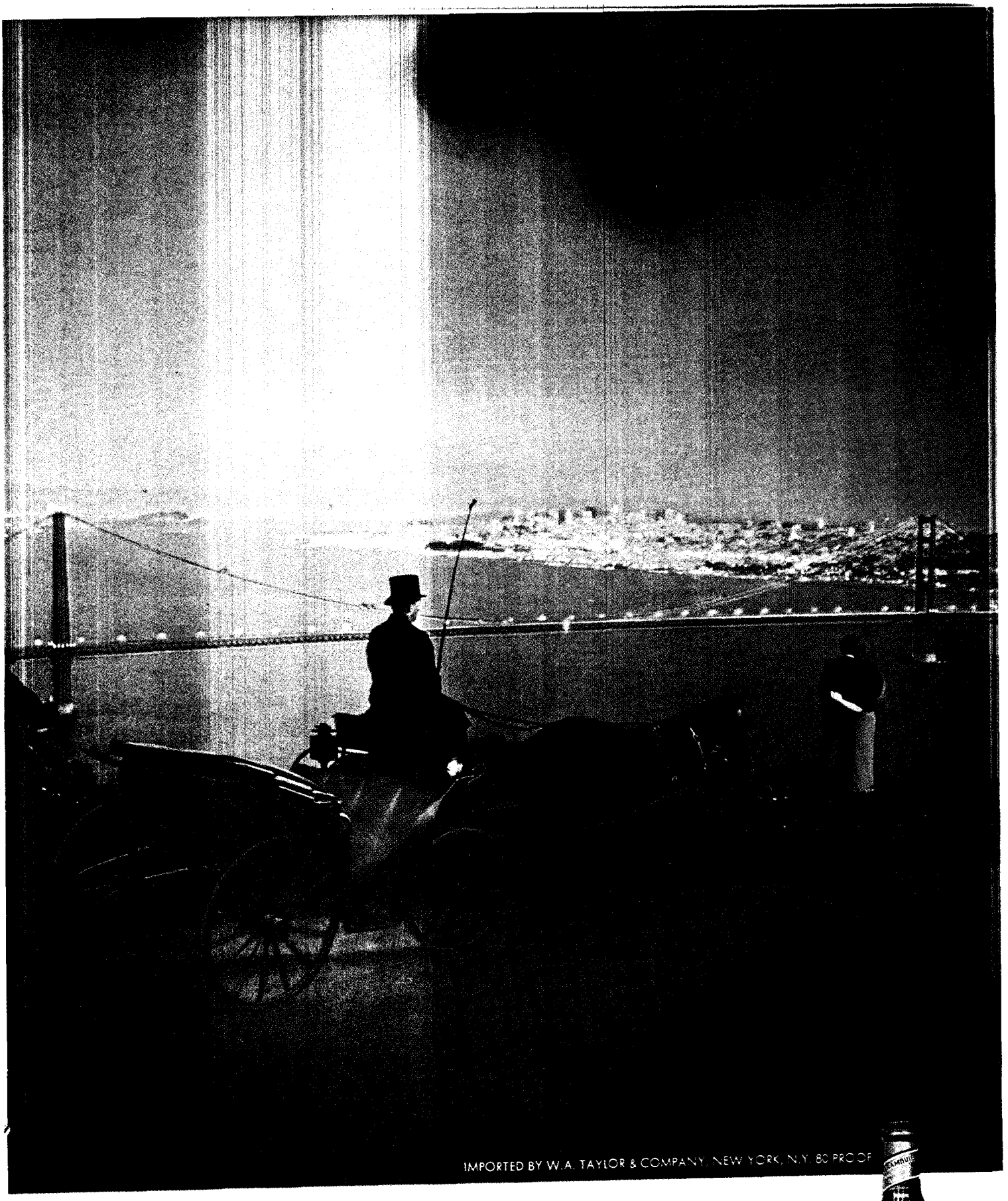

Evenings that memories are made of so often include Drambuie.

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Bonaparte au Mont St.-Bernard. Peinture par Jacques-Louis David. (Musée de Versailles)

Like Hannibal and Charlemagne before him, Napoleon boldly crossed the Alps into Italy by the Great Saint Bernard Pass on May 15, 1800. An army of 40,000 men, with field artillery and baggage trains, completed the exhausting journey five days later, and went on to win the battle of Marengo on June 14th.

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

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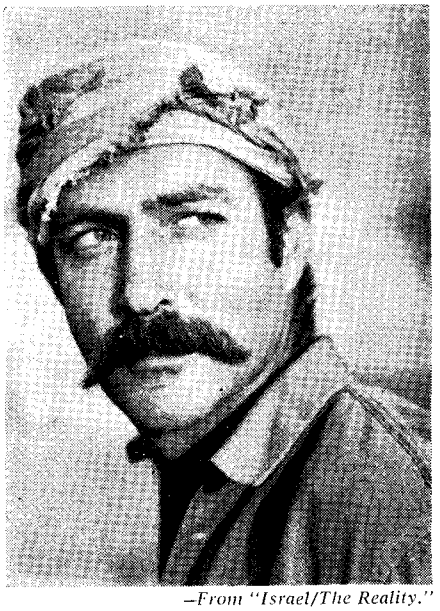
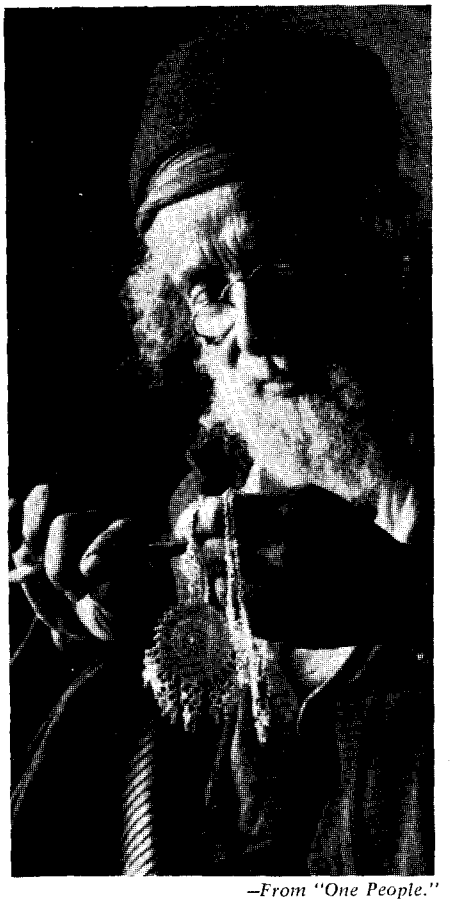


—From "Israel/The Reality."

—From "Israel/The Reality."



—From "One People."

"A religious civilization evolving in response to the changes in the world about it."

bright young Jew doing in Miami in the first place? How do we know he *didn't mistakenly identify* as Jews some Midwestern Republican delegates to the National Convention?)

In fairness to Mr. Milch, let me give you just one more example of what the blurb must mean by his "tongue-in-cheek satirical style." Writing in connection with the Sabbath, he tells us that rabbinical opinion is still divided on three questions, one of which is the following: "If a Jew with a cardiac condition undergoes a transplant operation with an organ that originally belonged to a gentile, will he ever after be able to observe the Sabbath with his whole heart?" If you like sick jokes, this may be just the book you've been looking for.

Alan W. Miller's *God of Daniel S.* also opens with sketches of the prevailing groups in American Jewish life, but establishes almost immediately that it is possible to write about the widely divergent elements in the Jewish community without being either grim or satirical. Specifically, there are imaginative vignettes of a Hassid, an Orthodox Jew, a Conservative Jew, a Reform Jew, a Yiddishist, a Zionist, a college radical, and finally of Daniel S., whose search for a true sense of identity with his people's past is a major theme of the book.

When we first encounter Daniel S., a physics instructor at a New York college, he is in his early thirties, married, with a boy of three and a pregnant wife. The son of thoroughly assimilated parents who had destroyed their ties with ancestral tradition, he had considered being Jewish not much more than an "occasional irritant" until after his marriage and the birth of his son. What is one to say to one's son about his being Jewish?

Central to the book is a brilliant summary of 4,000 years of Jewish history, which the author, who is the rabbi at the Society for the Advancement of Judaism (the mother synagogue of the Reconstructionist movement), interprets in the light of Reconstructionist philosophy. Judaism is thus not viewed simply as a religion, but as a religious civilization evolving in response to the changes in the world about it. As Judaism passed through three distinct stages—from the biblical (to 586 B.C.) to the ecclesiastical (586 B.C. to 70 A.D.) and from the ecclesiastical to the rabbinic (70 A.D. to 1789)—it underwent such a "radical metamorphosis" that one might conclude that a different religion characterized each stage, were it not for the fact that a historically continuous people identified with each phase and cherished the same *sancta*, or holy things. "Three basic *sancta*, God, Torah and Israel, were radically reconstructed over these three stages. But the reconstruction took place within the framework of an ongoing historical people."

The founder of the Reconstructionist movement, Rabbi Kaplan, refers to the fourth stage in Jewish life as the "democratic stage," which is characterized by the Jew living in two civilizations, "his own ethnic Judaism and that of the country in which he is domiciled." Since being Jewish in a modern democracy is a voluntary matter, "neither theological nor ritual conformity can henceforth be the unifying force in Jewish life." The focus thus shifts from the religion to the Jewish people, and love of the Jewish people becomes the "common factor uniting all Jews as Jews." Within the context of a total Jewish people each Jew shall determine for himself what contribution to Jewish life is most meaningful to him.

In the final part of the book Rabbi Miller returns us to Daniel S. and his journey of self-discovery. His reading in Jewish history, voyage to Israel, study of Hebrew, and joining a synagogue are successive steps that lead Daniel ultimately to behave and act like a Jew. Along the way one absorbs a good deal about the specifics of the Reconstructionist approach to Jewish ritual and worship. "There is no infallibly revealed code which can answer for all times our modern nagging doubts about God, man, human life and destiny." We learn that to authentically accept the present, one must first "consciously and deliberately . . . reject parts of the past."

Reconstructionism has been around for some four decades, but is still relatively unknown. In Rabbi Miller it has found a most effective spokesman, one who is able to articulate its philosophy with precision and beauty. Read this book, no matter what your own attitude to Jews or being Jewish happens to be.

Rabbi Gittelsohn's *My Beloved Is Mine* is primarily intended for young Jews about to be married, or recently married. The author, a Reform rabbi

(*Continued on page* 62)

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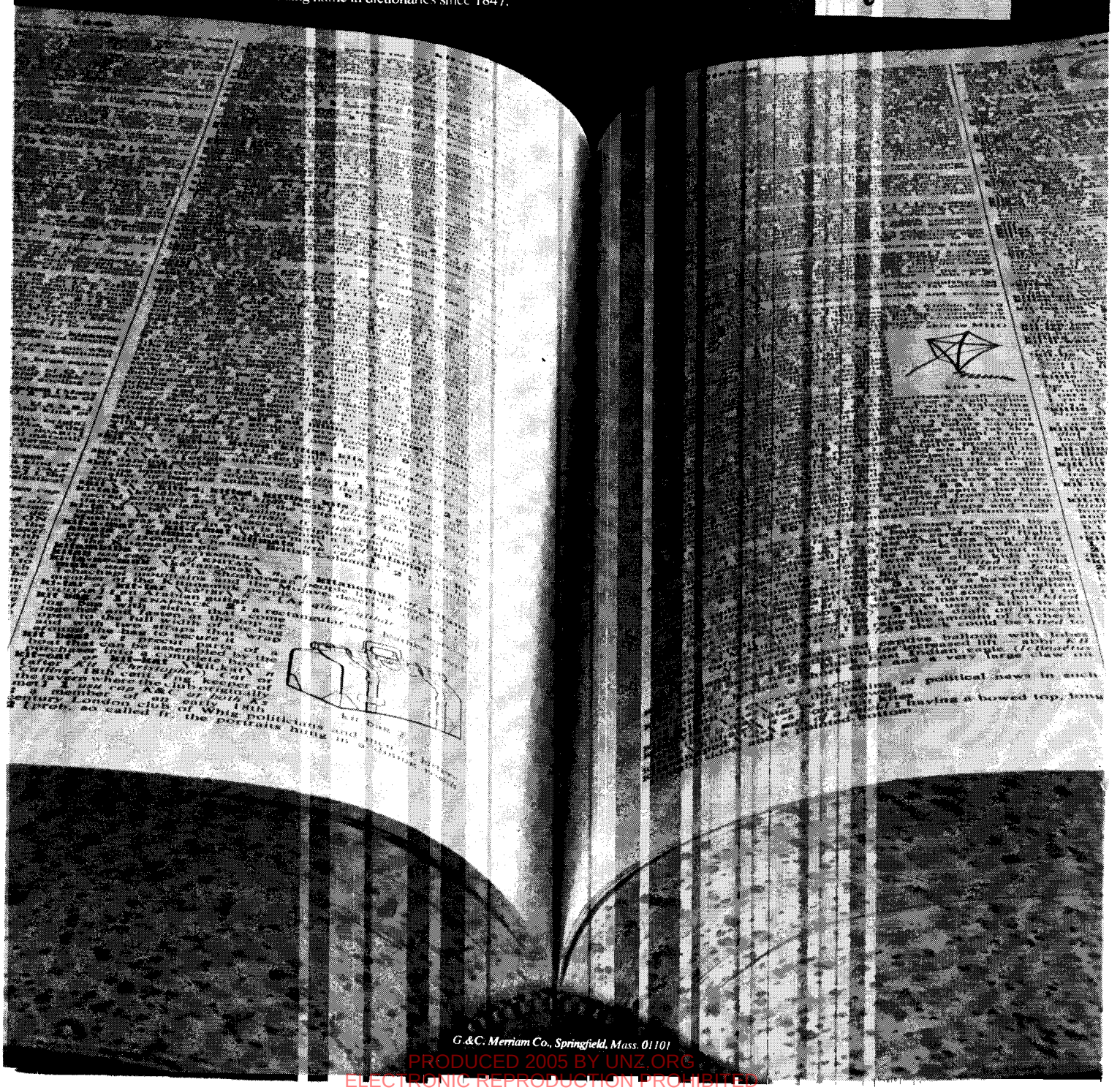

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As a Matter of Fact . . .

by DAVID M. GLIXON

There are just four types of reference books: a) the kind you buy for somebody else—and decide you really should have a copy of for your own use, too—, b) the kind you know are precisely what Don or Winnie needs—but how do they stand it?—, c) the kind you've just got to have for yourself—and to hell with everybody else—, and d) the kind you can't afford to buy but if your public library doesn't get it you'll resign your membership. All four varieties are to be found in our roundup, which groups the books according to the thirteen categories listed in the box.

1) Most students who visit a library to consult reference works are "confused and pained because they don't know where to go and what to do," say Saul Galin and Peter Spielberg in the introduction to their timely guide, **Reference Books: How to Select and Use Them** (Random House, 330 pp., $7.95). They describe some 200 encyclopedias, dictionaries, and other general works, as well as specialized volumes on the humanities and social and physical sciences. Their summing up of the contents, method, and relevance of each title is a model of helpful analysis. But users should keep in mind that the information isn't always complete (*e.g.*, Gaster's abridgment of *The Golden Bough* is listed, but not Frazer's own); that the index, while thorough, is sometimes inconsistent (wrong sequences and false references), and that many newer books and editions continue to appear, as duly recorded in *SR*. A brief conclusion provides advice on preparing research papers.

Home Reference Books in Print (Bowker, 284 pp., $9.75), by S. Padraig Walsh, presents data and comments on more than 200 dictionaries, world atlases, almanacs, subscription sets like the Harvard Classics, specialized encyclopedias (general encyclopedias are covered in another volume), and other specialized reference works. Because many books alter their material from year to year, Walsh should give the copyright date of the edition being discussed; but in general this is a quick and fairly reliable way to ascertain size, contents, appearance, age suitability, price, and relative merit or usefulness. In fact, checking this guide is the first step to take when deciding which book to buy and which to shun; the second step is checking these semiannual roundups for new contenders; the third step, of course, is testing the prospective purchase with a dozen items of one's own choosing—trying it on for size.

In **The Reader's Encyclopedia of World Drama** (Crowell, 1,035 pp., $15) the late John Gassner—with Edward Quinn as co-editor—built a worthy monument to his own vast erudition. Enlisting the help of scholars around the globe, they have given us studies of every aspect of drama *"as literature, not as theater"* (though, paradoxically, twenty-three columns are concerned with radio and TV drama). Thus Barrie is here, but not Barrymore; *Hamlet*, but not Hampden; there are articles on the theater of cruelty and the theater of the absurd (the theater of sex must wait for another edition), though no technical descriptions of theater buildings. And the fact that a good proportion of the 350 illustrations are photos of stage scenes is small compensation for the bias. But plays and playwrights from every creative nation, and in all eras, are represented, as well as theories and trends, genres and terminology—the scope is enormous. If few of the articles are exhaustive, those on important individual plays may be consulted for provocative comments and well-told plots. A 100-page appendix is the repository of a couple of dozen "basic documents in dramatic theory," among them Aristotle's *Poetics* and pieces by Molière, Goethe, Coleridge, Nietzsche, and Dürrenmatt.

The 1969-70 edition of **Pears Encyclopedia,** edited by L. Mary Barker (Schocken, 1,080 pp., $4.95), contains in thirty-two of its small-type, two-column pages a remarkably fine survey of the contemporary theater, in which summaries and commentaries for post-1950 plays are given in the alphabetic Directory of Dramatists. There are similar surveys of recent fiction, verse, and music. *Pears*, of course, is a wide-spectrum reference work, and an authentic bargain. Among its twenty sections are to be found a world chronology, a biographical dictionary, a modest atlas, and up-to-date *aperçus* of science, medicine, human relations, mythology, and recreations.

The Penguin Companion to Literature: Volume 2, European, edited by A. K. Thorlby (Penguin, 906 pp., paperback, $3.95), is an extensive subterranean mine from which the gold can be extracted in only one way: via the name of a writer,

The section numbers designate the following fairly loose categories: **1)** Guides to books, plays, and films. **2)** Quotations. **3)** Dictionaries of facts, names, and words. **4)** Foreign-language dictionaries and grammars. **5)** Art and artists. **6)** Furniture and antiques. **7)** Music, on and off stage. **8)** Government, history, politics. **9)** Atlases and travel guides. **10)** Science, general and space. **11)** Animal, vegetable, mineral. **12)** Social, domestic, familial, medical. **13)** Recreation. Some books for young people are included with adult titles.

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since the thousands of entries are almost exclusively by author, never by title (except for some great anonymous compositions). These entries, however—and in a single alphabetical sequence they embrace forty languages or nationalities—are written with verve and understanding, rather than in objective who's-who style. Other types of articles are those devoted to national literatures and to facets of literary history (troubadours, *aube* songs, Data—though not Existentialism). An appendix lists the authors chronologically for each language or country. Volume 4 (360 pp., paperback, $2.25) is a similar treatment of four other groups: Classical and Byzantine, edited by R. R. Dudley, and Oriental and African, edited by D. M. Lang. Volume 1 will cover English and Commonwealth literature, Volume 3 American and Latin American.

Formerly published in several volumes as *Literary Treasures,* **A Treasury of Literary Masterpieces,** edited by Albert H. Morehead (Grosset & Dunlap, 680 pp., $7.95), is an oversize compendium (three columns to the page) of chapter-by-chapter, scene-by-scene plot summaries, in rather full detail, of hundreds of novels, plays, poems, etc., from Homer to Pasternak. They are arranged A-Z by title, with a dollop of background and criticism for each. But what were the criteria for inclusion? The "great books" are here; so are some notorious and some popular ones. Yet what is the reader to make of a 1969 reference work that finds room for *The Sheik,* Hall Caine, "The Gentleman from San Francisco," and *Jeeves,* but ignores Sartre, Kazantzakis, Beckett, and Kafka? That studies *The Plague* but not *The Stranger, Steppenwolf* but no other Hesse? Wouldn't *Lord of the Flies, Catcher in the Rye,* and Carson McCullers be more relevant than *The Constant Nymph, The Green Hat, and* Eugène Sue? Gross errors in makeup and indexing are other flaws in a book that nevertheless has much to offer, and at a low price.

The Lincoln Library of Essential Information is an excellent 2,365-page school- and family-oriented encyclopedia that sells for $47.50. Three sections from it have been taken almost verbatim to make up **The Lincoln Library of Language Arts,** edited by Anson Barber (Frontier Press, 720 pp., 2 vol., $39.50. *Translation:* To acquire only 30 per cent of the parent set, you have to pay almost 85 per cent of its price!) Volume II consists entirely of 3,600 biographical sketches, shockingly inadequate in the literary segment (among the missing: Hesse, Bellow, Mailer, Camus), and actually erroneous in pronunciations. Some of the high spots of the complete encyclopedia drafted for Volume I are the histories of national literatures; a dictionary of Plots, Characters, and Allusions; the synonymy, and the dictionaries of mythology and of foreign words and phrases. The sections on linguistics and usage are less reliable.

Serpents occur in eight biblical stories besides the one about Eve, and the Flood is only one of half a dozen rain anecdotes, as you can tell at a glance in George Frederick Garland's **Subject Index to Bible Stories** (Greenwood, 365 pp., $12). Absolution, Abstinence, Circumcision, Delinquency, Healing, Knowledge, Nothingness, Sabbath, Zion—these are some of the thousand headings for 20,000 two-line story summaries, all citing chapter and verse. A short "Character Guide" groups stories according to their protagonists.

Did you remember that the screen adaptation of *David Copperfield* was made by Hugh Walpole, and that he also played the Vicar? That's the kind of information you'll come across in **The American Movies Reference Book,** edited by Paul Michael (Prentice-Hall, 635 pp., $29.95). Don't look in it for story lines, though. This big two-column volume is a repository of data on the films' sound era, but—as might be expected of anything inspired by Hollywood—it focuses on the big-name players and the most successful pictures. Following a long historical survey, the bulk of the book is divided into lists, all but one alphabetical: 1) 600 actors and actresses

with their vital statistics and a chronological listing of their films; 2) 1,000 films, each with its source, song titles, producer, director, and other contributors, as well as complete dramatis personae; 3) fifty directors and fifty producers, with their film credits, and 4) film awards listed annually, 1927-67. There's a still for every name entry, and an index to the entries and to all 2,000 photos. But as there's no index to film titles, it's impossible to trace a non-hit unless you remember a big-name actor who played in it.

2) Speaking of awards leads us to speakers at awards banquets or, specifically, **Nobel Lectures: Literature, 1901-1967,** edited by Horst Frenz (Elsevier, 660 pp., $14.50). Only a handful of the winners made more than a token speech; of the seven addresses that run to ten or more pages, the longest by far is Pearl Buck's review of Chinese novels, a defense of writing for the common people. Sinclair Lewis's peppery attack on American complacency ties for third place with Bertrand Russell's utopian cry in the 1950 wilderness. And for sheer and beautiful pathos, S. Y. Agnon's four-page memoir deserves its own special prize. The citations, presentation speeches, and one- or two-page biographies (or occasionally autobiographies), all indexed, serve handily as settings—and sometimes as replacements—for the addresses themselves.

Two of these literary laureates, Bergson and Camus, are represented in **Birthright of Man** (Unesco, 591 pp., $12), an anthology of texts planned by Jeanne Hersch to exemplify the philosophy of human rights and ideals. The passages—largely unfamiliar, from a four-word proverb to a six-page legend, from political documents to lines from poems and plays, from an Aztec reflection alongside one by Woodrow Wilson—are drawn from all the world's literatures and grouped under a dozen headings (*e.g.,* Power, Truth and Freedom, Servitude and Violence, Civil Liberty). For frequency of citation, the Old Testament leads with nineteen, closely followed by Gandhi, the Mahabharata, the Koran, Karl Marx, and the Talmud; yet together they constitute a small fraction of the thousands of humanistic quotations gathered here, all dated and documented, and indexed by author.

Many of the writers quoted in the Unesco volume were "ragged individualists," to quote Jane Ace. Bertrand Russell is one of them; according to him, "It's co-existence—or no existence." He must agree with Talleyrand that "War is too serious a thing to be left to military men." In **The Home Book of Humorous Quotations** (Dodd, Mead, 442 pp., $10), A. K. Adams has compiled over 8,000 such bits, some silly, some pithy, but all fairly apropos of one of the 500 categories into which he has herded them. An index-concordance to words and ideas helps the reader find his way to any of a thousand of the world's wits, from Euripides to John V. Lindsay.

For a classified collection of 2,000 frivolous two-liners, see **The Ad-Libber's Handbook** (Doubleday, 216 pp., $4.95). They're all by Robert Orben, who invented the pacifist cigarette-lighter: instead of a wick it has a draft card. Advertising, Christmas, crime, drugs, race relations, unions, and woman's character are among the subjects of his—shall we say humor? Yes, let's. See also **2,000 One-Liners,** compiled by Larry Oliver (Trident, 256 pp., $4.95).

3) The Dunlop Illustrated Encyclopedia of Facts, compiled by Norris and Ross McWhirter (Doubleday, 864 pp., $8.95; Bantam paperback, $1.65), tries hard to "tell all." An uneven, often superficial miscellany, in most areas it attempts more than the available space permits. Apart from a goodly amount of standard almanac fare, and stabs at virtually every subject under the sun, it does boast of some items not generally available—such as a two-page list of phobias and a table of average heights and weights for ten countries. The Education section consists of a roster of low-cost colleges. There's a general historical chronology, but it peters out at 1947, giving way to a recital of history's greatest massacres. Certainly the hardback edition is no bargain when compared with *Pears Encyclopedia.*

With more than 15,000 entries, the fat revised edition of **Chambers's Biographical Dictionary,** edited by J. O. Thorne (St. Martin's, 1,440 pp., $17.50), is over a third larger than the 1961 edition. Here one can still read about "Blind Jack" Metcalf, who despite his handicap became a soldier, a smuggler, a stagecoach driver, and a famed road- and bridge-builder. New, however, are the biographies of S. Y. Agnon and Karl Eichmann; of Ginsberg and Kerouac; of Guevara, Lumumba, Luthuli, and Mboya. The entries (some run to a dozen lines, some to a page) are recent enough to include the assassination

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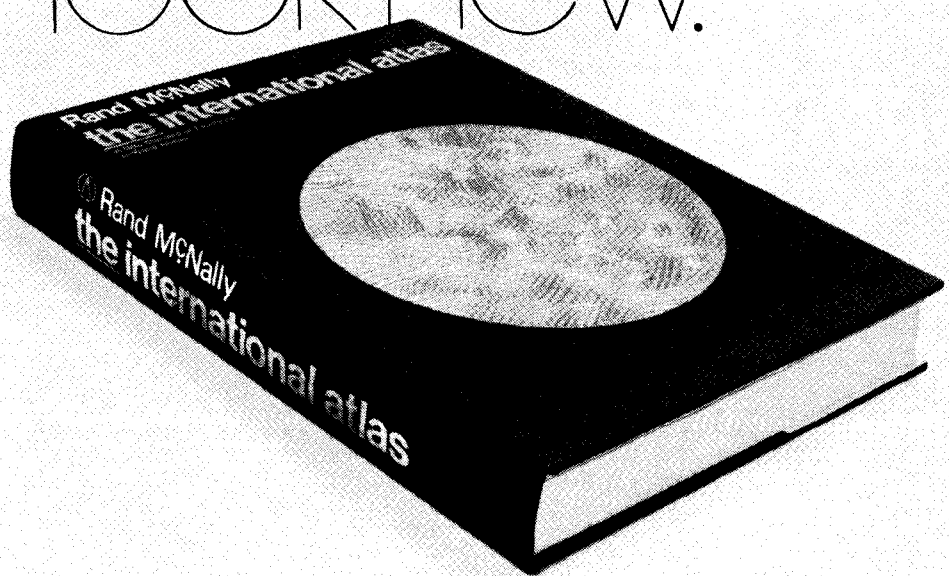

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of Robert Kennedy and the election of Richard Nixon, and lively enough to include Apollinaire's coinage of *surrealism* (see *Chagall*). Then there's Clytaemnestra. (Not Agamemnon or Cassandra, not Medea, Electra, or Oedipus—just Clytaemnestra.) For lagniappe: a classified subject index of over 4,000 entries, in case you don't recall just who were Les Fauves, Les Six, the first to climb Annapurna, the star of *Ninotchka*, the author of *Ape and Essence*, or the founder of cybernetics.

Volume IV of **Who's Who in History,** edited by Geoffrey Treasure (Barnes & Noble, 413 pp., $6.75), covers eighteenth-century England, which means Garrick, Handel, and Fielding as well as George III, Captain Bligh, and Clive of India. The articles—they generally take a page or two—are readable, sometimes dramatic or pleasantly descriptive, or enlivened with criticism or a telling anecdote; fifty are illustrated with portraits. A dated index offsets the chronological arrangement of the text.

Dates are not Elsdon C. Smith's concern in **American Surnames** (Chilton, 390 pp., $9.95), but origins are, and at one place or another in his engaging study can be found a discussion or identification of your name—if it's one of the 7,500 in the index. Patronymics, cognomens taken from occupations or places, and descriptive names are the subjects of four chapters; but the last and longest chapter draws on many other types—Jewish, Negro, Oriental, comic, foundlings', etc.—and concludes with a table of the 2,000 most common surnames, from Smith (2,238,400 bearers) to Ricks (14,201).

Ever think about the phrase "all and sundry"? According to *The Random House Dictionary* (College Edition) it means "everybody, collectively and individually." True, says Frederick T. Wood, but colloquially it's "merely a periphrasis for *all* or *everyone*." See his **English Colloquial Idioms** (St. Martin's, 306 pp., $6.95) for a couple of thousand revealing glimpses into the vagaries of our everyday language. He doesn't discuss "an arm and a leg"—which, considering its size, is what the book will cost you.

The big reference book of the season, of course, is **The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language** (Houghton Mifflin, 1,600 pp., $7.95), already reviewed at length in *SR* (September 27); we welcome it to the swelling ranks of good college-level dictionaries. Adding an inch to the side margin permitted the highly desirable inclusion of 4,000 thumbnail illustrations—almost as many as enliven the *Petit Larousse*, though not yet chosen as intelligently. It would have been helpful a) to mark each illustrated entry with a code, b) to indicate on a general illustration the specific item being illustrated, as is done with the 200 clear little maps, and 3) to show the scale of unfamiliar objects. Students of word origins will rejoice in the sixty-page glossary of Indo-European roots, to which they are referred from the etymologies that follow the definitions. Where else would you find the relationship between "liverwurst" and "rhapsody"? And in what other dictionary would you find usage problems settled by an oligarchical consensus instead of by either mob rule or data cards? On the whole, however, a great achievement and a genuine advance.

The Grosset Dictionary and Thesaurus (Grosset & Dunlap, $3.95) combines in one volume a 706-page 1947 thesaurus by Peter M. Roget and (if you turn the book around and start from the other end) a 648-page 1957 dictionary of 75,000 entries, edited by William Morris and others, with a fifteen-page 1966 new-words supplement. Simple, but handy, cheap, and fairly reliable.

4) Latest volume in the "E. U. P. Concise" series is their **Esperanto and English Dictionary,** edited by J. C. Welk (McKay, 425 pp., $3.95), for the most persistent "universal" language of them all—not counting English (pardon me: *la angla*) or Yiddish *(judgermana)*, both of which had a few centuries' start over Esperanto. Because of its economy of word-formation, the Esperanto-English section requires only 9,000 of the 28,500 entries. They are preceded by thirty-five pages of practical and theoretical discussion of the language and the indispensable *Dek Ses Reguloj*.

Herbert Lederer's **Reference Grammar of the German Language** (Scribners, 728 pp., $12.95) is "the first complete analysis" in nearly fifty years, and the first one based on modern descriptive linguistics. Of the book's eight divisions, six discuss the parts of speech. The typography is an effective adjunct to the clarity of the organization and explication. All grammatical terms are defined in the bilingual glossary, and the index deserves praise for its logic and completeness.

For the everyday spoken language, students can profit from **Cassell's Beyond the Dictionary in German,** by Beatrix Anderson and Maurice North (Funk & Wagnalls, 171 pp., $2.95), a handy alphabetical word list. It's reassuring to learn in it that German is difficult even for the native, whose common errors are nowadays termed colloquialisms or "modern usage." About 1,000 useful words are fully discussed in the main section; there follow several short special vocabularies: "false friends," telephoning, travel, etc. With this and your *Aufenthaltsgenehmigung* you're all set for Berlin.

As **Williams's Handbook of Modern Spanish,** by Edwin B. Williams (Washington Square, 144 pp., paperback, 75¢), does not come equipped with a magnifying glass, we are constrained to quote from the blurb: ". . . extensive sections on spelling, pronunciation, punctuation, special features of nouns, pronouns, adjectives, and adverbs . . . idiom construction . . . for the beginner and the advanced student."

Cassell's New Compact Spanish Dictionary, compiled by Brian Dutton (Funk & Wagnalls, 465 pp., $3.95), which now joins others in the same series, is an entirely new work, based on homeland Spanish but paying due attention to common colloquialisms and to Spanish-American usage (*e.g., plata,* "the standard equivalent for silver," in South America also means "money"). Students and travelers should find the 55,000 entries and the verb tables adequate for general needs.

Robert Strasser's **Minimax Spanish Dictionary** (Herder, 320 pp., paperback, $1.50) and its Italian, German, and French companions are unusually attractive pocket-size compilations of about 20,000 entries for tourist reference. A distinction is made between British and American usage, but Spanish-American pronunciation and vocabulary are ignored. Outline maps of the country and chief city are printed on the end papers.

For the traveler to the USSR there's the **Russian Phrase Book** (Penguin, 224 pp., paperback, 95¢), prepared by Victor Gregorij and Jillian Norman, who seem to have been operating on conflicting assumptions: a) that the reader knows nothing about Russian and b) that he knows a great deal. There are the usual tourist phrases for such topics as money, motoring, and dining (for many of these the tourist will also need a British-American glossary), followed by a 1,500-entry vocabulary. In all these units the Cyrillic alphabet is accompanied by a phonetic transliteration—but *not* in the declension tables, and incorrectly in one instance at the very beginning. Moreover, the pronunciation guide fails to mention that the book uses the letter j chiefly to represent our consonantal y-sound. And at several points the Cyrillic cursive crops up to add obscurity to confusion.

5) In his **Lives of the Painters** (Norton, 1,524 pp., 4 vols., $29.95), John Canaday displays, for us, inestimable advantages over Vasari's *Lives of the Great Italian Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*. This is principally due to four centuries of re-evaluation and an esthetic with which our times are in accord. What we miss are Vasari's naïveté and the gossip and fiction that the years have eroded into Canaday's facts. Unlike Vasari's the present work is limited to painting; on the other hand, its chronological survey goes far beyond Vasari's Italian Renaissance into the accomplishments of all Europe and America, up through the triumph of impressionism, concluding with Cézanne, "the most powerful single source of inspiration for the break from tradition called modern art." In Canaday's 450 biographies narration and description occupy more space than criticism, which he dispenses disarmingly as *obiter dicta*. The chapters make enjoyable reading, admirably supplemented by the separate volume of 352 luminous plates, half of them in full color. The comprehensive index renders all of it easily accessible.

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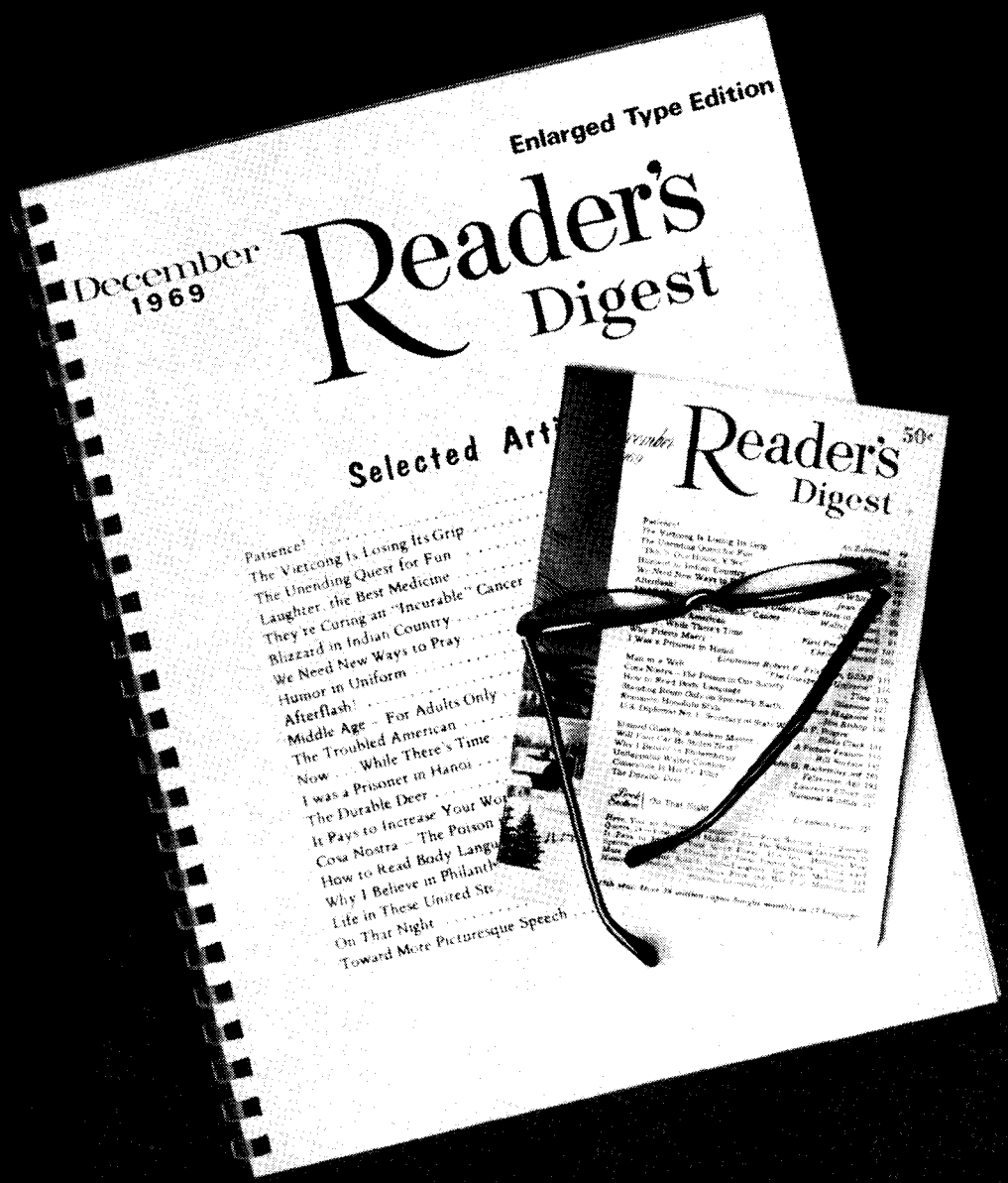

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To learn somewhat less about a vast amount more, one can now turn to the **McGraw-Hill Dictionary of Art,** edited by Bernard S. Myers (McGraw-Hill, 5 vols., 2,900 pp., $115). Thus, while Canaday can indulge himself in one plate and four interesting pages on a dull Spanish painter who once visited El Greco, the *Dictionary of Art* can give him only two bare paragraphs. By contrast, it can boast of 15,000 entries, some of them comprising 4,000 words or more; it covers all the fine arts and some of the less fine; it ranges over the entire globe, from prehistory to pop and op; and its unhackneyed illustrations, either in text or occupying a facing page, total 2,600, with 400 in full color. It can devote four big columns to Perspective, or three (and a plate) to Pontormo. One can turn to the *Dictionary* and count on finding pertinent information on buildings, cities, art movements, books, materials, techniques, and a host of related subjects. (Just don't count on the spelling in the headings, as they ignore diacritics —Bahr, Baco, Banos, Cezanne, for Bähr, Baço, Baños, Cézanne—an annoying detail when the name isn't repeated in the text.)

In his professional **Dictionary of Art Terms and Techniques** (Crowell, 448 pp., $8.95), Ralph Mayer admits op art but excludes pop, which speaks for his taste if not for his catholicity. His 3,200 terms embrace found objects and lost-wax, expressionism and local color, art periods and Higgin's glue, gouache and mosaic, and the difference between a woodcut and a wood engraving. The meticulous definitions are accompanied, when appropriate, by practical advice.

The Dictionary of Art hails Sidney Nolan as "Australia's most internationally recognized artist," yet allots him only a paragraph; Drysdale, her leading regional painter, rates only six lines. This typical neglect is remedied in the first **Encyclopedia of Australian Art,** by Alan McCulloch (Praeger, 668 pp., $25). Though a great many of the entries on artists describe their work, most provide little more than who's-who data. Prizes, institutes, societies, and groups are well covered. But it's the pictures that really tell the story—nearly fifty in color and more than 150 black-and-white, arranged to illustrate schools and trends, and revealing an art world too often neglected.

The greatly enlarged third edition of **African Sculpture Speaks,** by Ladislas Segy (Hill & Wang, 320 pp., $14.95), unrolls well over 400 photos to demonstrate the artistic accomplishments of some 150 tribes, grouped by "style regions" that extend from Portuguese Guinea to Mozambique—all clearly indicated in four full-page maps. The emphasis is on primitive Negro art of West Africa, largely as represented in traditional nineteenth-century productions. Psychology, anthropology, and history are among the disciplines evoked in the interpretive introductory chapters of this carefully organized study.

6) Our most common examples of Near East art are discussed in **Islamic Rugs** (Praeger, 112 pp., $10), by Kudret H. Turkhan, who devotes nearly half his space to the work of the Persian weavers, and shorter chapters to those of Turkey, the Caucasus, and Armenia. Some eighty-five different types of rugs, with their historic background, are mentioned in more or less detail, their motifs explained, and the weaving methods described. Bright color and black-and-white photos help the reader identify the chief examples.

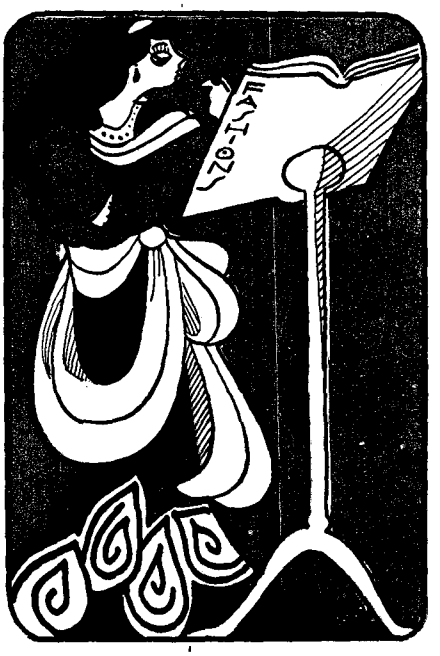
To purchase such rugs, try three showrooms recommended in **Gardner's Guide to Antiques and Art Buying in New York City** (Bobbs-Merrill, 215 pp., $5.95). Arron Gardner will also show you just where to browse for primitive art, furniture, paintings, porcelain, and other objects. He tells how to buy, what to expect in each shop, and its price range.

The Complete Guide to Furniture Styles, by Louise Ade Boger (Scribners, 512 pp., $17.50), has reappeared in an enlarged edition. It is an encyclopedic work, progressing historically from the Grecian *thronos* of the seventh century B.C. to the Finnish plastic and fiberglass lounge chair of 1968, with a separate chapter on Chinese furniture. Sociological and historical considerations underscore the author's expert running comment on styles, designers, craftsmen, patrons, architects, and materials. Numerals in the text refer to nearly 650 examples displayed in the photograph section. Somewhat more specialized is **Antique Furniture: The Guide for Collectors, Investors, and Dealers** (Hawthorn, 362 pp., illustrated, $12.95).

Can you recognize a Brazilian rosewood coffee table when you see one? Or even a sycamore maple bowl? If not, consult **What Wood Is That?** (Viking, 160 pp., $7.95), in which Herbert L. Edlin provides all the clues you would need to identify forty different species: by color, rings, pores, smell, and other characteristics. For each tree he prints a line drawing of the leaf and fruit, and describes its growth habits, workability, appearance under all conditions, and uses. There is even a collection of forty removable chips of the actual types of wood. Along the way the author dispenses such fascinating information as the Mexican name for mahogany—*zopilozontecomacuahitl*; he admits that Mexicans usually abbreviate it.

7) If Mabel thinks a circular canon is a piece of artillery, or that only the Mets can make a good catch, please tell her that either term can be applied to "Three Blind Mice." Both are learnedly discoursed upon in the revised and enlarged edition of Willi Appel's **Harvard Dictionary of Music** (Harvard, 950 pp., $17.50). The abundant new material includes seven pages on the music of Africa, both Islamic and sub-Saharan; one on aleatory music (an expression of "the world in terms of possibility, not necessity," à la Cage and Xenakis); and one on the folk music of Vietnam and its many ethnic minorities. Don't look for biographies, opera plots, or pronunciation; but every region, every instrument, every kind of music (with hundreds of examples) appears to be described in this classic reference work.

Why does **A Concise Biographical Dictionary of Singers,** by K. J. Kutsch and Leo Riemens (Chilton, 510 pp., $14.95), have room for Enrico Caruso and Jeannette MacDonald, but not for Jenny Lind? Because the voices of the first two are



preserved on phonograph records, and the Swedish Nightingale's isn't. Even Jean de Reszke is among the 1,500 elect, though he can be heard on only a few fragmentary cylinders. The outline biography of each of these noted singers of classical and operatic music is followed by the names of their recording labels, and there is a short glossary of terms.

Joan Baez? The Guthries? Leadbelly? Bikel? Donovan? See the **Encyclopedia of Folk, Country, and Western Music,** by Irwin Stambler and Grelun London (St. Martin's, 400 pp., $12.50), for informal stories of the careers of about 350 individual practitioners and groups, photos of a few dozen of them, tables of awards, and a discography. Lillian Roxon's **Rock Encyclopedia** (Grosset & Dunlap, 615 pp., illustrated, $9.95) is in the same vein.

In **Broadway's Greatest Musicals** (Funk & Wagnalls, 475 pp., $6.95) Abe Laufe, beginning with a splash into the backwaters of the 1884-1927 period, rides the wave of nostalgia from *Show Boat* to *Cabaret*. The format is historical, but along the way he entertainingly relates the background and plot of each show, describes its staging, talks about the actors and the score, and summarizes contemporary reaction. *Show Boat, Oklahoma!, South Pacific,* and *My Fair Lady* draw a chapter apiece; one chapter disposes of "Miscellaneous Productions" like *Blackbirds of 1928* and *Pins and Needles*. Details of longest-running musicals are printed in the appendix. Shows can be looked up in the title index; the name index takes care of authors, composers, choreographers, set designers, and stars.

8) The history of the lands and peoples that created the Old and New Testaments is the subject of the **New Atlas of the Bible,** by Jan H. Negenman (Doubleday, 208 pp., $16.95). Sumerian myths and the Gilgamesh epic set the scene, which the text carries forward through the fall of Jerusalem, the Maccabean struggle, and down to the emergence of Christianity in the Roman Empire. Though enhanced by the many photos in both color and mono-

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chrome, the book's reference value lies chiefly in its thirty-four maps—twenty-one in full-color relief and up to 13½" deep—depicting the area in periods from the second millennium B.C. to the end of the first century A.D.; they are accompanied by historical chronologies.

Skipping 1,500 years . . . A great deal happened the year after the *Mayflower* landed: Burton published *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, Francis Bacon was convicted on conflict-of-interest charges and pardoned, Van Dyck painted *Rest on the Flight to Egypt*, and Jean de la Fontaine was born. For those facts credit Neville Williams's **Chronology of the Expanding World: 1492 to 1762** (McKay, 710 pp., $12.50), a companion to the new edition of his *Chronology of the Modern World*. In this amply stocked historical cafeteria, each year's significant events are catalogued on a pair of facing pages: on the left appear, month by month, the political and military highlights; on the right, in separate groups, achievements in the respective arts and sciences. Any event can be located with the aid of the index of more than 20,000 entries, some of which are listed under such headings as Ballet (eight are cited), Dictionaries and Encyclopedias, Maps, Libraries, and Printing. Help yourself!

The actual texts of certain documents of the period have been printed in **Tudor Royal Proclamations: The Later Tudors,** edited by Paul L. Hughes and James F. Larkin (Yale, 2 vols., 1,010 pp., $40), covering the reigns of "Bloody Mary" and the Virgin Queen (1553-1603). *O tempora! O*

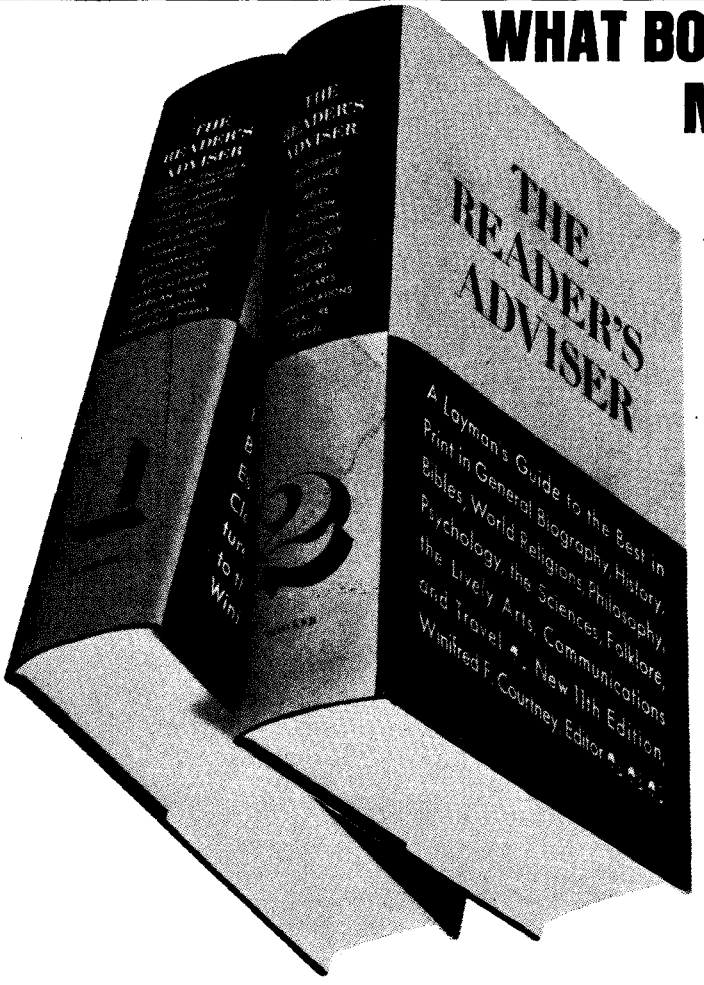
mores department: In No. 646 Elizabeth establishes what garments, arms, materials, and colors may be worn, depending on the wearer's sex and rank; in No. 652 she orders the prosecution of the "Family of Love" sect and the burning of their book, *A Publishing of the Peace Upon the Earth*. A glossary and a subject index indicate the range of these papers.

In **A Chronological Encyclopedia of American History** (Popular Library, 640 pp., paperback, $1.45) Irving S. and Nell M. Kull set forth a day-by-day list of 10,000 events affecting the USA from Columbus's first voyage to Nixon's inauguration. The index, which includes birth and death dates, shows that the book encompasses, besides the historical items, the release of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the first ether anesthesis, the first "talkie," and Joseph Smith's discovery of the Book of Mormon. (Longfellow and *Pamela* are indexed, but couldn't be found in the text.)

For a map-maker's view of the subject, open Theodore R. Miller's **Graphic History of the Americas** (Wiley, 68 pp., $7.95; paperback, $3.95). In this 14 x 11" format he can present a group of states or a hemisphere in sufficient detail to tell his international story with the aid of boxed legends, inserts, arrows, and hachures. Through this ingenious if cluttered method we are afforded a bird's-eye view of discoveries, invasions, wars, and political changes, as well as industrial, economic, demographic, and physical data.

The same idea prompted Martin Gilbert to create his **American History Atlas** (Macmillan, 114 pp., $4.95), and though one can follow the Civil War campaigns more minutely in Miller's book, Gilbert's small-format version (6½ x 9¼") is superior because of its more numerous maps and clearer lettering. Some aspects of the Negroes' situation in 1964-68 are illuminated by five maps delineating school segregation, voting rights, proportion of Negroes by states, and the revolt triggered by King's assassination. Available in the same format are Gilbert's **British History Atlas** and **Jewish History Atlas** ($4.95 each).

Living Documents in American History, Vol. 2, edited by John Anthony Scott (Washington Square, 635 pp., paperback, $1.45), begins with the Reconstruction and takes the story up to the outbreak of World War I. The theme stressed throughout is "the struggle for an interracial democracy," and the term "documents" is used loosely—which is all to the good, as it enables the ingenious compiler to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print pieces as varied as excerpts from Jacob Dunn's *Massacre of the Mountains* and Jane Addams's *The Spirit of Youth*, and the words and music of songs ("Schlof Mayn Kind" and "Solidarity Forever"), as well as speeches, court opinions, letters, eyewitness accounts, and appropriate Constitutional amendments.

Scott's thesis leads to that of Peter M. Bergman's 700-page **Chronological History of the Negro in America** (Harper & Row, $12; NAL paperback, $1.50). The entries under each date, from 1492 to early 1969, are not just isolated facts. A birth-year is frequently taken as the occasion for a short biography. A book's publication date is followed up with a review. Statistics—of Negro population, of membership in certain organizations, or of lynchings—may be given for a particular year. Each event generates rings of additional information, some swelling into lengthy stories, and most of it unfamiliar. A readable, invaluable account of events, at every level, and of Negroes in all fields, it is thoroughly indexed.

The same can be said of **In Black America**, edited by Patricia W. Romero (United, 600 pp., $14.95; paperback, $3.95), the current yearbook that supplements the ten-volume *International Library of Negro Life and History*. It brings the scene up to date with a series of articles on politics, education, the law, housing, labor, poverty (urban and rural), racial confrontation, the arts, personalities, sports, and writing. Several of the subjects are summarized statistically in a separate section. The mood is temperate but hardly dispassionate, and any editorializing is built around a fair exposition of the facts.

The International Relations Dictionary, by Jack C. Plano and Roy Olton (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 350 pp., $6.95), can be used as a glossary of words (Mobilization, Veto), phrases (Measures short of war, Human rights), and titles (Warsaw Pact, Baruch Plan). But the articles, grouped into a dozen chapters, each arranged alphabetically, are long enough and contain enough cross references to serve also—perhaps with the help of the index—as a concise encyclopedia for current political geography, ideologies, economics, military and national affairs, diplomacy, war and peace, and international law.

Just out—the first *boni sub regno Nixonis Spironisque* edition (1969-70) of the **U.S. Government Organization Manual** (General Services Administration, 810 pp., paperback, $3). Here's the Constitution with all twenty-five Amendments. Here's the Capitol Architect explaining his tie-in with the Library of Congress and the Botanic Garden. Here's the Burger Court, with a place still waiting to be filled. Here are enough Boards to shore up a creaking edifice, [illegible] with their executive officers and addresses. Organization charts alone consume forty-five pages. An index to 5,000 persons, and a general index of 8,000 subjects and organizations, further indicate the unimaginable scope of this annual official compilation. A bonus is the listing of selected publications in the arts and other fields.

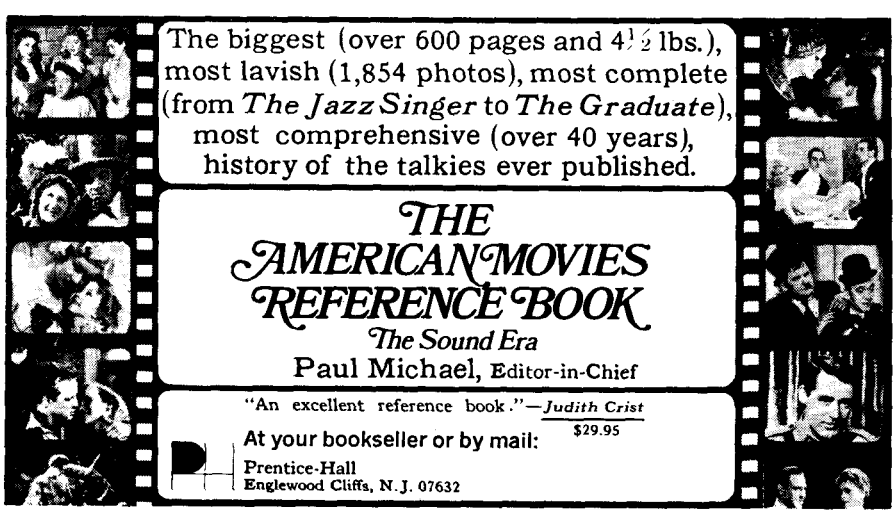
Taylor's Encyclopedia of Government Officials 1969-70, by John Clements (Political Research, 242 pp., $60 with supplements) runs quickly through the fifty pages that list the staffs of the federal departments and bureaus, to get to its graphic "Roll Call of States": On right-hand pages, the map of each state appears in turn, marked off into its counties and U.S. Congressional Districts, those whose 1968 vote for Representative went Democratic being tinted gray, those that went Republican green. Numerals identify State Senatorial and Congressional Districts. On the facing page are photos of the state's executives and its U.S. Senators and Representatives, all party-labeled. Flags, emblems, voting statistics, and many other items make the volume a permanent reference tool. The price includes quarterly supplements and a ring binder to hold them.

9) With **The International Atlas**, edited by Richard L. Forstall working with globe-wide consultants (Rand McNally, 556 pp., $29.95; also distributed as *The Britannica Atlas*), it becomes a delightful experience to plot one's course from, say, the Rann of Kutch to Cape Turnagain. This is a big (11 x 14¾"), gorgeous, and entirely new work. Half of the 280 map pages constitute the basic reference coverage: areas like northern Europe, Mexico, Central China, and the eight sections of Africa are shown in two-page spreads at a scale of ninety-five miles per inch; areas like the British Isles, Italy, Japan, and the nine sections of the U.S., also on two page spreads, are drawn to a scale of forty-seven miles per inch. That's generous map-making. Some of the major land areas occupy spectacular foldouts that measure 32 x 14¾", and the effect of the color and shaded relief is often incredibly tridimensional. Then there are the sixteen-miles-per-inch blowups of important, densely populated areas like central Italy. Finally, at the 4.7-miles-per-inch scale of sixty metropolitan zones, we begin to see buildings, parks, and streets. The 200-page index lists 160,000 places; however, many are cross references to other versions of the name. For this is an international atlas in the sense that all texts are in English, French, German, and Spanish, and all labels are in the local language (the chief names, of course, are also printed in English). There is much more to tell about this atlas, but our plane is about to take off.

It would be foolhardy to plan a sojourn in Britain without grabbing the next two volumes. **The Shell Guide to Britain**, edited by Geoffrey Boumphrey (Dutton, 888 pp., $8.95), starts you off at Land's End, takes you east and north, county by county, and doesn't let go till John o' Groats. For each county, a few pages on its special geographic and cultural features are followed by an alphabetical gazetteer describing the attractions of every place cited—there are more than 2,000 of them, illustrated with 500 grayish monochrome photos, and keyed to the thirty-two-page road atlas (twelve miles per inch, shaded for altitude).

Itself a treasure glistening with more than 700 well-placed color photos, **Treasures of Britain** (Norton, 680 pp., $15) is dedicated to the places and things that man has been creating in Britain and Ireland since ancient times. The main text is in gazetteer form, its 4,000 places keyed to thirty-eight pages of soft-tinted road maps. (The single alphabetic sequence makes the book simple to consult for reference, but *The Shell Guide*'s geographical arrangement is preferable for tourists.) Exquisitely illustrated pages are devoted to the museums of London and elsewhere, to individual castles, cathedrals, and abbeys, to men like Hardy and Churchill. A further hundred pages furnish a historical survey, an index to special collections, a series of glossaries of words and symbols, and a style chart with line drawings of architectural and decorative details as they have evolved during the past thousand years. All in all, a bookmaking triumph!

Don't worry about your trip to Bolivia. "Oxygen masks are available in the major hotels," it says in the **South American**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Travel Guide (Klevens Grosset & Dunlap, 250 pp., illustrated, paperback, $2.95). As for Ecuador and some other places, just don't use ice cubes or tap water, don't eat salads, and boil all milk. The good things about Panamá and South America are presented in the introduction to each country, and in the city descriptions. The guide rates restaurants, recommends hotels, lists points of interest, and includes a currency converter and other travel tips.

For a few more of the latter, send for **The Pan Am Dictionary of Low-Cost Travel** (Pan American, 28 pp., paperback, free), and learn the difference between guest houses and boarding houses, what to do about laundry and luggage, and the low-down on duty-free ports, customs, and Customs.

The handiest, clearest spot-finder yet is **New York in Maps**, by Toy Lasker and Jean George (Dell, 80 pp., paperback, $1). It's nothing but lists—galleries, museums, restaurants (with their cuisines), shops, theaters, hotels, etc.—and the forty-six maps to which they direct you. Each map is drawn, quartered, and colored for its special purpose. Out-of-town visitors may not need this booklet, but for New Yorkers it's the sole cure for the smog, the smug, the bored, and the smorgasbord.

(For other atlases, see groups 8 and 13.)

10) The 800 entries in **The New Space Encyclopedia**, edited by M. T. Bizony (Dutton, 316 pp., $13.95), vary in length from a two-line identification (Faculae) to a nine-page study (Space Medicine), and in topic from Tektites to Life or the Apollo Project, without neglecting pulsars, quasars, quarks, or anti-matter. The writing is vivid, quite readable, rich in cross references, and clear enough for the layman at whom it is aimed. The 320 photos (many in color), maps, and drawings are potent visual aids.

Children in the elementary grades will find some enlightenment in Frederick Smithline's **Answers About the Moon, Stars, and Planets** (Grosset & Dunlap, 60 pp., $1.95). There are some good color drawings, diagrams, and an index to supplement the q.-&-a. form of the text, which suffers slightly from a few errors in pronunciation and grammar.

The New Dictionary & Handbook of Aerospace, edited by Robert W. Marks (Praeger, 536 pp., $10; Bantam paperback, $1.95), begins with a 25-page section on the moon and Project Apollo, illustrated in the paperback edition with a sixty-four-page color insert. Some 6,000 terms (not the 50,000 claimed for it) are explained in a starkly concise manner and on an advanced professional level, with equations and tables—but not a word about pulsars, quarks, or quasars.

Quasars and anti-matter, at least, find a place in Siegfried Mandel's **Dictionary of Science** (Dell, 407 pp., paperback, $1.25), and so do terms in biology, geology, chemistry, and engineering and other sciences, on which he writes with a simplicity that will be appreciated by students and laymen. Except for a dozen historical essays on the individual disciplines, most of the 6,000 entries run to just a few lines each. One section of the appendix illustrates crystal structures; among the others are

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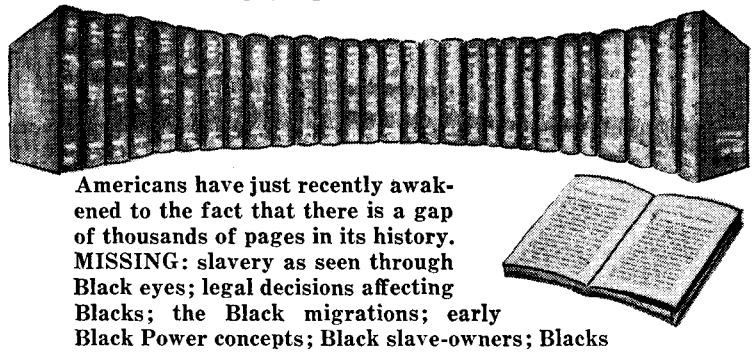

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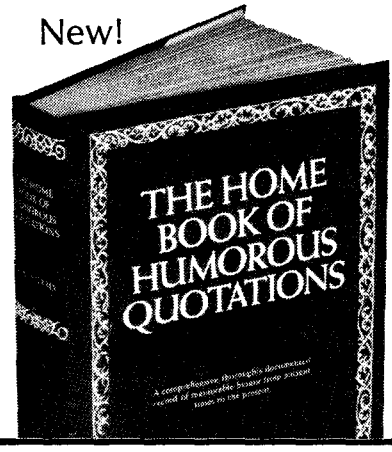

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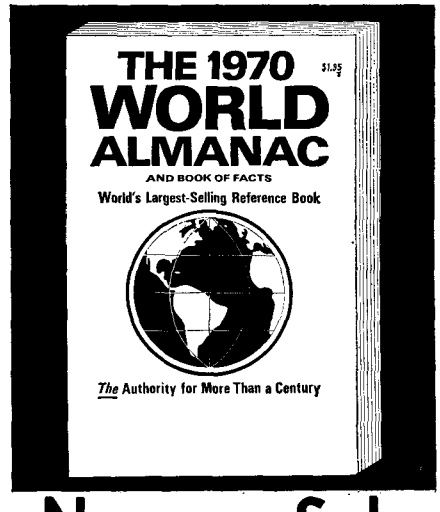

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tables of elements, geological periods, phyla, and various classes of substances.

Pulsar fanciers are treated to a few pages about these celestial radio sources in the **Science News Yearbook 1969/1970** (Scribners, 450 pp., illustrated, $9.95), first of an annual series compiled by the staff of Science Service. In good journalistic style, they have written of the year's discoveries and achievements under nine main headings: Biomedicine, Earth, Science Policy, and various branches of science and technology. The broad scope enables the editors to touch on transportation, animal behavior, the status of women, solid-state physics, oceanography, and fifty other subjects, all indexed for quick reference.

Similar material, enhanced by a wealth of full-color photos and drawings, may be found in such authoritative annuals as **Science Year 1969** (Field, 439 pp., $5.95), which supplements *The World Book Encyclopedia;* and the **1970 Britannica Yearbook of Science and the Future** (Encyclopaedia Britannica, 448 pp., $12.50).

11) An epochal reference work for a neglected branch of zoology has been in preparation since 1943 under federal sponsorship, and the first two units are now available: **Poisonous and Venomous Marine Animals of the World,** Department of Defense; Vol. I, *Invertebrates,* 1,020 pp.; Vol. II, *Vertebrates,* 1,100 pp.; Vol. III not ready; $50 the set). These are handsome, large-format (9 x 12") volumes, illustrated with hundreds of color and monochrome photos and line drawings. Literature on the poisoning of man by contact with creatures of the sea goes back to Dioscorides and Pliny, but to remedy the lack of reliable data has required expeditions to sites as remote as Mariana and Galàpagos and as accessible as Italy or California, and the cooperation of innumerable institutions and researchers. The results are definitively presented in a series of chapters covering, for each species studied, the mechanism of the poisoning (via contact, sting, bite, or ingestion), the effects (from a rash to agonizing fatality), treatment, and preventive measures. Invaluable from the medical viewpoint, the book happens also to be of great educational and reference importance because of the hundreds of striking plates, each showing one to ten specimens of both familiar and lesser-known species: protozoa, shellfish, sponges, jellyfish, worms, rays, sharks, octopi, and many common edible fishes that are poisonous under certain conditions. (The final volume will report on turtles and mammals.)

The subject is mentioned in **Seashore Life of Southern California,** by Sam Hinton (University of California, 181 pp., paperback, $2.25), which concisely describes nearly 250 species classified by phylum. Clear drawings, to a specified scale, help identify specimens, and the author gives advice on species to collect, to avoid, or to eat. His introduction is helpful in any clime, since he discourses expertly on tides, waves, currents, sea water, and marine biology.

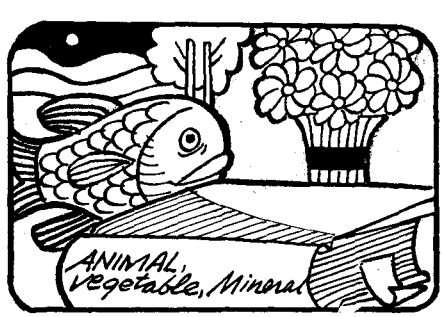
Despite its title, E. L. Jordan's **Animal Atlas of the World** (Hammond, 224 pp., $14.95) is arranged not by locale but by families, though of course most species of his first group—such ancient creatures as the platypus and the marsupials—are citizens of one area, Australia. But beginning with the primates, the range of his 182 mammals becomes unavoidably global. Agreeable descriptions, vivid paintings, and clear range maps add up to an impressive gift book.

Another—and in the same big 9 x 12" format—is **North American Birds,** by Lorus and Margery Milne (Prentice-Hall, 350 pp., $25), covering 300 species—again, each depicted in a lifelike full-color painting. Here, however, size-marked for readier identification, they accompany a running text that can and should be read continuously, and the species *are* grouped by habitat: After a chapter on the familiar birds come those of, respectively, the forest, grasslands, deserts, mountains, the Far North, inland waters, and the seashore.

Children will enjoy being instructed by Ronald Rood's **Answers About Insects** (Grosset & Dunlap, 60 pp., $1.95). Good black-and-white drawings and adequate but often grayish color drawings show not just the insects in their environments but what takes place inside them in both adult and early stages. The answers explain graphically how they breathe, eat, produce sounds, and reproduce; how they tell directions and make honey or paper; and how to collect specimens.

Botanists and their lay fellows have been accorded another treat: **Wild Flowers of the United States/Volume Three: Texas,** edited by Harold W. Rickett (McGraw-Hill, 566 pp., 2 vols., $39.50). Texas is considered "one of the most floristically interesting" regions because, apart from its own endemic species, the big state has acquired many from the West Indies and Mexico, with the result that a separate book had to be devoted to some 2,700 flowers of interest to amateur *aficionados* and collectors. Every possible aid is provided for identification: drawings of the parts, charts of characteristics, short cuts, minute particulars, and again those incomparable, jewel-like color photographs—thousands of them, on 9½ x 12¾" plates inserted alongside the relevant text. Every species can be located in the index by either its common or its Latin name.

Stating as their intention "simply to show in color some of the plants one hears and reads about," Roy Hay and Patrick M. Synge have created **The Color Dictionary of Flowers and Plants for Home and Garden** (Crown, 385 pp., $15)—"color" because the first half consists of 2,048 color photos, "dictionary" because the second half comprises the descriptions in alphabetic order. Recommendations on cultivating each species, though based on growing conditions in England are general enough to apply in her former colony. The brilliant close-ups, 2½" square, are on 256 9x12" plates grouped into eight sections, including annuals, bulbs, climbers, trees, and house plants.



Oleg Polunin's **Flowers of Europe** (Oxford, 854 pp., $15) is a field guide with the text in the front and the color photos —over 1,000, all scaled, on 192 pages—preceding the two indexes (for English and Latin names). The 2,800 species featured are those most likely to be seen by the tourist, for whom the author considerately sums up one's first impression of each flower—its salient features—before going into botanical detail. Season and locale are also mentioned.

Even when the bears have gone into hibernation and the outdoors is void of flowers, we wouldn't want our readers to be without objects to identify. Here, therefore, is a **Field Guide to Snow Crystals,** by Edward R. LaChapelle (Washington, 106 pp., $6.50; paperback, $2.95). First you catch your snowflake, and the best way to photograph it is to wear a pair of woolen gloves that allow you to keep your fingers crossed while manipulating the camera; and remember that breathing will cause the specimen to vanish. Assisted by this guide and Lady Luck, you hardy types will be able to distinguish—either individually or merged into flakes—any of the sixty-five varieties of snow crystals pictured in pinky-nail drawings and incredible photographs. The author does a good job too of explaining other forms assumed by moisture when the temperature begins to plunge.

12) "We had a good view of the procession. . . . I don't suppose anything can be so dreadful as a public wedding."—Fanny Burney's *Diary,* quoted in **How They Lived/Volume III: 1700-1815** (Barnes & Noble, 522 pp., illustrated, $7.50). Birth, death, traffic, playing, eating, religion, fighting, and the arts are some of the subjects on which Asa Briggs enlightens us with writings from sources as disparate as *Select Trials, Fanny Hill,* and *Practical Christianity.*

"A lover should not hold his bride by the ears in kissing her, as . . . at Scotch weddings of the last century."—Henry T. Finck's *Romantic Love* (1887), quoted by Peter Lacey in **The Wedding** (Grosset & Dunlap, 280 pp., $12.95), a de luxe historical survey illustrated with the paintings of Brueghel, Tintoretto, Hogarth, and more recent artists as well as with contemporary photographs.

"In ancient Rome the pagan bride's dress was of white wool. . . . The girdle was to be untied only by the husband."—From entry on Bridal Dress in R. Turner Wilcox's encyclopedic **Dictionary of Costume** (Scribners, 406 pp., $15). It is one of 3,200 alphabetical entries, accompanied by hundreds of thumbnail drawings, dealing with articles of dress from the uraeus of Nefertiti to the Bonnie and Clyde suit.

"At a formal wedding, the bride's dress is somewhat simpler than for a *very* formal wedding. At a semiformal wedding the bride . . . looks either unmistakably bridelike or very festive."—From **Vogue's Book of Etiquette and Good Manners**

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(Simon & Schuster, 765 pp., illustrated, $9.95), a vast, comprehensive guide, full of minute admonitions and subtle distinctions for every moment of one's life—and death. Each chapter concludes with an amusing "Customs and Curiosities" section, but much of the text would qualify under that title.

"You're off to a bad start if you take your dog, your mother, or your secretary on your wedding trip."—From **Esquire's Guide to Modern Etiquette,** by the editors of *Esquire* and Ron Butler (Lippincott, 436 pp., $7.95), created *by* men and *for* men, and offering tips on tipping, conferences, TV participation, playing host, playing golf, and sex in the office.

Two books for the bride at home: **A Dictionary of Cooking**, compiled by Ralph and Dorothy DeSola (Meredith, 246 pp., $7.95): "8,000 definitions of ingredients, methods, terms, and utensils," beginning with *Aal* (German for eel) and ending with *Zythos* (Greek for beer), though also good for homely items like maple syrup, caraway, and Bloody Mary, all briefly defined—but don't look here for recipes.

The purse-size **Shopper's Almanac**, by Donald L. Smith (Consumer Publishing Co., P.O. Box 652, Paramus, N.J., 264 pp., paperback, $1.84), consists chiefly of tables for speedily determining the cost per pound or per pint for items marked at anything from 10¢ to $5.99. Date codes, meat grading, and other hints for consumers round out the data.

You have a pain—constant, not spasmodic—in the right upper quadrant of the abdomen, along with a slight fever and a stomach upset? Aha! Your trouble is due to an inflamed gall bladder, pancreas, or liver, or to duodenal ulcer, as you would soon discover in **A Dictionary of Symptoms**, by Dr. Joan Gomez (Stein & Day, 315 pp., $795). Symptoms are listed by body area, with special chapters for men, women, and children. Or, if you have a hankering for any particular disease, the index will lead you right to the classic symptoms. A paradise for hypochondriacs, and a genuine help if you have to phone the doctor about any worrisome discomfort.

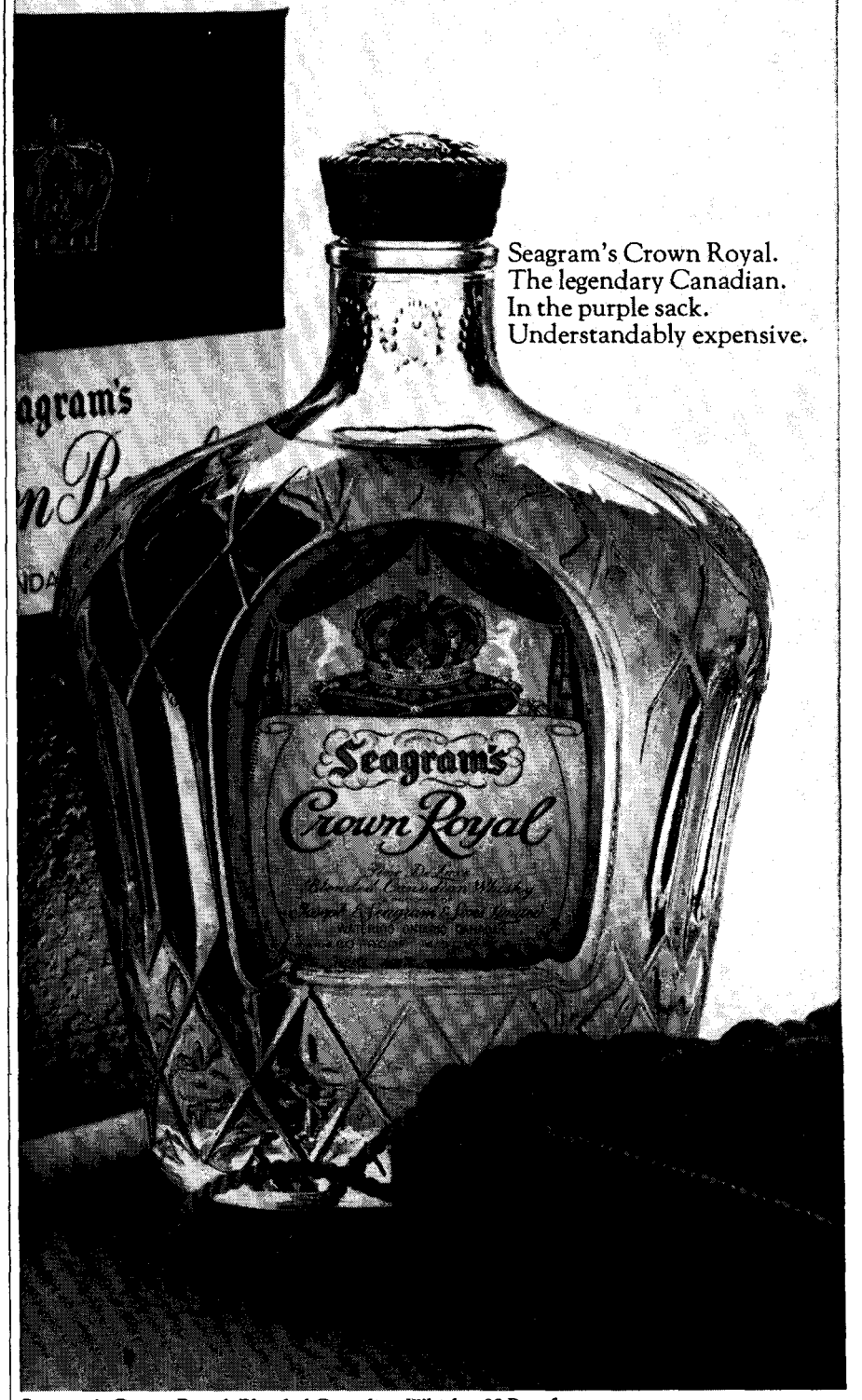
As for young children's medical curiosity, their basic questions about skin, bones, muscles, organs, senses, fluids, and vital processes are neatly fielded in the simple prose and uncluttered pictures of **Answers About the Human Body**, by Frederick Smithline (Grosset & Dunlap, 60 pp., $1.95).

13) Among the season's less publicized books for outdoors enthusiasts is Maurice Brady's compact **Lawn Tennis Encyclopedia** (Barnes, 220 pp., illustrated, $6.95), which begins with career outlines for 200 outstanding players and continues alphabetically with "Facts and Figures": championship rolls by country, Davis Cup winners, dress fashions, associations, history and rules of the game, and "unusual happenings."

In **Ski North America** (Lippincott, 285 pp., illustrated, $5.95) Abby Rand sets forth a guide to "the twenty-eight top resorts" stretching from Banff to Loon. She reviews the layout, the ski features, the

(*Continued on page* 61)

Raise somebody's standard of living this Christmas.



Seagram's Crown Royal.
The legendary Canadian.
In the purple sack.
Understandably expensive.

Seagram's Crown Royal. Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof.
Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y.

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THE KENNEDY LEGACY: A Peaceful Revolution for the Seventies

by Theodore Sorensen

Macmillan, 414 pp., $6.95

NOT LONG AGO, Gloria Steinem coined the phrase "What Culture" to describe anything that you can watch, read, or listen to without being significantly affected intellectually or spiritually by the experience. Theodore Sorensen has written a "what" book.

This is what makes it a painful work to review for someone like me, who admires Sorensen's flinty intelligence, who witnessed his credentials as a certified Kennedy insider, and who shares his vision of a new and more aggressive liberalism. It is a "what" book because one reads it with the persistent feeling that most of it is old wine with a new label: a distillation of Arthur Schlesinger, Teddy White, Roger Hilsman, Pierre Salinger, George Ball —and, of course, Sorensen's *Kennedy*— along with some ingredients borrowed from the writings of RFK, James Burns, Michael Harrington and other chroniclers and critics of the Kennedy saga.

Why then did he write these 397 repetitive and adulatory pages? My only explanation is that Sorensen, now a prominent New York lawyer whose candidacy for the U.S. Senate is an open secret, decided the time had come to write a lawyer's brief that would prove that a Kennedy legacy exists— and that it needs a new executor now that Ted's prospects for the Presidency in 1972, as he points out in sentence four of the prologue, are "diminished if not destroyed by his involvement in a fatal automobile accident."

If, as one cannot help suspecting, the Kennedy legacy is something that Sorensen is trying to construct as a platform for his own political career, then this book is unconvincing. Despite all of his efforts, the legacy keeps eluding his definitions. And he does try. He calls it "the most important body of ideas in our time"; he mentions the "New Economics, which proposed a more active and daring role for the Federal government"—shades of FDR! —as JFK's "most important domestic legacy outside the civil rights area"; he quotes RFK's definition of the legacy as "a willingness to try and to dare and to change, to hope the uncertain and risk the unknown"; he describes the legacy's "essence" as "its capacity to carry this country and its political thought beyond traditional liberalism"; he lists its main elements as "belief in peaceful revolution," "the fundamental concept of free choice," and "a pervasive sense of responsibility for the future of our children"; and finally, in the last two sentences of the book, he declares that "the heart of the Kennedy legacy" is that John and Robert Kennedy "taught us all to love each other like brothers."

Well, I just don't think that rephrasing the utterances of dozens of decent progressives who never made it big— one thinks of Norman Thomas—is quite enough to postulate a new political doctrine. The Kennedy legacy, for many of us who left our jobs to work on the New Frontier, is a vague sort of inheritance compounded of a sense of exhilaration, a quickened pulse, a lot of hard work, a renewed pride in being American, a willingness to experiment, a sparkle of memories, a lump in the throat. But the real achievements of those thousand days, once you filter out the rhetoric and emotion, come down to just a few enduring paragraphs in tomorrow's history books: the Bay of Pigs (a high price to pay for a lesson in bureaucratic Intelligence); the Peace Corps (now faltering because of youthful disenchantment over U.S. foreign policy); the Cuban missile crisis (about which Sorensen wrily quotes JFK as saying his "luck" was in *not* taking Dean Acheson's advice); the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty (a consequence of the Cuban exercise), and the initiation of some civil rights and tax legislation later enacted under Johnson.

Nor are the "revelations"—the answers to the four teaser questions blurbed on the book's jacket—really worth the price of admission:

1) Would John F. Kennedy have pursued the same course in Vietnam as Lyndon Johnson, a course much criticized by Robert Kennedy? Sorensen says no. JFK would not have escalated the war in 1965 because his thinking was evolving, as did that of RFK— who in 1962 was still saying of the war, "the solution lies in our winning it."

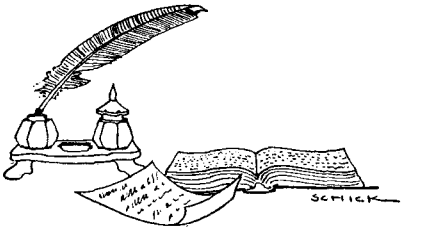
2) What lay behind the feud between Robert Kennedy and his brother's successor in the White House? Sorensen says the origins were "personal and chemical." Mainly, RFK didn't like someone whose style offended him occupying his brother's former office, though he did—inexplicably—want to be LBJ's running mate in 1964.

3) What did the Kennedys really think about Dean Rusk, the CIA, Communist China and wire-tapping? Sorensen suggests (as Schlesinger once stated) that Rusk would not have remained as Secretary of State in a second Kennedy administration; the CIA needed a tighter leash; relations with Communist China would have to be normalized someday; the practice of wire-tapping should not be abused.

4) Is there one Kennedy legacy or were the two brothers so different as to leave two separate legacies? Sorensen says one; RFK was more emotional than his brother but his thinking evolved the way JFK's would have, had he lived.

There are, of course, a few revealing glimpses and quotes of meetings to which people like Sorensen are privy— such as Bob Kennedy choking up with emotion as he once told Lyndon Johnson, "You are a brave and dedicated man, Mr. President"—or the observation that RFK "had least respect of all for . . . John Lindsay" (against whom he expected to run for the Senate in 1970)—or Sorensen's account of the bitterness that split the Kennedy camp between the New Frontier "loyalists" and those who chose to adapt their talents to the Great Society.

But most of the anecdotes are couched in worshipful house-biography prose ("there was in the lives of John and Robert Kennedy an indescribable



essence . . . "), and any criticism expressed is generally muted by a series of "buts." For example: "Perhaps he [RFK] was wrong to assume that . . . no bugging was being conducted by the FBI . . . perhaps he was misled into signing documents not fully explained to him . . . but he did not favor or condone illegal techniques of surveillance." Whenever Sorensen faults either JFK or RFK, he sugarcoats their failings by explaining that they did or would have changed their views—as on Vietnam. Some of his explanations are plausible; some of his sugarcoating is not, such as his defense of Kennedy tactics at the 1960 Convention: "They avoided personal attacks on their adversaries, false allegations about their past records, commitments for future jobs, and exaggerated promises of future solutions." Many delegates to that Convention, their twisted arms still sore, will chuckle, with varying degrees of indulgence, at this passage.

I do agree with Sorensen that both Jack and Bob Kennedy had matured not only as politicians but as statesmen during the Sixties (and that is why the

The critic, William Attwood, is editor-in-chief of Look magazine. He served in the Kennedy administration as Ambassador to Guinea and as Special Adviser at the U.N., and in the Johnson administration as Ambassador to Kenya.

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Dallas murder will turn out to be a greater tragedy, historically, than we have yet realized). But he goes too far in crediting them with extraordinary insights about many national and international problems which had been articulated long before by men like Adlai Stevenson (so many of whose associates, such as George Ball and Bill Wirtz, gave the New Frontier its reputation for attracting talent to government) and Chester Bowles (who was summarily banished to India for being too right, too outspoken and too independent for Rusk and RFK).

The Kennedy saga—whose climactic chapter coincides precisely with the decade of the Sixties—is not so much a political chronicle as a Shakespearean tragedy: the two mindless assassinations that permitted the rival prince (Nixon) to succeed to the throne; the Mediterranean downfall of the Queen of Camelot; the midnight drowning at the bridge that probably destroyed the power of the dynasty; Rose Kennedy, at center stage, contemplating the glory and the wreckage of a lifetime.

And what of the legacy? Who will grasp the torch? Sorensen gives rather short shrift to Ted, for whom he wrote the only memorable phrase of the Chappaquiddick speech: "My conduct was indefensible." In fact, while Jack is mentioned on 205 of the book's 397 pages, and Bob on 203, Ted's name appears on only thirty-eight. Who else? Perhaps Sorensen himself. I know that I put this strange book down with the uncomfortable feeling that it was written not only to perpetuate still more myths about the Kennedys—and God knows this splendid and tragic family has already been encumbered by too many—but also to advance Ted Sorensen's own political fortunes. His final chapter is practically a handbook on how an American President should handle just about every foreign and domestic problem from Alaska and Bedford-Stuyvesant through the Yippies and Zanzibar—including why he must be a strong executive who believes that "peaceful political change of revolutionary proportions" is possible in America.

If you are a new-politics liberal or constructive radical you won't find much to criticize in Sorensen's political philosophy or in his agenda for the Seventies: he makes good sense on every issue he analyzes. You can only deplore and wonder about his effort to manufacture a substantive political legacy out of a recollection of style and grace and courage and unfulfilled hope —a poignant memory, yes, but still and all, and essentially, an insubstantial pageant faded and—let's face it—such stuff as dreams are made on.

William Attwood

Fiction

THE NEW ISRAELI WRITERS: Short Stories of the First Generation

edited by Dalia Rabikovitz

Sabra Books/Funk & Wagnalls, 320 pp., $5.95

ALTHOUGH THE JACKET CLAIMS that this book "will give the reader the feeling that he has been *in* Israel, for nearly a whole generation," the Israel shown here bears no resemblance to the real nation, which, despite this volume, is multi-ethnic, white *and* dark, secular *and* religious. *The New Israeli Writers* is as unrepresentative as an anthology of contemporary American fiction would be if it included only stories by upper-middle-class New England Protestants probing into their own societal concerns while ignoring religious prejudice, racial strife, foreign wars, and social injustice. The fourteen stories collected here are by and about Jews of Northern and Eastern European ancestry, the Ashkenazim, who are the Israeli equivalent of American WASPs. Sabras or people brought to Israel in their childhood, the writers are university- or kibbutz-educated and secular-minded.

A nation has a solid literature when its creative artists depict the things people whisper about. But in this volume, preoccupied with white middle-class concerns, there is no indication of the "other Israel"—that is, the Sephardim, darker Jews of North African or Middle Eastern origin, who make up nearly half the population. No mention is made of the difficulties these immigrants experienced in adjusting to Israel, or of their jealousy of the Ashkenazic Jews' affluence and power; neither is there any hint of the Ashkenazim's social prejudice against the Sephardim. Moreover, another large segment of Israel's population—the religious Jews, whom older writers considered fair game for literary themes—is also ignored.

Eight of the stories deal in one way or another with the army or with the Arab-Israeli conflict, the only authentically Israeli theme in the anthology. Indicative of the quality of the "new" writers is the fact that the best story in the book is by the grandfather of the group, fifty-four-year-old S. Yizhar. Anthologized twice previously, "The Prisoner" is a wry account of a man whose peace of mind is disturbed when an innocent, stupid Arab shepherd is captured and cruelly interrogated simply because someone has to be brought in. The high-handed attitude of the rest of the men is offset by the narrator's ethical stance and pangs of conscience about cooperating in this unfair deed, but he is ultimately too weak to act on his compassion.

The three stories that focus directly on army life give the impression that Israeli soldiers are small-minded sadists—a gross distortion of a citizen army that has no time for spit-and-polish soldiering, and which has a special feeling of dedication and affection between officers and men. Although we must respect a writer's private vision —indeed, give it preference over so-called national or political aims—and although anti-army stories are fashionable everywhere, it was unfair of the editor to have chosen only stories that depict the Israeli army unfavorably, especially if the ostensible purpose was to give the reader an honest experience of Israel.

The authors represented here are an insulated minority who—in a land that loves laughter—write humorlessly and, at best, competently. Rather than making their stories distinctively Israeli and Jewish by working from within the milieu (excepting, of course, the war-oriented stories), the writers, afraid of seeming parochial, abandon their own literary heritage and imitate the popular forms and themes of their middle-class Western world counterparts. They appear to strive for some kind of bland international sophistication that reveals no distinctively Israeli traits.

Typical of this sort of fiction are Dan Ben-Amotz's "Parents' Day," in which a father, separated from his wife, visits his son in the very boarding school where he himself grew up, and attempts to show his love for the boy; Ori Orlav's "My Daughter," the story of a woman giving birth and her husband's unwillingness to face the newcomer; "The Window," by Yosef Bar-Yosef, the tale of a middle-aged widower who yearns for a woman and finds one for a night; and Aharon Megged's "An Unusual Deed," which focuses upon a clerk's adventure away from his wife for a day.

The fact that the above stories were written in Hebrew is apparently their only claim to being Israeli. They are certainly not recognizably Jewish in setting, imagery, or theme. Alienated from the religious tradition, these young Israeli writers are so rooted in their land that their Jewishness is no longer evident. A Jew, then, is what someone else considers Jewish. But if, as in Israel, there are no "others," then Jewishness is no longer an extant entity; it is either forgotten or taken for granted. And herein lies the paradox. In the Jewish state young writers are seeking a chic cosmopolitanism that

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strips their work of all identifying elements. The Jewish problem is equated with the despised Diaspora, as in Moshe Shamir's "Mother of the Oleanders," in which an old lady plants potted flowers on a neighbor's porch as a symbolic memorial to her children slain by the Germans during World War II.

Dalia Rabikovitz, editor of this collection, is a talented young poet whose greatest error of judgment was to include one of her own stories, a rambling and pointless tale about young people. The temptation is understandable, but she would have been better advised to resist it. Missing is one of the best young Israeli authors, Aharon Apelfeld, a survivor of the holocaust whose haunting fiction shows that he is ashamed of neither his literary tradition nor his spiritual heritage.

By restricting herself to new writers, Miss Rabikovitz has tied her own hands and presented a portrait of Israel that is unjust from the points of view of both its society and its literature. For a more accurate idea of Israeli short fiction one must turn either to such older collections as *A Whole Loaf*, edited by Sholom Kahn, or *Israeli Stories*, edited by Joel Blocker, or to octogenarians like the Sephardi author Yehuda Burla and the Ashkenazi Nobel Laureate S. Y. Agnon, who have shown and are still showing that an indigenous Israeli literature can be Israeli and Jewish and at the same time meet the highest standards of Western literary technique.

Curt Leviant

Curt Leviant is a professor of Hebraic studies at Rutgers University.

THE COLORS OF VAUD

by Bryher

Harcourt, Brace & World, 136 pp., $4.75

THERE WAS A GENERATION GAP in eighteenth-century Switzerland. At least, Bryher pictures one in this short, low-keyed historical novel set in the canton of Vaud in the decade following 1792. She portrays young people, sensitive to revolutionary ideas generated in France, longing for their canton to be free of the domination of Berne, while their elders for the most part cling to the status quo. And yet, when liberation from Berne comes, little seems changed. One of the former rebels comments years later that freedom had really been a convenient term for discovering themselves.

The novel centers upon the Perrins: Monsieur Laurent, a relatively prosperous farmer and member of the Establishment who sees nothing wrong with the rule of Berne; his impoverished, widowed English sister-in-law, who longs to return home to her sisters but lacks the money to do so; and Sophie, Madame Perrin's willful young daughter, filled with enthusiasm for revolutionary ideas and unable to understand her mother's caution.

Besides these there are Sophie's cousin who, involved in a student rebellion, flees to England and becomes a merchant there; an idealistic schoolteacher, and a penniless French refugee's son who makes his fortune by seizing an opportunity to get away from Vaud. But Bryher is content with sketching these people in brief outlines. They are one-dimensional and do not become real. The author seems simply to be saying that youthful revolutionary activities are part of the process of reaching maturity.

Bryher is an Englishwoman who has lived in Vaud since 1921, except for the years of World War II, which she spent in London. She is best known as the author of *The Coin of Carthage* and *This January Tale*. *The Colors of Vaud*, although filled with admiration for her adopted canton, will add little to her literary reputation. It is more like a series of sketches in which most of the action occurs offstage. The result is an oversimplified story that sounds as if it had been written for very young people who cannot grasp complicated ideas.

Elizabeth Easton

Elizabeth Easton, a frequent contributor to SR, is on the editorial staff of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

IT'S NOT FAR BUT I DON'T KNOW THE WAY

by Hoke Norris

Swallow, 155 pp., $5

WHEN A CRITIC OR BOOK REVIEWER writes a novel (and sooner or later he invariably does), the temptation in reviewing it is to indulge in all sorts of speculations and gyrations that have nothing to do with the book itself. As the author-critic reads the reviews (he, at least, can't very well make the claim that he never bothers looking at them), he must wonder what they would have said if he had published his book under a pseudonym. So, having acknowledged that the temptation is there, I will try to put it aside and look at this novel as if it had not been written by a man who has spent ten years as literary editor and book reviewer for the Chicago *Sun-Times*.

It's Not Far But I Don't Know the Way is the story of the meetings and partings of David Elliot and Joyce Harper. As the author weaves back and forth from the present to the past, filling in minutiae as he goes, the reader learns most of the details of their romance.

Where and how the two first met is not made clear, but soon after that comes their affair, Joyce's pregnancy, David's wish that she have the child, her decision to have an abortion, claiming the child is not David's, and her marriage to someone else.

Some years later they meet again as a result of Joyce's maneuvering, and hastily resume their relationship. It is obvious that she, now Joyce Harper MacLeish, is making a half-hearted effort to hide something from David,

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

TALES OF TWO CITIES

For each character in Column 1, Warren Smith of Dearborn, Mich., asks you to choose one place from Column 2 and one from Column 3 that witnessed important scenes in their respective stories. If you miss the boat, fly to page 63.

1	2	3
1. Isabel Archer ( )	A. Athens	a. Albany
2. Martin Arrowsmith ( )	B. California	b. Aldbrickham
3. Sophia Baines ( )	C. Camelot	c. Bursley
4. Sir Boss ( )	D. Ceylon	d. Eatanswill
5. Evangeline ( )	E. Christminster	e. Grand-Pré
6. Jude Fawley ( )	F. Florence	f. Hartford
7. Clyde Griffiths ( )	G. Ithaca	g. Kansas City
8. Frederic Henry ( )	H. Kentucky	h. Knossos
9. Tom Joad ( )	I. Lycurgus	i. Lausanne
10. Tom Jones ( )	J. Milan	j. New Orleans
11. Capt. Nemo ( )	K. Paris	k. Norway
12. Odysseus ( )	L. Philadelphia	l. Ogygia
13. Samuel Pickwick ( )	M. Rochester	m. Oklahoma
14. Theseus ( )	N. Somersetshire	n. St. Hubert
15. Uncle Tom ( )	O. Zenith	o. Upton

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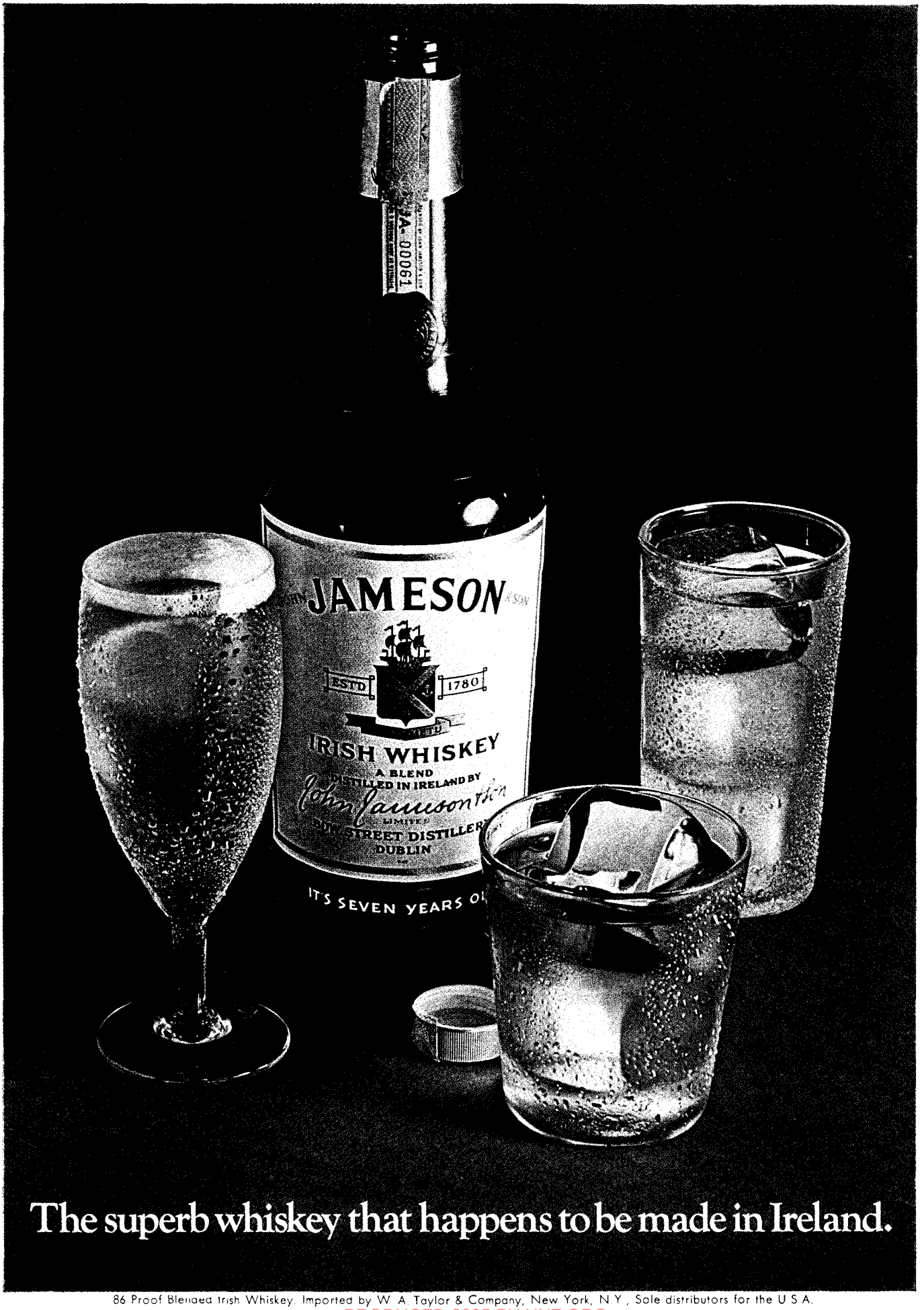

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Denmark is a fairy tale surrounded by Europe. Taste a bit of its magic.

Cherry Heering.

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and he soon discovers it is the fact that she has cancer, which has already necessitated the removal of one of her breasts. Finally, after her death, David visits her grave, and here the author essays a tour de force that fails miserably, leaving one with the impression that an attempt to build an honest novel has suddenly collapsed.

If the reader did not see in the front pages of the book the acknowledgments to the magazines in which sections of the novel appeared as short stories, would he have been aware of an unevenness in what now seems to be a series of short stories with a common background, stitched together to make a novel? Obviously, this process may have been reversed: the novel planned and written as a unit, and then divided into sections for use as short stories where possible.

Whichever way it was done (and I am inclined to suspect it was the former rather than the latter), the result is uneven and the characters are unfocused. Joyce Harper is a shadowy figure and David Elliot seems too often to be speaking for the author. The two characters who came through most clearly are David's father and grandfather, the one a fundamentalist Southern minister and the other a gentle agnostic; it is their beliefs that stake out the moral boundaries the novel is concerned with. But at best it never convinces the reader of reality.

Paul K. Cuneo

Paul K. Cuneo is an editor and freelance writer.

Involuntary Servitude

THE WORLD THE SLAVEHOLDERS MADE: Two Essays in Interpretation

by Eugene D. Genovese
Pantheon, 274 pp., $5.95

GREAT SLAVE NARRATIVES

selected by Arna Bontemps
Beacon, 331 pp., $7.50

THIS BOOK, writes Eugene Genovese in his introduction, "attempts to provide a framework within which the New World experience with slavery may be studied comparatively and linked with the history of Western Europe as well as Africa." His title may mislead some readers who will expect a scrutiny of the social milieu of the slaveholding class, and a related description of the society and psychology of the enslaved folk. Mr. Genovese's well-written essays are at once broader and more original than such an elementary treatment. He has given us a comparative study of the complex development of slavery and serfdom in their various forms in Europe, the West Indies, and the continental Americas, North and South—systems to be understood in terms not of isolated nations and colonies but of the institutional growth of Europe. Latin America, the Caribbean islands, and the United States as their records have been analyzed and laid together by historians, sociologists, economists, and anthropologists.

The author has levied upon the

"What do you mean you're not in the mood? This is the mating season."

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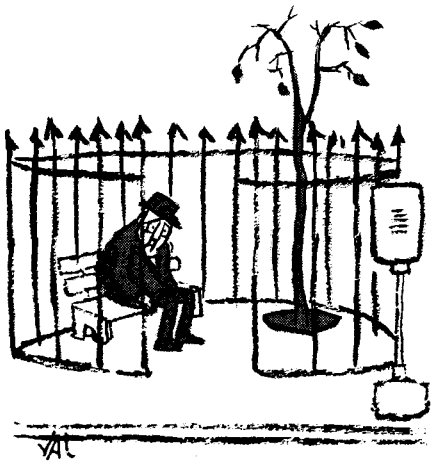
widest range of recent monographic inquiries. The ideas and conclusions of Frank Tannenbaum of Columbia University in *Slave and Citizen: The Negro in the Americas* and of David Brion Davis in *The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture* are given prominence in this comparative study. But a whole range of recent investigations, including those of historical specialists like the late Bernard Pares, explorers of Marxist thought like Christopher Hill of Oxford, and even Maoist theorists have been brought under examination. Winthrop Jordan's modern writings on Portugal are included, as are such obvious sources as the books of Eric Williams and Herbert Aptheker.

Because Mr. Genovese, who gives careful attention to the rise of seigneurialism or social feudalism in Spain and Eastern Europe, discusses the rise of capital accumulation and other elements upon which modern industrialism was based, his volume will especially appeal to students of economic history, including those interested in Marxism. The essays deal critically with the two main lines in the development of Latin American slavery—in Cuba furnishing the basis for a plantation-slave society, which Mr. Genovese, on dubious evidence, defends against the indictment by historians who emphasize the brutality of Cuban slaveholders and overseers; and elsewhere providing a form of labor exploitation based upon a wider system of labor dependency. Drawing an incisive distinction between the slavery of Iberian (Portuguese, Spanish, and Spanish-American) societies and that found in the Anglo-Saxon world, Mr. Genovese concludes that Iberian cultures may have been more sympathetic to manumission, but abolition as a social and economic process began chiefly in the Anglo-Saxon world. Abolition then developed into a world-wide process, each advance preparing the way for the next, while Iberian slavery remained more static.



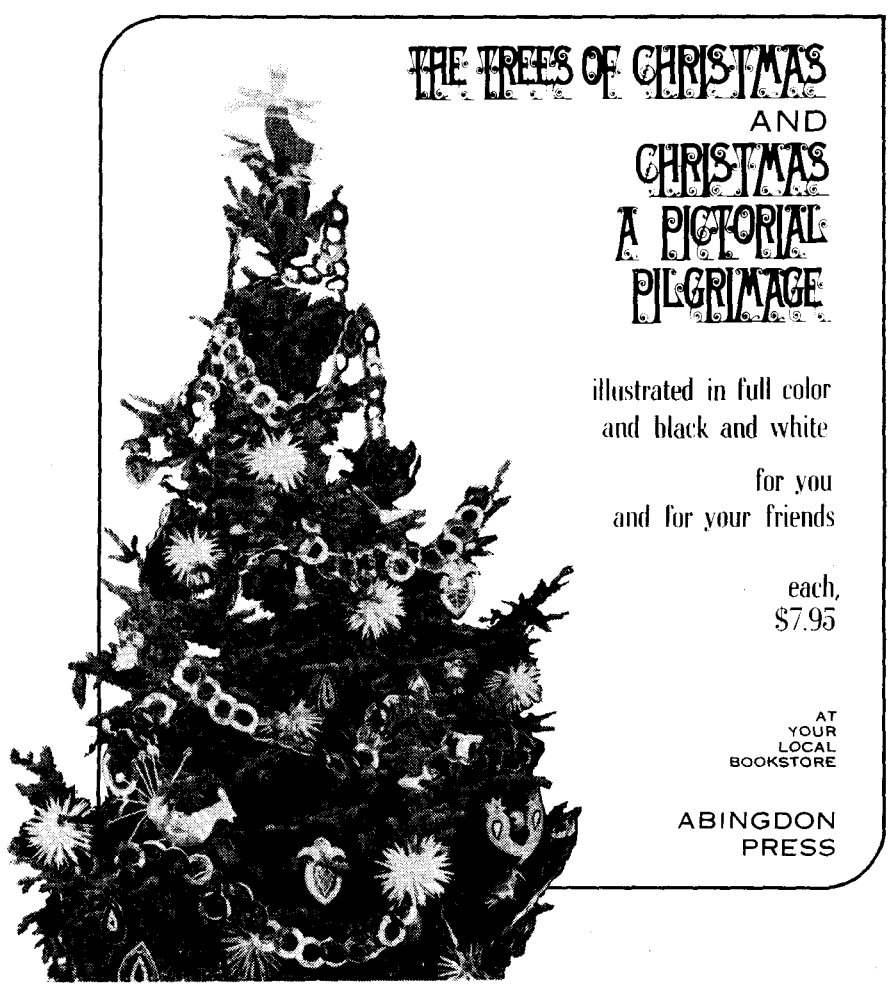
The book is full of fresh material and striking instances of analysis, among them that of the tendency of any enslaved people to imitate the mores, class cleavages, and ideology of the slaveholders. The volume also contains a large number of *obiter dicta* that will inspire readers to make novel economic studies and adopt unconventional lines of thought. One notable statement, for example, is that Spain, while pumping gold and silver into Europe, and thus playing a central part in the development of capitalism, remained nevertheless the seat of a seigneurial or feudalist society. Another striking statement, borrowed from Pares, is that the Industrial Revolution in England was initially propelled by the use of agricultural rather than colonial wealth.

The central weakness of this stimulating work is that it rests in large part upon incomplete economic and social data, and is developed by the use of many unproved and tentative ideas. As one example, the author frankly admits that the extent to which colonialism and plantation slavery contributed to the capital accumulation needed for capitalist industry is as yet unknown. He raises other questions unanswered and as yet unanswerable. One is whether American slavery might most profitably be studied as a phase of the growth of European mercantilism. Another concerns the precise reason why Continental Spanish slavery did not create a special slave society. But the book is one that, with all its deficiencies and dubious areas, no student of history, whether economic, social, or political, can well neglect.

Great Slave Narratives, ably selected and edited by Arna Bontemps, is simpler in character, and to many readers will be more attractive. After a thoughtful and well-informed introduction on the literature of slave narratives published in the United States, the volume acquaints us with copious selections from such interesting and illuminating works as *The Life of Gustavus Vassa, the African*, written by himself and published in London in 1789, and *The Fugitive Blacksmith*, the narrative of James W. C. Pennington, once a Maryland slave, published in Hoxton, England, in 1849. Both narratives are vigorously written and truly fascinating.

Allan Nevins

Among many books by Allan Nevins is the two-volume "War for the Union."



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Reference Books

Continued from page 55

accommodations and their prices, and what to do of an evening. "Ground Rules" and "Planning the Ski Vacation" offer worthwhile prerequisite advice.

Sports Cars 1928-39, by T. R. Nicholson (Macmillan, 184 pp., $3.95), the first of a series on "Cars of the World in Color," leads off with Germany's Simson Supra, of which only thirty were built. The author gives the origin and the main technical data for 102 cars, and relates the models' performances. Most are shown in full-color illustrations.

For those who prefer more leisurely traveling, Warren Asa has compiled, under American Youth Hostels sponsorship, a **North American Bicycle Atlas** (Hammond, 128 pp., paperback, $1.95). Besides sixty-two short city and country rides that can be taken in a day or two, cyclists are told about ninety tours that can consume up to a month, all rated for difficulty. Notes on when to go, what to see, and where to stay—and suggested route maps—make trip-planning a lark. The dozen preliminary pages of practical advice are alone worth ten times the price.

The money-mad sedentary will like **Cowles Complete Encyclopedia of U. S. Coins,** by Mort Reed (Cowles, 250 pp., $7.90). It describes and pictures all of the 116 coins minted for this republic and lists the unauthorized and counterfeit pieces. No values are given, but there are pointers for ascertaining authenticity and condition. Numismatic novices can learn a great deal from the chapters on the origin of U.S. coinage, its symbolism, and the design and minting of our hard cash.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1374

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1374 will be found in the next issue.

ZVQ NKTFM NBW GBMQ EQ-

UKTQ ZVQ QHYFPWV FBHYX-

BYQ BHM WQQGPHYFC XOKH

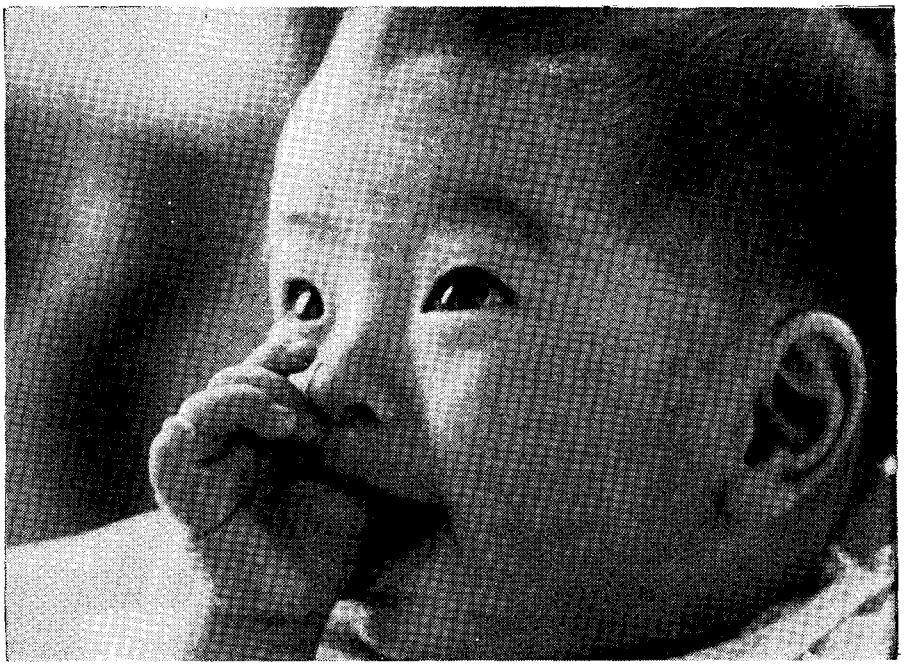
B MPUUQTQHZ MQWPYH.

—TKEQTZ FKXPW WZQRQHWKH

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1373

There is not a single proverb in favor of early rising that appeals to the higher nature of man.

—ROBERT LYND.



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MORROW

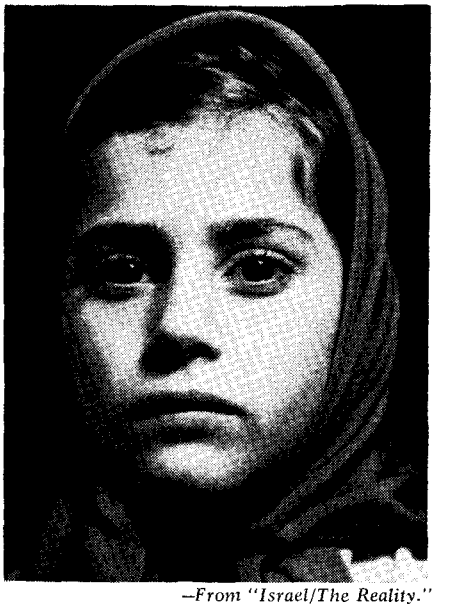
Peoplehood

Continued from page 43

in Boston with many years of experience in counseling, is to be commended for a particularly frank and sensitive discussion of all aspects of sex in marriage. The book also includes charts for testing one's readiness for marriage and compatibility.

Traditional Jewish attitudes on marriage, sex, contraception are explored and found to have anticipated many of our modern ideas and psychological insights. For practical as much as for religious reasons, Rabbi Gittelsohn advises chastity before marriage and fidelity in marriage. His opposition to mixed marriages is based primarily on his fear that they threaten Jewish survival. Rabbi Gittelsohn considers religion a significant aspect of culture, involving more than theological doctrine. "This is especially true of Judaism, which has always been more of a way of life than a belief."

"Perhaps it is because Judaism is a way of life rather than solely a religion that certain similarities run through a thousand years of Jewish history," Mr. David writes in the introduction to his *Growing Up Jewish*. This collection, which brings together twenty-five autobiographical excerpts, dating from the late sixteenth century to the present, is divided into three uneven sections—uneven both in quality and the number of selections—dealing respectively with the Old World, the New World, and the Promised Land. The last is represented only by two pieces, one of which, "Father and Hero" by Yael Dayan, offers an interesting portrait of the charismatic Israeli general, but tells us little about growing up in Israel. The other entry, by a Yemeni who emigrated to Israel at the age of fourteen, details the author's first impressions of Israel and more specifically his absorption into a paramilitary youth organization. I wish there were more about the author's childhood in



—From "Israel/The Reality."

—From "One People."

Yemen. (Surprisingly, there are no reminiscences of Jews growing up in Muslim countries: Albert Memmi's *Portrait of a Jew* comes to mind as a likely choice for such a category.) I wonder why the section on Israel was not expanded to include accounts of people growing up in a kibbutz, or in the earlier days of the British mandate.

The longest section is that on the New World, with eleven entries, of which ten are American and one Canadian. These selections seem overly familiar, even those encountered for the first time. After treating the reader to a generous compote of Harry Golden (from *Enjoy, Enjoy!*, *Ess, Ess, Mein Kindt, You're Entitle'*, and *So What Else Is New?*), why have Sam Levenson (*Everything But Money*), Edna Sheklow (*So Talently My Children*), Gertrude Berg ("Let God Worry a Little Bit") and Allen "My Son the Folksinger" Sherman (*A Gift of Laughter*) all mining the same vein? (The last two items are reprinted with permission from the *Reader's Digest*.)

The childhood reminiscences of Raphael Jacob Moses and Oscar Solo-

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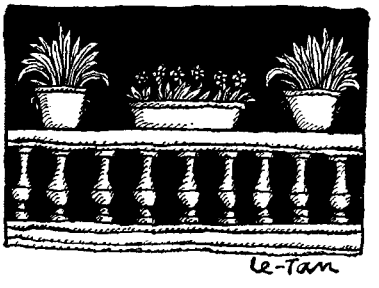
mon Straus, two worthy gentlemen, are, unfortunately, rather dull. Those of Rebekah Kohut and Edna Ferber, on the other hand, offer some discerning insights and are considerably more interesting. The most literary contributions are those by Alfred Kazin (from *A Walker in the City*) and Robert Kotlowitz ("Baltimore Boy"). They have the added merit of dealing with a particularly poignant aspect of growing up Jewish in our century, one to which David Daiches draws attention with the very title of his autobiography, *Two Worlds: An Edinburgh Jewish Childhood* (of which an excerpt is included in the European section). An awareness of the tensions that the dichotomy of living in two civilizations produces goes to the heart of the experience of growing up Jewish.

The part of the book devoted to the Old World is by far the best. It opens with a selection from the autobiography of Leone da Modena, a man of diverse talents, who grew up in Lombardy at the end of the sixteenth century. He is followed by that remarkable woman Glueckel of Hameln, who began to write the story of her life in 1790, after the death of her first



husband. There are also excerpts from the autobiographies of Solomon Maimon (referred to by George Eliot in *Daniel Deronda*), Chaim Weizmann (*Trial and Error*), Isaac Bashevis Singer (*In My Father's Court*), and Anne Frank.

Notable primarily for their brevity, Mr. David's introductions to the three sections and to individual selections contain a few factual errors. Raphael Jacob Moses did not die in 1913 (which would have made him 101 years old) but in 1893. Rebekah Kohut was not born in the South (she came to this country as a young child), and Mr. David no doubt means Rabbi Bettelheim, not Rabbi Kohut, in the next to last paragraph which introduces the excerpt of Rebekah Kohut's *My Portion*. Although one could quarrel with some of Mr. David's selections as being too weighted on the side of broad popular appeal, his anthology does provide enjoyable reading and illustrates—as Mr. David states in his introduction—that "growing up Jewish was and is something unique."

Not Books?

Continued from page 39

tences for each gathered in the back of the book. The other illustrations, most of which are six to a page, can only be for subject-matter reference. The Japanese print has been known and admired for decades outside Japan. Indeed, generally speaking, it has been admired more in Europe and America than in Japan itself. A vast literature exists. And in recent years the efforts of James Michener have brought Japanese prints to the attention of a general public. Should you want it straight from an excellent Japanese scholar, there is the English version of Muneshige Narazake's *The Japanese Print: Its Evolution and Essence*, published in 1966. There is also Harold P. Stern's recent *Master Prints of Japan*. Kikuchi's *Treasury* is a perfectly valid collection. But why does such a great art deserve more of the ordinary?

If this review suggests that such an impressive shelf of art contains more splendor than content, that is unfortunately generally the case. Still here is a lot of beautiful printing, and one hesitates to dampen the enjoyment it may bring. Although enjoyment is not necessarily the same as enlightenment, I am not suggesting that these volumes be dismissed simply because they are "mere" introductions, picture books, or efforts at popularization. It is too easy for the scholar to assume this critical pose.

In a work on the visual arts, "introduction" is not a demeaning word. Nevertheless, when on one page the publisher presents a great work of art in full accurate reproduction, how can he on the next throw off a few easy sentences without darkening the material it is his purpose to illumine? The reason we have so few good introductory publications on the visual arts may be because we have not seen clearly enough the difficulties of the "leading into" process. This is not exclusively a Far Eastern problem. But with Far Eastern art we still seem to carry that additional burden of ineffable mystery. In most cases I fear that coffee-table art, the book that is not a book, is something one may well be unable to afford.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1 Fa, *Port. of a Lady*; 2 On; 3Kc, *Old Wives' Tale*; 4Cf, *Conn. Yankee*; 5Le; 6Eb, *Jude the Obscure*; 7Ig, *Amer. Tragedy*; 8Ji, *Farewell to Arms*; 9Bm, *Grapes of Wrath*; 10 No; 11 Dk, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*; 12Gl; 13Md; 14Ah; 15Hj.

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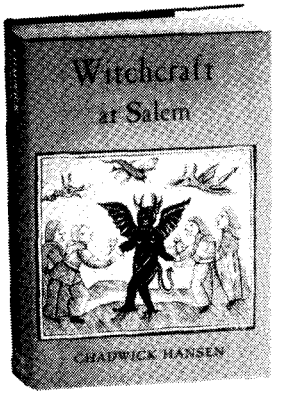
It did real harm to its victims and there was reason to regard it as a criminal offense."



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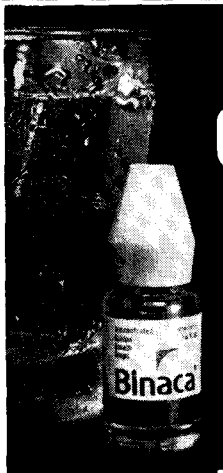

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As Others See Us

LONDON: March on Washington

PRESIDENT NIXON has said more than once that American policy in Vietnam cannot be made in the streets. It fills the streets nonetheless, and it would be foolish to think that policy is not being profoundly influenced. . . .

But the upshot is a certain confrontation of forces outside the democratic institutions specifically designed to resolve such conflicts in an ordered form. Demonstrations, of course, have their place in democratic politics. But demonstrating has become endemic and has increasingly degenerated into violence. Several groups have sprung up dedicated to converting all demonstrations into riots.

The Vietnam war is the immediate frustration, but there are others. The danger is that demonstrations about particular national issues will become a practice of blind defiance to authority, as if American democratic institutions did not exist, or there were no elections to provide an opportunity for changing policy—as if autocracy, indeed, prevailed. This is the danger that American leaders have to take seriously. —*The Times.*

VIOLENCE IS apparently the last thing in the minds of the great bulk of demonstrators. If it comes it will be from the small groups of extremists who seek it for its own sake. Reports [on November 15] indicated that, across the country, the turnouts were slightly below those of October, possibly because of the worsened weather. Our impression, gained from afar certainly, is that President Nixon is winning through on his policy of an orderly withdrawal from Vietnam instead of a rout. No yellow-belly triumph, in other words. Let us hope that proves to be correct.

—*The Daily Telegraph.*

MANCHESTER: Life or Death

LIMITATION of strategic arms talks present a task of appalling difficulty to the leaders on each side, yet it is a matter of life and death to all of us that the talks should not fail. If they are to succeed, they must be held on their own merit.

If the two powers manage to safeguard their balance of terror, this might affect other areas in the equation, such as Europe. If nuclear war is more convincingly ruled out, conventional forces may become relatively more important, and this could offer the Russians an advantage in Europe, since they have more of these.

But these factors must not be allowed to impede progress on the essential issue. The aim of the talks is not disarmament, though an eventual reduction of arms ought to be one outcome. It is to preserve the security offered to each power, and to the rest of us, by the nuclear stalemate. A balance of terror already exists, but it is threatened by technological advances. These threaten to tempt either side into the belief that it could strike a first blow and get away with it.

—*The Guardian.*

BERLIN: Great and Courageous

IT WAS ONE OF the greatest speeches of an American President in recent times [President Nixon's November 3 address]. It was honest. . . . It was courageous in that Nixon harnessed his political fate with a plan designated to be independent of what takes place in Paris. . . . And he developed ideas that should interest the Europeans . . . certain fundamental ideas regarding American responsibility in the world and the need of each nation directly threatened to take over the main burden of its own defense.

—*Der Tagesspiegel.*

MUNICH: False Assumption

NIXON not only continues to believe in the false assumption that the United States' reputation as a world power is at stake over Vietnam. He also brings the old domino theory into play again. . . . Nixon places all his cards on the Vietnamization of the war. . . . But how he will find his way out of the vicious circle remains, after his speech, just as much of a riddle as before.

—*Süddeutsche Zeitung.*

TOKYO: Common Problems

THE CURRENT stage of world history is moving toward a new post-industrial society, and it is predicted that the new age will change the rules of U.S. relations with other countries. Now, I have noted that the United States also has its domestic problem of how to build an urbanized society that will fit the age of information. What is true for the United States is true to a lesser degree for Japan. The two countries across the Pacific have similar and common problems, but the ways they react to the problems are different. The common nature of the troubles besetting Japan and the United States and their different approaches to solving these problems will present a great show to the world of the 1970s. Japan and the United States are neither partners without disagreement nor rivals in bitter conflict. Rather they may be called research colleagues, each in its own way trying its best to solve their common problems. —*Jiro Sakamoto, The Japan Times Weekly.*

RAWALPINDI: Peace with Honor

PRESIDENT NIXON may be wholly right in warning that the moratoriums will reduce statecraft to slogans and invite anarchy. There is, indeed, real danger that the peaceful non-violent strike may ultimately assume a violent shape and imperil law and order. The American people want peace in Vietnam, and, if Mr. Nixon's problem is to have peace with honor, perhaps the one way out would be the declaration of a unilateral cease-fire in Vietnam. This will not affect U.S. prestige or hurt its interests but add a new and dynamic element to American policy in Asia. This is also bound to evoke a positive response from Hanoi. It is idle to hope that something would turn up at the Paris talks to brighten peace prospects or that the National Liberation Front will allow the war to subside with the result that Hanoi then sues for peace. The initiative to end the conflict must come from Washington—in keeping with the national consensus in the United States against this worthless, wasteful, cruel war.

—*The Pakistan Times.*

MILAN: Secret Agreement

THE DISSENSION between President Nixon and that part of the American public—be it a majority or a minority—that agitates and makes demonstrations for peace lies in the alternative between an immediate and unconditional withdrawal of troops and a gradual withdrawal to be effected within a little more than a year. . . . What can preserve confidence in American leadership is not the difference between an immediate and a gradual withdrawal but the matter of whether it is effected with the consent of the ally, that is, without betrayal of the ally. But in order to know whether a government is loyal to an agreement we must know the text of the

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agreement. And the agreements between the American government and that of Saigon are secret. In the first issue of a new French weekly, *Actualité*, historian Philippe Devillers made important revelations. President Johnson, he says, made a written agreement with President Thieu on November 26, 1968, in which the United States undertook: 1) never to negotiate directly with the National Liberation Front; 2) never to make a separate armistice; 3) never to force Saigon to accept a coalition government. We do not know if and to what extent these revelations are true. The source may be the Saigon delegation to the Paris talks, in which case they are credible. If so, Nixon has inherited not only a far from brilliant military situation, but also a committed and compromised diplomatic position. . . . How can America both get out and preserve its honor? Obviously by wringing its ally's consent to every step of the withdrawal. We cannot be sure but that, in the end, Thieu and his companions may board the last departing American ship and withdraw themselves from the country.

—Il Corriere della Sera.

TAIPEI: No Compromise

IN RECENT weeks, Communist representatives at the Paris talks have hardened their negative attitude toward peace proposals. The Communists are trying to increase American domestic pressures for Vietnam withdrawal. They have rejected the peace plan proposed by President Nixon and face-to-face talks suggested by President Thieu. North Vietnam still insists on unconditional withdrawal of U.S. and Allied troops from Vietnam and dissolution of Thieu's government before talking peace.

This double blackmailing by the Communists is encouraged by U.S. toleration of Communist aggression and the advocacies of American appeasers.

The Vietcong peace plan calls for a coalition government, withdrawal of all Allied troops, and communization of the south. Newly established by the Vietcong is the "Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam."

Yet, Washington has begun unilateral troop withdrawals and ignored the threat of the Provisional Revolutionary Government.

Communist demands leave no room for compromise. The Communists are keeping the United States busy on the battlefield while waging a propaganda war at the Paris peace talks and inciting American opposition to the war.

—New Life Daily, Taipei.

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Justice for All

IT WOULD be to the great credit of *Le Nouvel Observateur* to make it clear that Jews, Israelites, and socialists in Israel are struggling . . . to live side by side with the Arabs in peace, understanding, and, above all, equality. It is up to your magazine to show also that war, guerrillas, and terrorism resolve nothing, but rather increase the acuity of the problem. May the young Arabs help us to live in peace and may we all be united in the refusal of collective suicide. We Israelis and Palestinians are well aware that, "if it is good to live and die for one's country, it is still better to have a country that one can live and die for."

—Serge Guess, Jerusalem, Le Nouvel Observateur.

The Discoverer

IN A CAPTION to an illustration of the article "America Seen from the Air," you said that Arizona was discovered by Fra Marco da Nizza, the guide, in 1539, of a group of explorers under the command of Captain Francisco Coronado. Actually the discoverer of New Mexico and Arizona was a member of my family, Father Eusebio Chini, born at Segno in Val di Non in the province of Trento. . . . A few years ago, at the request of some reservation Indians, the American government set up an equestrian monument to Father Eusebio Chini at the Capitol in Washington. Just last year his grave was discovered in a church that he built in Arizona.

—Valentino Chini, Oggi, Milan.

Unfare

WHILE I was spending my vacation in Földvár, friends came to visit me from Szemes. They made the trip on the "Balaton Express," and in addition to the regular railway tickets they were required to buy special tickets for reserved seats. The whole trip was nine kilometers and took twelve minutes ("which we could have made standing on one foot"). The railway ticket cost 5 forints and 50 fillérs, while the reserved seat ticket cost six forints. Can you top that?

—Radványi, Ludas Matyi, Budapest.

The Menacing Computer

THE REPORT by Gerald Leach of Dr. Grey Walter's research, showing that computers can already "read" what people are thinking, makes disturbing reading.

Will it soon be no longer true that "the power of speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts"? Maybe a scrambler might be used to give us some protection, but I suppose that—in the words of Kai Lung—this would denote a marked lack of sincerity, particularly among intimates.

Anyway, by the time the thought-reading computer comes into general use, Big Brother will have outlawed all forms of protective device.

—Dr. Alan Gilston, The Observer, London.

Moral Decline

AS A MINISTER of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I am shocked to read that the Canadian government has legalized homosexual acts between consenting adults as an amendment to the Criminal Code.

The whole of Canada is now in a state of moral decline.

—The Reverend William Scott, The Telegram, Toronto.

Music for Peace

MY NAME is Natasha, and I am only nineteen. Not so much, I'm afraid, but not so little, either. I haven't had time to do anything serious. I've been studying for thirteen years—first in school and now at the piano department of the Volgograd School of Arts.

I'm learning to love music, to understand it, to bring people joy. Because music is, probably, happiness. At any rate, it is for me. I can listen for hours to Bach, Beethoven, Liszt, Chopin, and Tchaikovsky. I can play for hours and dream of one day playing on the stage, making the audience enter the world of music, a world of beauty, and making them fall in love with that world.

Sometimes I feel like sitting down at the piano and playing so that the whole world would stop and listen, so there would be nothing but music, so that people would forget that there exists such a thing as evil, so that all the wars in the world would cease. If all the people on our planet understood the language of the beautiful, then boys would never get killed far from their homes, and mothers would never have to cry for those who have not returned.

—Natasha Shatlovskaya, Soviet Woman, Moscow.

Scriptures in Hotels

I APPRECIATE the sentiments of V. R. Venkataraman under the caption "Scriptures in Hotels," but I would like to point out that keeping scriptures of any kind in places such as hotels where many things take place is not appropriate. Once a gentleman offered a cigarette to his guest who declined to accept on the plea that he was carrying a pocket edition of Holy Koran. In my opinion the most appropriate places to keep the scriptures are hospital rooms and wards.

—P. C. Malhotra, The Hindu, Madras.

—COMPILED BY NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Mission to Belfast

AFTER MEETING the mummies of St. Michan's Church face to face on a gray afternoon in Dublin, there seemed only one way to overcome the chill in my bones, and that was to repair to the nearest pub for a hot whisky or two. I was on my third, I think, when the Irish lass beside me, herself a bit pale from the haunting subterranean tour, asked if I'd like to take another walk on the wild side the following day. In a conspiratorial whisper she said she was going up to Belfast.

Anyone else plotting a journey to the embattled capital of the six counties of Northern Ireland might have had revolution on her mind, but in the eyes of my collaborator I could see only mischief. She wasn't going to smuggle guns to her Catholic brethren up north, she wasn't going to blow up a Protestant shrine, she wasn't even going to sate her journalistic curiosity as a reporter for one of Dublin's daily newspapers. She was going to buy a maxicoat.

This mission, she assured me, would not be without hazard. Buying the coat itself would be no trick: Belfast shops carry many of London's latest styles and gladly sell to customers of all political and religious persuasions. Her task would come in trying to get the coat back into the Republic, past the prying eyes of Irish Customs officials, who, even with the vision of Mr. Magoo, would have little trouble spotting the purchase. Maxicoats don't constitute a form of contraband, but Irish from the twenty-six counties are permitted to bring back only £5 of merchandise duty-free from the Ulster six.

I wish I could introduce this bold colleen by name, but that would only get her in Dutch with Customs. May I call her Molly Malone?

Molly also hoped to corner in Belfast a couple of volumes that remain forbidden on the Republic's book market. Tops on her list were *Portnoy's Complaint* and *The Love Machine*. I talked her out of the second choice.

"We can't get anything to read here," she whined. "Do you know that *Catcher in the Rye* was banned in Ireland until two years ago?"

Between the hot whiskies and Molly's hard sell I was persuaded to put off for a day a trip down to Wexford. So we sat among the crush of early evening customers in the Lord Edward —a buzzing new pub and restaurant across the road from Christ Church— and mapped out strategy. It was my suggestion that we drive to Belfast, for no other reason than to confront the itchy border guards who had been alerted that week to checking all cars on suspicion of smuggling arms into Ulster. Molly welcomed the prospect of a border incident but prevailed on me to take the train so we could conserve time and energy, Irish highway travel remaining as balky as a few other national institutions.

With that settled, we squeezed out of the lounge and went upstairs to eat. Dublin restaurants have been on the wane in recent years, ever since the Red Bank was closed down and converted into a church by an obscure order of American priests; the Dolphin on Essex Street became a Wild West saloon and night club; and Jammet's gave way to a showy establishment called the Nassau. Now the Lord Edward, named for the first commander-in-chief of the Irish Army, has taken up some of the slack, staffed as it is by most of the old Red Bank crew, including Jerry Ferns, the chef, who does magical things with prawns and lobsters.

We caught the 8:30 express the next morning at Connolly Station, and because it was Thursday, the day's excursion fare was half the usual $6.25 round trip. Saturday the rate is even less, about $1.80. Those two days the coaches are filled with the likes of Molly Malone, shoppers eager to take advantage of Northern Ireland's lower prices on household furnishings, dairy products, and clothing styles too outlandish for a country still clinging dearly to tweeds and heavy sweaters. Molly suspected the train also held a few fireworks dealers who were making last-minute supply runs in preparation for Halloween the following night. I think she was comforted by the presence of these fellow smugglers.

Her spirits stayed up as the train rammed north through the misty green countryside, but they began to sag noticeably around 9:30 when we pulled into Dundalk, the last stop before the Northern Ireland border. If anything, the landscape was becoming greener and more beautiful, but psychologically Molly was leaving one world and entering another. She looked glumly out the dining car window. "The Black North we call it," she said.

Belfast, whatever the season or religious climate, is not an attractive city, least of all from the window of a train passing block after block of dirty red-brick row houses with gray slate roofs. A day that had begun in glinting sunshine had fallen to drizzling gloom by the time the train pulled into Belfast's Great Victoria Street Station at 11:45 a.m., precisely on schedule. Passengers filed off the train and spilled onto Belfast's sober Victorian streets, pushed more by a plodding sense of mission than by any air of festivity. They were laborers going to work.

Belfast's centerpiece is a massive City Hall, towering like a Renaissance

(*Continued on page 71*)

—*H. Christoph, Black Star.*

Barricades in Belfast—"an air of ghostliness, a sense of desolation."

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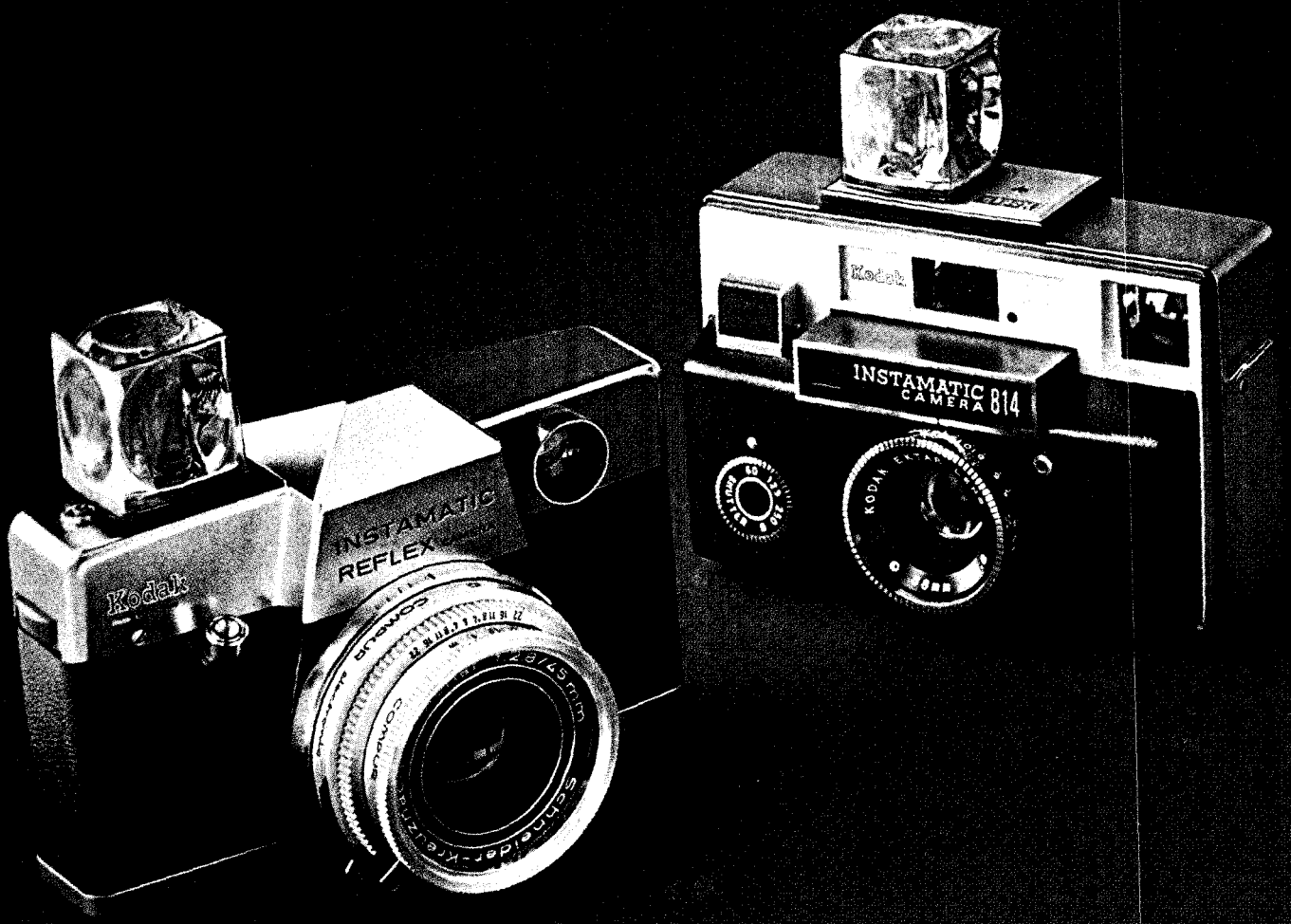

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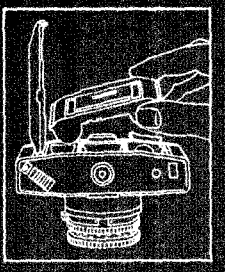

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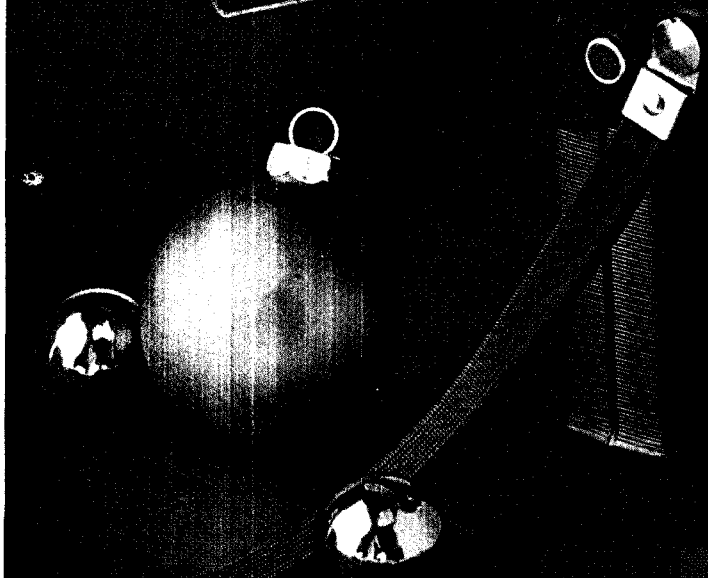

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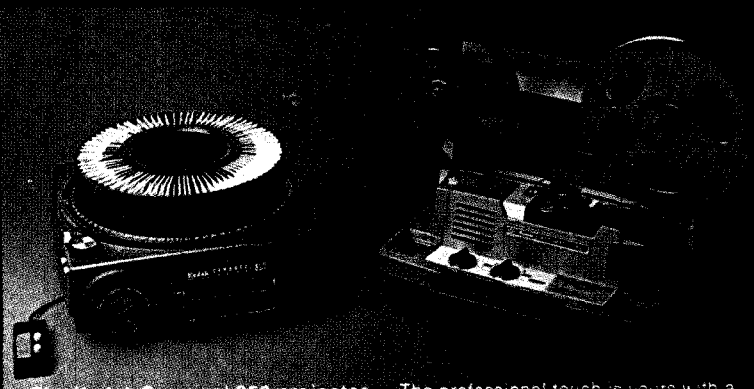

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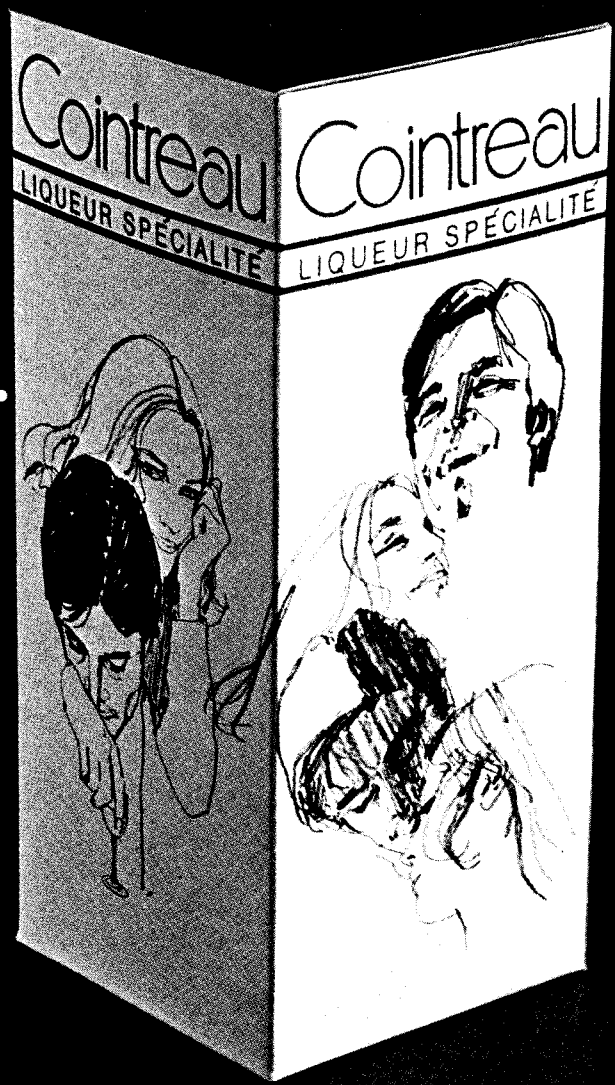

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(*Continued from page* 66)
palace out of a broad green lawn in the heart of town. It affords refuge in its myriad crannies to flocks of pigeons, and at its front gates to old women selling flowers. Royal Avenue, looping north from City Hall, is the main commercial street, the destination of girls in search of maxicoats. There are branches of such London clothiers as Marks & Spencer, C&A, and Austin Reed, and in one of those, I don't remember which, Molly, with little deliberation, picked out and bought a fuzzy, gray maxicoat.

There was nothing in the bustle of noontime to suggest a city in strife, until an armored personnel carrier rumbled by, the helmeted head of a British soldier peeping from the hatch. Against the everyday surroundings of Royal Avenue, it looked like an outsize Christmas toy.

We stopped in a book shop, but Molly's choices were carried only in hard-cover; so we moved on. She accompanied me to the Northern Ireland Tourist Board, which has been struggling mightily to convince the world that the civil outbursts in Belfast and Derry last August should not detract from Ulster's appeal as a tourist destination. "Visitors must by no means get the impression that Northern Ireland is in a state of civil war," a tourist board operative told us. "Thousands have come this year and were never aware—apart from seeing the odd soldier or two—of anything untoward."

"People from the Republic?" Molly cut in. I could see she was simmering.

"People from everywhere," he said.

"Well, what about the boys from the *Irish Times*? They went into a hotel in Belfast to phone a story, and they were thrown out because of their accents."

Gently I intervened before Belfast's latest civil clash could boil over, and hauled Molly back onto Royal Avenue. At lunchtime we met two of her newspaper colleagues, Henry Kelly and Nigel Brown, and over broth and sandwiches they sketched in Belfast's popular new tourist attractions: Shankill Road, Falls Road, and Unity Flats, around which the August trouble had brewed, and the Reverend Ian Paisley's recently dedicated church on Raven Hill Road. Kelly, who is called "Scoop" because he dashes about with a stop-the-presses glint in his eye, advised us not to enter the ghettos of contention on foot, and told Molly, if she found herself surrounded by Protestants in Shankill Road, to keep her brogue to herself.

We rented a car and drove up Shankill Road, hardly a holler from Royal Avenue. So numerous were the Union Jacks hanging from unbroken rows of two-story brick Victorian houses and shops that we might have been following a parade route for Queen Elizabeth. Down each narrow side street red and blue streamers were strung high above the pavement. Sawhorse barricades, out of use, had been pulled back from the street corners. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, UP WITH BILLY, and other pro-Protestant legends were splashed on every open stretch of brick wall. On the sidewalks women walked behind prams; knots of men—some old, some unemployed — hung about corners and entrances to pubs. Here and there, bristling like human arsenals, stood British Army soldiers in full battle dress with carbines at the ready, some speaking into walkie-talkies. There were upwards of 5,000 troops stationed in Belfast, a like number in Derry, where that day Bernadette Devlin was addressing a commission investigating the trouble.

I parked the car on Shankill. Molly, cast out in an alien land, walked silently beside me, clutching the bag containing her maxicoat. She hung back as I approached three paratroopers in maroon berets who were on their way, it turned out, to a launderette. One, a Yorkshire lad, talked freely with me. He was thankful for the ease of duty ("We're getting along well. They like us.") and looked forward to moving from a deserted warehouse to a more commodious bivouac in a biscuit factory. He was very young, but his rifle made him look much older.

Near Unity Flats, a Catholic housing development at the bottom of Shankill Road, an urban renewal project had cleared away several square blocks. The ruin might have been the work of bombers rather than of wrecking balls. In the Catholic ghetto along Falls Road there was an air of ghostliness, a sense of desolation. Here, too, brick walls bore the signs of strife: FALLS WILL NEVER FALL. JOIN NA FIANNA EIREANN (referring to the Irish independence movement). Against the late afternoon gloom I could make out the crouching figures of British soldiers atop a distant roof. We had the name of a Falls Road pub, but neither of us, I think, felt like stopping in.

Before catching the 6:30 train back to Dublin, we met Scoop Kelly at a pub called Robinson's across from the station, one of the rare places in either Ireland, Kelly claimed, that still dispenses bottles of Plain Porter, a rough Guinness brew long favored by frugal drinking stalwarts. On a television news program, we learned of a report that a bridge over the River Boyne—near the scene of William III's victory over James II in 1690, an event still joyously celebrated by Northern Orangemen—was about to be mined by the Ulster Volunteer Force. Irish Army troops had been called out to guard the bridge, over which our train would pass.

On the trip back, Kelly kept up a non-stop mimicry of Ian Paisley and other figures in the news, while Molly fretted about her imminent Customs confrontation at Dundalk. First she thought of pinning up the coat, then wondered whether to rip out the label and say she had bought it weeks earlier in England. By Dundalk she had taken Kelly's advice, and, buttoning the coat top to bottom, trooped past the Customs table without receiving more than a sidelong glance. Kelly was asked to open his suitcase.

We crossed the Boyne without incident, Molly holding her breath until the lights from the bridge were out of sight. I know it sounds hoked up to say we found Dublin resting quietly beneath a starlit night, but we did. I won't add that Molly glided from the station without a stumble, because she didn't.

WIT TWISTER #142

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

She bared her lovely _ _ _ _,
while the old man
Took _ _ _ _ and powdered
pigments from the shelf.
She saw the needle _ _ _ _;
and thus began
The crude tatooing of her flawless self.

(*Answer on page* 93)

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

A Mass Not for the Masses

THE FINAL PRODUCTION of the three brought here by the Polish Laboratory Theatre, *Apocalypsis cum Figuris*, is, I suspect, the most integral of all this group's notable work to date. The play was arrived at most unusually. As conceived by the director, Jerzy Grotowski, and his company, it places the action in the present, and imagines a situation in which a group of intensely corrupt people set out to make a bawdy and sacrilegious entertainment about the Second Coming. In it they use a village idiot to play the role of Christ.

At first the actors improvised not only all the action but also whatever words were needed. After the work was fully shaped, verbal matter from existing classics was found to replace the lines thought up by the performers. The final dialogue came primarily from the Bible, from Dostoevski's *The Brothers Karamazov*, and from poems by T.S. Eliot, and from the writings of Simone Weil.

There is a holiness about the enterprise that has nothing to do with God. Grotowski has said that he does not believe either in God or in a life after death. Yet, he is uncompromising in his insistence that the audience experience in his theater be as pure as a service in the strictest monastery. In the vestibule of the Washington Square Methodist Church where the company is performing, one is asked to leave behind as much of one's worldly accouterments as one dares, and also to read a six-page synopsis *cum explicationibus*, which is somewhat helpful but fails to supply the kind of orientation a brief episode-by-episode description might have provided.

When the audience, limited to forty persons a night, enters to sit on benches placed against two adjacent walls of the church, the cast of seven is lying on the cleared auditorium floor. The action begins with a violent sacrilege in which a girl appears to be consuming sacramental blood from the side of one of the actors. He in turn takes what we assume to be a communion loaf of bread and proceeds to violate it by using it as a fornication partner. This mood is continued when six of the actors dressed in white costumes decide to involve in their games the village idiot, who wears nothing but a black overcoat.

From this point on the significance of the action is hard to follow, but in many events the company is exhilaratingly liberated into demonic expression. Only the idiot with his instincts for simplicity is immune from debasement. While the demonic spirit is leading the others into sophisticated orgies, he pulls his coat over his head and runs in a circle around them. The contrast is intensely theatrical and demonstrates how the impulse to physical excess manifests itself very differently in different people.

These proceedings take place in an eerie light provided by a couple of spotlights placed on the floor at one corner of the room. Eventually these lights are extinguished and the final scene is lighted only by seven candles carried in by the actors. In this candlelight, the party merges into the Last Supper. Then the sacrifice of the Passover lamb, the buying and selling and the cleansing of the Temple, and the subsequent vigil by the cross are re-enacted. There is a brutal scene in which the idiot and one of his persecutors flagellate each other with a towel, and ultimately, as the candles are put out, the idiot is banished. The final words are "Go and come no more."

The simpleton is played by Ryszard Cieslak, who is certainly one of the world's truly great actors. He does not pretend a virtuousness nor ask our sympathy for his agony. Rather he gives himself totally to the task of being more nakedly human than society customarily sanctions. Thus, his portrayal of the idiot serves the dramatic purpose of confronting us with the question, "Wouldn't the world be even more cruel to a Christlike character today than it was 2,000 years ago?" For although the idiot is by no means a replica of Christ, he has the same effect in that his incorruptibility antagonizes nearly everyone.

However, *Apocalypsis* delivered as it is in Polish moves us not by its story, which we cannot really follow, but by the intensity and theatricality of its performance. It is a perfect demonstration that the theater can challenge society by simple, genuine commitment to values that most of us give only as much attention to as we think we can afford.

One of the most amusing and touching plays of the season is Oliver Hailey's *Who's Happy Now?* which opened at Off-Broadway's Village South Theatre on Vandam Street. The play is a slightly satirical reminiscence by a son about his father who openly maintains a mistress named Faye Precious, while stubbornly insisting the mother be totally faithful and subservient to him. He also seems to hate his son, partly because the son is a witness to his maltreatment of his wife, and partly because the boy wants to write songs rather than become a butcher like himself. The son desperately seeks his father's love, and even makes the compromise of writing a song filled with butcher's terms, e.g., "My heart is on the block."

The play, set in a rundown Texas town called Sun Ray, takes its time, but if you are willing to go along with it, you may ultimately find delight in its wry sense of humor. Teresa Wright plays the mother fairly straight. Robert Darnell slightly exaggerates the father's comic meanness. And Rue McClanahan is both warm and funny as the not too bright and considerate mistress.

If the Vice President is going to criticize TV, perhaps he should pay a visit to the Channel One Theater, 62 East 4th Street, and find out how experts really deal with the subject. There, a show called *Groove Tube*, written by Kenneth Shapiro and Lane Sarasohn, is shown to an audience on three TV monitors. Although it contains, as yet, no parody of newscasters, it does make outrageously funny a number of familiar TV inanities.

The most amusing sketch is one about a home cooking program that asks feats that would confound the head chef on the *France*. And not far behind is an escapade with Ko-Ko the Clown, who delivers silliness to parents and pornography to kids.

The Wide World of Sports is satirized when a commentator tries to describe the finals of the "Sex Olympics" in purely athletic terms, and many trite commercials are devastated by the disparity between picture and message. It is a short, entertaining evening that goes well beyond anything you'll ever see on *Laugh-In*.

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Yesterday Rosalba became a Foster Child.

Tomorrow she will get soap so she can wash her hair. And everyone in her family will have soap, too.

She and her family will get regular dental and medical attention.

Soon she and her brothers and sisters will have shoes to wear to school.

Within a month she will have a dress that is not torn.

For the first time Rosalba will know what it's like to eat at least one wholesome meal, what it's like to fall asleep without gnawing hunger keeping her awake.

Most of all, she'll understand that someone somewhere cares. Someone thoughtful and loving enough to give $16 a month to Foster Parents Plan. Someone whose sole satisfaction will be to read of his Foster Child's progress in monthly letters. Letters from Rosalba herself and translated by PLAN. Someone who knows how important it is in this world to take a dismal, hopeless yesterday and change it into a tomorrow worth living for.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Haefliger's Schubert, Bach by Tureck

THE "OTHER" Ernst Haefliger occupied the stage of Carnegie Hall lately, putting forth all the arts and wiles of song singing that he had to forgo at his appearances with George Szell and the Philharmonic Orchestra the week before as tenor in the solo quartet of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony. It was, on the whole, more than a fair exchange (which, traditionally, qualifies as no larceny). It gave the artist in Haefliger (and he is a considerable one) the opportunity to show a side of his qualifications that the vocalist in Haefliger has to be more than a little guarded about these days.

It is a long time since an audience at a recital by a male singer in New York has been offered so much in finesse, refinement, and sheer intellectual acumen. The partisans of some other excellent recitalists of recent years may rise in challenge, but the best have rather more seductive sound with which to work, and thus enjoy an asset in which the Swiss tenor is now dealing sparingly.

What Haefliger offered to reward an audience of modest size for defying rain and cold was not really assisted either by the surroundings or the program. Carnegie is a challenge to any vocalist, and a bigger challenge for one of restricted volume than for others. An all-Schubert list of twenty items that lack one of his song cycles, as this one did, demands a kind of "instant change" talent not in large supply at any time. But, for each limitation with which he was confronted, Haefliger presented an offsetting recourse. In the aggregate, this enabled him to show an even higher command of the singer's art than may be the case when limitations are fewer and the struggle for supremacy less crucial.

What could be expected from the singer was, in a way, predicated on his choice of Franz Rupp as pianist. It is more than thirty-five years since the German-born Rupp first appeared on a New York stage as a participant in a song recital (Heinrich Schlusnus was the singer), and he has probably given up hoping for one whom he can tower over (Rupp is in the five-five category). But he also has yet to encounter one with whom he is not on equal terms artistically, and the tallish Haefliger is no exception. When the tenor deferred to the pianist in the third stanza of "Auf dem Wasser zu singen" and let him carry the burden of the words as they floated by, one knew the two men had a perfect understanding as to which Schubert they were interpreting—a Schubert in which the sum of each one's part made for a whole.

Previously, Haefliger had measured his mettle against the surroundings in "An die Leier" (a difficult song with which to begin any recital) and found it not wanting. In the following "Dass sie hier gewesen," he added the artful execution of a mordent on the word "*kund*" to establish that he was capable of the kind of vocal discipline Schubert expected. In "Du bist die Ruh" (more a woman's song than a man's), Haefliger moved his range up a notch to A flat in tracing the outline of one of the most difficult songs in the repertory to sustain; in the following "Frühlingssehnsucht" he made a syllabic swish of Ludwig Rellstab's sibilants in conformity with the rustling background that the composer provided in the piano part.

Thereafter, as song succeeded song and problems solved gave way to problems to be solved, the interest was not merely sustained but renewed by the deftness, imagination, and taste with which Haefliger put the stamp of his own intellect on the collaboration of poet and composer. Some might say that so much intellect would tend to produce the intellectualized, and such may have been the case at some points. But his enterprise in venturing such infrequently heard songs as "Die Götter Griechenlands," "Der Winterabend," and, particularly, settings of Johann Gabriel Seidl ("Nachthelle") and Johann Wolfgang Goethe ("Im Gegenwärtigen"), for which a male chorus of sixteen or so voices was required, was confirmation that the "intellectual approach" may confer greater good than harm.

On the following evening, Carnegie Hall was again a focal point of interest, the scene of one-half of a Bach-Mahler confrontation, in which music lovers could exercise an option between four of one or six of the other. More specifically, it was four Bach clavier concerti played (with orchestra) by Rosalyn Tureck in Carnegie versus the Sixth Symphony of Mahler played by the Philharmonic under George Szell's direction in Lincoln Center. With an intermission, the four works of Bach hardly took more time than the single one of Mahler (performed without a break). If there is a moral to be pointed here, those who were brought up to believe that it is bad form to point will beg to be excused.

Miss Tureck's energetic, well-informed performances of the Concerti in F minor (No. 5), D minor (No. 1), A major (No. 4), and G minor (No. 7) brought to mind the famous anecdote involving the late Wanda Landowska and her conversation with another Bach devotee. After exchanging their pros and cons, Mme. Landowska said in kindly summary to her adversary: "You play Bach your way, and I'll play Bach his way."

There is not the least doubt that, as a product of devotion, delving, and application, Miss Tureck plays Bach exactly as she thinks he might have played it—or wanted it played. Thus it has great virtues of strength, clarity, and inner integrity. But her commitment to her beliefs is so strong that she loads her side of the argument rather perilously toward imbalance. In the D-minor Concerto, for example, which has served organists and violinists as well as keyboard instrumentalists, the string ensemble of approximately twenty was rarely allowed to raise its voice louder than that of the solo instrument. When Miss Tureck played softly, it played more softly; when she played more softly, it played more softly still—but never, in a month of Sundays, more loudly.

Those who listened intently for the contrapuntal interplay heard it with great clarity from the piano, but rarely with similar distinction from the strings. To speculate that Miss Tureck, who directs the orchestra from the piano bench, is for this reason unaware of the imbalance is both too obvious and too derogatory of her musicianship. She doubtless has some very good theoretical reason which does not quite prevail in the practice.

There were fine moments of repose and eloquence in the slow movement of this work and the ones that preceded and followed, and a rare kind of delicacy in one episode of the D-minor's finale. But, come the *tuttis*, it was all piano and not many strings—an inadequate solution of any collaborative problem, be it in Bach or Bartók.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Signals: One, Two, Three

PEOPLE in the cable television industry have greeted a new FCC order affecting them as "a mixed bag—some good, some bad." The order requires cable TV systems with more than 3,500 subscribers (less than 10 per cent of a total of 2,260 systems in the country) to begin originating programs on January 1, 1971.

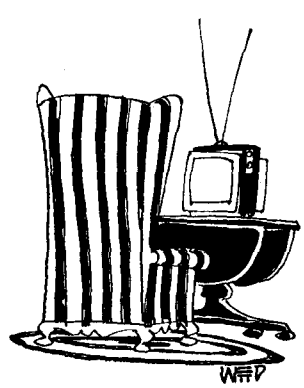
Cable TV operators point out that, in order to originate programs, they will have to invest in expensive equipment; they do acknowledge, however, that an accompanying FCC rule permitting them to sell advertising, if they wish, could produce profits to help defray costs. Cablecast commercials, under the FCC rule, would be restricted to "natural breaks" in programs, as in the British independent commercial television system.

The crucial issue for the growth of the cable TV industry remains unresolved: Will cable TV systems continue to be kept out of the top 100 markets (where 90 per cent of the TV-viewing audience lives) because of FCC restrictions on their capacity to bring programs from distant stations to their subscribers by master antennae and wire connections? When the chairman of the FCC announced the restrictions on distant signals in December 1968, he said they would be "helpful" to the cable TV industry. A CATV spokesman commented at that time: "They help us like an embalmer helps a corpse."

The Department of Justice, a strong advocate of cable TV's power to provide greater diversity and more competition in programing, has repeatedly prodded the FCC to permit CATV to achieve its full growth potential. Although President Johnson's Task Force on Telecommunications reported that cable TV was "the most promising" of a number of methods that could be imagined for expanding the number of channels, the FCC has maintained that cable TV's growth should be "orderly," and that it should not be permitted to hurt the development of UHF stations. The cable TV operators charge that the commission has been outrageously protective of the present monopoly enjoyed by the over-the-air broadcasters. The new FCC order, they assert, is merely a small bone thrown to them in the frustrating game of delay and overkill. Yet, a close reading of the new order, in the context of planned Congressional action, suggests that the order could lead to a favorable turning point in cable television's growth.

Senator John L. McClellan's Subcommittee on Patents, Trademarks, and Copyrights is expected to report out, at any moment, a bill revising the general copyright law. An item in that bill, applicable to cable TV, may provide that system operators pay a fee (3 per cent of revenues) to copyright owners of programs. In return, cable operators will be permitted to bring distant signals into the top 100 markets under a formula of "adequate service," which specifies three network stations plus three independent, commercial stations for each market. If a market already has this service, a cable TV system may not import distant signals. The Department of Justice has argued against any such "maximum" limitation; it urges unlimited importation of distant signals to allow competition in the public interest, provided only that "minimum service" to a market shall not be violated—namely, one, two, or three stations, as the FCC may decide, in each particular case.

The cable TV operators would like to see the McClellan committee adopt the minimum service concept; acknowledging, however, the lobbying power of the over-the-air broadcasters in the Congress, they realistically expect no better than the adequate service formula. Under that formula the cable TV operators would still be frozen out of the top twenty markets, because these markets already have three network and three independent stations. A cable system could not sign up subscribers because it could not offer them any more than they are already receiving on television. Sales potential would improve slightly in the next twenty to thirty markets, because cable TV could offer subscribers one additional signal. The next forty-five markets could bring larger opportunities, because two additional signals could be offered. In the bottom six markets, where only three stations currently broadcast, cable TV sales would probably begin immediately.



Thus, in eighty markets, cable TV could offer subscribers one to three additional signals. This, plus the opportunity of selling commercials and earning revenue by originating or "cablecasting" programs (which could also be sent along interconnected cable TV networks), might conceivably mean the difference between entry and non-entry into a market, and between financial success and failure. One cable TV operator said, if such a pattern were to develop in the lower eighty of the top 100 markets, it would inevitably lead to the inclusion of the remaining twenty markets at the top in a national wired pattern.

A bill emerging from the McClellan committee, of course, must pass the full Senate and House before it becomes law. The over-the-air broadcasters have strong supporters in the Congress, and they could block the bill. In that case, the major problem in CATV—importation of distant signals—would be right back in the lap of the FCC, which in the past has assiduously tried to avoid having to make its own decision on the matter, because of the issue's highly controversial nature. The commission has always looked to the Congress and the courts for "guidance." The Supreme Court, in *United Artists vs. Fortnightly Corporation* (1968), ruled that cable TV systems need not pay copyright fees; but the commission later actually reversed the Supreme Court's ruling by requiring cable TV systems to seek copyright clearance.

The promise of cable TV transcends entertainment diversity; it has important implications for common carrier use so that minority groups, presently restricted in over-the-air broadcasting, can have meaningful access to television. The Department of Justice, which has seen more clearly in this matter than any other government agency, had the wisest words when it said on April 7, 1969, in a filing with the FCC:

> The extent to which it is desirable to take affirmative steps to insure preservation of basic over-the-air television service as an alternative to cable remains a difficult and complex question; but it must be resolved on the basis of the public interest in an efficient overall communications system, rather than the economic difficulties (actual or imagined) of those with vested interests in established communications technology.

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The Year's Best Recordings

FOR CHRISTMAS shoppers (and others), RECORDINGS presents this annual compilation of classical releases reviewed favorably in these pages since the appearance of the last such list a year ago. Within each of the three major categories (orchestral; chamber and instrumental; vocal), collections of miscellaneous content follow the items listed under composers' names. Recordings of electronic music are listed in the "chamber and instrumental" category. All discs listed are stereo unless marked "M" for mono. The designation "E" after the company name signifies a mono original artificially "rechanneled" for stereo. An asterisk (*) preceding a listing indicates a reissue, and especially recommended items are indicated by †. Save where otherwise indicated, recommendations derive from reviews by Recordings Editor Irving Kolodin. Other reviewers are: [H.W.] Herbert Weinstock, [R.J.] Robert Jacobson, [R.L.] Robert Lawrence, [O.D.] Oliver Daniel, [R.G.] Roland Gelatt, [B.S.] Boris Schwarz, [G.L.M.] George Louis Mayer.

Orchestral

Bach, C.P.E.: *Flute Concertos in D minor & G major.* Hans-Martin Linde; with Lucerne Festival Strings under Rudolf Baumgartner (DGG Archive).

†**Bach, C.P.E.:** *4 "Hamburg" Symphonies (W. 182).* Collegium Aureum (Victrola).

†**Bartók:** *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta.* **Stravinsky:** *Firebird Suite, 1910 version.* Pierre Boulez conducting BBC Symphony Orch. (Columbia).

Bassett: *Variations for Orchestra.* Jonathan Sternberg conducting Zurich Radio Orch. **Donovan:** *Passacaglia on Vermont Folk Tunes; Epos.* Jan Krenz conducting Polish Radio Orch. (CRI).

Beethoven: *Piano Concertos Nos. 1-5; 3 Sets of Solo Variations.* Emil Gilels; with George Szell cond. Cleveland Orch. in Concertos (Angel).

Beethoven: *Piano Concerto No. 5.* Robert Casadesus; with Hans Rosbaud conducting the Concertgebouw Orch., Amsterdam (Odyssey).

†**Berlioz:** *Harold in Italy.* Walter Trampler, viola; with Georges Prêtre conducting the London Symphony Orch. (RCA).

†**Berwald:** *Overtures & Tone Poems.* Sixten Ehrling conducting the Swedish Radio Orch. (Nonesuch).

Berwald: *Symphonies in C (Singulière) & E flat.* Sixten Ehrling conducting London Symphony Orch. (London).

Brahms: *Piano Concerto No. 2.* Edwin Fischer; with Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting the Berlin Philharmonic (Unicorn, M).

Bruckner: *Symphony No. 7.* Eugene Ormandy conducting The Philadelphia Orchestra (RCA).

Busoni: *Konzertstück for Piano with Orch.* (Frank Glazer); *Divertimento for Flute and Orch.* (Hermann Klemeyer); *Concertino for Clarinet and Small Orch.* (Walter Triebskorn); *Rondo Arlecchinesco* (W.H. Moser, tenor). All with C. A. Bünte conducting Berlin Symphony Orch. (Candide).

†**Chabrier:** *Fête polonaise; Bourrée fantasque; Gwendoline Overture,* etc. Pierre Dervaux cond. Paris Conservatoire Orch. (Seraphim).

Dessau: *Bach Variations; In Memoriam Bertolt Brecht.* Composer conducting Leipzig Gewandhaus Orch. (Philips).

†***Dvorák:** *Slavonic Dances (all 16).* George Szell cond. the Cleveland Orch. (Columbia).

Elgar: *Introduction and Allegro; Serenade; Spanish Lady Suite,* etc. Neville Marriner conducting the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (Argo).

Field: *Piano Concerto No. 2; Nocturnes.* Rena Kyriakou; with C. A. Bünte cond. Berlin Symphony Orch. in Concerto (Candide).

Glière: *Harp Concerto* (Ossian Ellis); *Coloratura Concerto* (Joan Sutherland). Richard Bonynge cond. London Symphony Orch. **Stravinsky, Gretchaninov, and Cui:** *Songs.* Sutherland (London).

†**Glinka:** *Jota Aragonesa; Summer Night in Madrid; Valse-Fantaisie; Kamarinskaya; March & Dances from Russlan and Ludmila.* Yevgeny Svetlanov cond. USSR Symphony Orch. (Melodiya/Angel).

†***Gluck:** *Orfeo ed Euridice (orchestral music).* Pierre Monteux cond. Rome Opera Orch. (Victrola).

Goldmark: *Rustic Wedding Symphony.* Leonard Bernstein cond. New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

***Gould:** *Formations; Revolutionary Prelude; Santa Fe Saga,* etc. Morton Gould cond. Knightsbridge Symphonic Band (Everest).

***Haydn:** *Harpsichord Concerto in D.* **Mozart:** *Piano Concerto in D (K. 537).* Wanda Landowska; with Eugène Bigot & Walter Goehr conducting (Seraphim, M). [R.G.]

Haydn: *Symphonies Nos. 93 & 94.* Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Columbia).

†**Haydn:** *Symphonies Nos. 102 & 88.* Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

Herrmann, B.: *Music for Hitchcock Films.* Composer cond. London Philharmonic (London).

Kraft: *Contextures: Riots–Decade '60; Percussion Concerto.* **Copland:** *Lincoln Portrait* (Gregory Peck, narrator). Zubin Mehta cond. Los Angeles Philharmonic (London).

†**Lalo:** *Symphonie espagnole.* **Ravel:** *Tzigane.* Itzhak Perlman, violin, with André Previn cond. London Symphony Orch. (RCA).

Leclair: *Scylla et Glaucus Suite.* **Destouches:** *Issé Suite.* Raymond Leppard cond. English Chamber Orch. (L'Oiseau-Lyre).

Mahler: *Symphony No. 4.* Rafael Kubelik cond. Bavarian Radio Orch.; with Elsie Morison, soprano (DGG).

Mahler: *Symphony No. 9.* Kiril Kondrashin cond. Moscow Philharmonic (Melodiya/Seraphim).

Mayuzumi: *Bacchanale; Phonologie symphonique.* **Akutagawa:** *Andantino-Allegro; Triptique.* Tadashi Mori cond. Tokyo Symphony Orch. (Angel).

Milhaud: *L'Homme et son désir; Six Little Symphonies.* Composer cond. Radio Luxembourg Orch.; with soloists (Candide).

†**Mozart:** *Oboe Concerto* (Leon Goossens); *Symphony No. 34.* Colin Davis cond. Sinfonia of London (Victrola).

Mozart: *Piano Concertos Nos. 15 & 17.* Robert Casadesus; with Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Columbia).

Mozart: *Piano Concerto No. 25* (Daniel Barenboim); *Serenade in C minor (K. 388).* Otto Klemperer cond. New Philharmonia Orch. (Angel).

†**Mozart:** *Violin Concertos Nos. 1 & 4.* Arthur Grumiaux; with Colin Davis, London Symphony Orch. (Philips).

Mozart: *Divertimenti (K. 136-138); Serenata notturna.* Herbert von Karajan, Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

†**Mozart:** *Serenades Nos. 9 ("Posthorn") & 13 ("Eine kleine Nachtmusik").* Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Columbia).

Orr, Robin: *Symphony in One Movement.* **Thea Musgrave:** *Merciles Beauté.* **Iain Hamilton:** *Sinfonia for Two Orchestras.* Duncan Robertson cond. Scottish National Orch. (Odeon). [O.D.]

Poulenc: *Sinfonietta; Suite française; Deux Marches et un Intermède; Mariés de la Tour Eiffel.* Georges Prêtre cond. Orchestre de Paris (Angel).

Prokofiev: *Waltzes (Op. 110).* **Janácek:** *Sinfonietta.* Gennady Rozhdestvensky cond. Moscow Radio Orch. (Melodiya/Angel).

†**Ravel:** *Rapsodie espagnole; Ma Mère l'Oye; Alborada del Gracioso; Introduction and Allegro.* Jean Martinon cond. Chicago Symphony Orch. (RCA).

Rawsthorne: *Symphony No. 3.* **Gerhard:** *Concerto for Orchestra.* Norman Del Mar cond. BBC Symphony Orch. (Argo).

Rimsky-Korsakov: *Symphony No. 1.* Boris Khaikin cond. Moscow Radio Orch.;

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Song of Oleg the Wise. Vladimir Petrov, tenor; with Khaikin cond. Bolshoi Theatre Chorus & Orch. (Melodiya/Angel).

Rossini: *String Sonatas Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6.* Karajan, Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

Schoenberg: *Piano Concerto; Fantasy for Violin & Piano; Five Pieces for Piano, Op. 23.* Peter Serkin, with Seiji Ozawa & Chicago Symphony Orch. in Concerto, Arnold Steinhardt in Fantasy (RCA).

A. Scarlatti: *Concerti grossi.* Ettore Gracis cond. Scarlatti Orch. (DGG Archive).

Scharwenka: *Piano Concerto No. 1.* **Balakirev, Medtner, d'Albert:** *Solo Pieces.* Earl Wild; with Erich Leinsdorf cond. Boston Symphony Orch. in Concerto (RCA). [H.W.]

***Schoenberg:** *Verklärte Nacht.* **Vaughan Williams:** *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis.* Mitropoulos cond. New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

Scriabin: *Symphony No. 2.* Georg Semkow, London Philharmonic (Columbia).

Scriabin: *Symphony No. 3 ("The Divine Poem").* Svetlanov, USSR Symphony Orch. (Melodiya/Angel).

Sibelius: *Violin Concerto.* Georg Kulenkampff; with Furtwängler, Berlin Philharmonic (Unicorn, M).

Sibelius: *Symphonies Nos. 1-7.* Bernstein, N.Y. Philharmonic (Columbia). [R.L.]

Sibelius: *Symphonies Nos. 6-7.* Karajan, Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

Smetana: *Má Vlast (complete).* Václav Neumann cond. Leipzig Gewandhaus Orch. (London).

J. Strauss Family, Lanner, Schubert: *Dances.* Boskovsky Ensemble (London).

†**R. Strauss:** *Ein Heldenleben.* Zubin Mehta, Los Angeles Philharmonic (London).

***R. Strauss:** *Till Eulenspiegel; Salomes Tanz; Die Frau ohne Schatten (Suite).* Erich Leinsdorf, Philharmonia Orch. (Seraphim).

Szymanowski: *Violin Concerto No. 1.* **Wieniawski:** *Concerto No. 2.* Wanda Wilkomirska; with Witold Rowicki cond. Warsaw Philharmonic (Heliodor).

Tcherepnin: *Piano Concertos Nos. 2 & 5.* Composer at piano, Rafael Kubelik cond. Bavarian Radio Orch. (DGG).

Telemann: *4 Concertos.* Eugene Ormandy cond. Philadelphia Orchestra; with first-chair men as soloists (RCA).

Vaughan Williams: *Concerto for 2 Pianos and Orchestra* (Vronsky and Babin); *Symphony No. 8.* Sir Adrian Boult, London Philharmonic (Angel).

Vaughan Williams: *Pastoral Symphony* (Margaret Price, soprano); *In the Fen Country.* Boult, New Philharmonia (Angel).

Wagner: *Der Ring des Nibelungen (orchestral excerpts).* Szell, Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia).

†**Wagner:** *Tristan und Isolde (Prelude & Liebestod); Meistersinger & Flying Dutchman Overtures.* Carlos Paita, New Philharmonia (London).

Wagner: *Rienzi & Flying Dutchman Overtures; Siegfried Idyll; Venusberg Music from Tannhäuser.* Wolfgang Sawallisch, Vienna Symphony Orch. (Turnabout).

Weber, Ben: *Piano Concerto.* William Masselos, with Gerhard Samuel cond. Royal Philharmonic. **Wuorinén:** *Piano Concerto.* Composer at piano, James Dixon conducting (CRI).

†**Weber:** *Clarinet Concerto No. 1; Concertino No. 1.* **Rossini:** *Introduction and Variations.* Gervase de Peyer; with Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, New Philharmonia (Angel).

Weber: *Clarinet Concertos Nos. 1 & 2.* Benny Goodman; with Martinon, Chicago Symphony Orch. (RCA).

Larry Adler, harmonica; with Morton Gould cond. Royal Philharmonic, in works of Malcolm Arnold, Arthur Benjamin, Milhaud, and Vaughan Williams (RCA).

Sir Adrian Boult cond. London Philharmonic in *Marches* by Coates, Sousa, et al. (Odyssey).

***Concertos** with Marguerite Long (Ravel/G-major), Schnabel (Beethoven B-flat), Fritz Kreisler (Mendelssohn), Edwin Fischer (Mozart/C-minor), Thibaud & Casals (Brahms/Double), Adolf Busch-Marcel Moyse-Rudolf Serkin (Bach/Brandenburg No. 5). Various conductors & orchestras (Seraphim, M). [R.G.]

†**Nelson Freire,** piano; with Rudolf Kempe cond. Munich Philharmonic, in Liszt *Todtentanz & Concertos* by Tchaikovsky, Grieg & Schumann (Columbia).

†**Jean-Pierre Jacquillat** cond. Orchestre de Paris in Berlioz arrangement of *La Marseillaise* & works of Dukas, Chabrier, Debussy, Lalo, and Saint-Saëns (Angel).

Raymond Leppard cond. New Philharmonia Orch. in *Overtures* by Grétry, Méhul, Pergolesi, Handel, et al. (Philips).

Polish Music: *Orchestra, Chamber, and Vocal Works* of Lutoslawski, Baird, Sikorski, Rudzinski, Kotonski, et al. (SESAC, M). [O.D.]

***Fritz Reiner** cond. Chicago Symphony Orch. in *Overtures and Dances* by Weinberger, Smetana, R. Strauss, Dvorák, and Mendelssohn (Victrola).

Instrumental and Chamber Music

Bach: *Brandenburg Concertos.* I Musici (Philips).

Bach: *Sonatas & Partitas for Solo Violin.* Henryk Szeryng (DGG). [B.S.]

Beethoven: *Quartet in F (Op. 18, No. 1).* **Mozart:** *Quartet in D, K. 499.* Allegri Quartet (Westminster).

Beethoven: *Quartet in E flat (Op. 127).* Yale Quartet (Vanguard Cardinal).

Beethoven: *Serenades (Opp. 8 & 25).* Grumiaux Trio & Maxence Larrieu, flute (Philips).

***Beethoven:** *Piano Sonatas (Opp. 26 & 57).* Sviatoslav Richter (Victrola).

†**Beethoven:** *Diabelli Variations.* Stephen Bishop (Philips).

†**Brahms:** *Piano Quartets Nos. 1-3.* **Schumann:** *Piano Quintet.* Artur Rubinstein & Guarneri Quartet (RCA).

†**Busoni:** *Carmen Fantasy; Turandots Frauengemach; Chopin Variations.* **Liszt:** *Don Juan Fantasy; Reminiscences de Boccanegra.* John Ogdon (Seraphim).

Busoni: *Six Elegies.* **Villa-Lobos:** *Rudepoêma.* David Bean, piano (Victrola).

Chabrier: *Pièces pittoresques; España; Bourrée fantasque.* Aldo Ciccolini, piano (Angel).

Chopin: *Berceuse (Op. 57);* with instruction, score, texts. Stefan Askenase (C. F. Peters "Learning with the Masters").

Chopin: *Preludes (Opp. 28, 45, Posth.).* Rafael Orozco (Seraphim).

Gottschalk: *Forty Piano Pieces.* Alan Mandel (Desto). [H.W.]

Ives: *Piano Sonata No. 2 ("Concord").* John Kirkpatrick (Columbia).

Kirchner: *Quartet No. 3 for String Quartet and Electronic Tape.* Beaux Arts Quartet. **Weinberg:** *Quartet No. 2.* Composers String Quartet (Columbia).

Martinü: *Sextet for Strings; Piano Quintet.* Prague Quartet, et al. (Artia).

Messiaen: *Quartet for the End of Time.* Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Erich Gruenberg, violin; William Pleeth, cello; Michel Beroff, piano (Angel).

***Mozart:** *Piano Sonata No. 8.* **Bach:** *Partita No. 1,* etc. Dinu Lipatti (Odyssey, E).

Nielsen: *Wind Quintet.* **Berwald:** *Septet.* Melos Ensemble (Angel).

Partch: *Daphne of the Dunes; Barstow; Castor and Pollux.* Composer and others, conducted by Danlee Mitchell (Columbia).

Poulenc: *Piano Music.* Gabriel Tacchino (Angel).

Prokofiev: *Piano Sonata No. 6.* **Chopin:** *Mazurkas.* **Haydn:** *Sonata No. 48.* Aleksandr Slobodyanik (Melodiya/Angel).

Prokofiev: *Piano Sonatas Nos. 7 & 8; Romeo and Juliet (excerpts).* Vladimir Ashkenazy (London).

Rachmaninoff: *Etudes-tableaux (Opp. 33 & 39).* Beveridge Webster (Dover).

Rachmaninoff: *Piano Sonatas Nos. 1 & 2.* John Ogdon (RCA).

Satie: *Piano Music.* Jacques Février & Georges Auric (Everest).

Schoenberg: *Piano Pieces (Opp. 11, 19 & 23).* **Berg:** *Piano Sonata.*

Webern: *Variations.* Beveridge Webster (Dover).

Scriabin: *Etudes.* **Rachmaninoff:** *Lilacs; Daisies.* Morton Estrin, piano (Connoisseur Society).

Scriabin: *Piano Sonata No. 3.* **Prokofiev:** *Sonata No. 7.* Glenn Gould (Columbia).

Shostakovich: *Piano Quintet* (Lyubov Edlina, piano). **Stravinsky:** *Three Pieces for String Quartet.* Borodin Quartet (Melodiya/Angel).

Soler: *Concertos Nos. 1-6 for Two Organs.* E. Power Biggs & Daniel Pinkham (Columbia).

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Soler: *Piano Sonatas.* Alicia de Larrocha (Epic).

Spohr: *Double Quartet (Op. 65).* **Dvorák:** *Dumky Trio.* Heifetz, Piatigorsky, et al.; with Jacob Lateiner in Dvorák (RCA).

Stockhausen: *Prozession (electronic).* Ensemble under composer (Candide).

Stravinsky: *Piano Music.* Beveridge Webster (Dover).

Stravinsky: *The Rite of Spring; Scherzo à la russe.* Michael Tilson Thomas & Ralph Grierson, piano duo (Angel).

Webern: *Four Songs (Op. 14); Five Pieces (Op. 10); Concerto (Op. 24).* **Amy:** *Diaphonies; Inventions.* Gilbert Amy conducting Domaine Musical Ensemble (Everest).

Wolf: *String Quartet.* La Salle Quartet (DGG).

Wuorinén: *Time's Encomium.* Electronic synthesizer (Nonesuch).

Julian Bream, guitar; in music of Diabelli, Giuliani, Sor, and Mozart (RCA).

***Chamber Music Collection: Mozart** *Piano Quartet K. 478;* **Beethoven** *Kreutzer Sonata;* **Debussy** *Cello Sonata;* **Fauré** *Piano Quartet (Op. 45);* **Mendelssohn** *Trio in D minor;* **Brahms** *Horn Trio.* Artur Schnabel, Pro Arte Quartet, Fritz Kreisler, Maurice Maréchal, R. Casadesus, Marguerite Long, Cortot-Thibaud-Casals, Aubrey Brain, Rudolf Serkin, Fritz Busch, et al. (Seraphim, M). [R.G.]

***Fritz Kreisler** *Miniatures;* with Carl Lamson, piano (Victrola, M).

***Francis Planté** in *Piano Works* of Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Berlioz, Boccherini, Gluck (International Piano Library).

Simon Preston at the organ of Westminster Abbey, in a program of *Marches* (Argo).

Ramón Ybarra in *Guitar Music* by Pernambuco, Villa-Lobos, Savio, Barrios, Ponce, Fuentos, et al. (Westminster).

The Nonesuch Guide to Electronic Music, prepared by Beaver & Krause (Nonesuch).

Vocal

Bach: *Cantata No. 213.* Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Hertha Töpper, alto; Theo Altmeyer, tenor; Jakob Stämpfli, bass; Helmuth Rilling cond. Gedächtniskirche Chorus & Bach-Collegium, Stuttgart (Nonesuch). [R.J.]

Bach: *Mass in B minor.* Nikolaus Harnoncourt cond. Concentus Musicus, et al. (Telefunken). [R.J.]

Bach: *St. Matthew Passion.* Wolfgang Gönnenwein conducting; with Gedda, Prey, et al. (Angel). [R.J.]

Barber: *Knoxville: Summer of 1915; Two Scenes from Antony and Cleopatra.* Leontyne Price, with Thomas Schippers cond. New Philharmonia (RCA).

Berlioz: *Irlande; Le Trébuchet; La Mort d'Ophélie; Chant de la fête de Pâques.* April Cantelo, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Robert Tear, tenor; Richard Salter, bass; Monteverdi Choir under John Eliot Gardiner; Viola Tunnard, piano (L'Oiseau-Lyre).

Berlioz: *Roméo et Juliette.* Patricia Kern, mezzo; Robert Tear, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass; Colin Davis cond. London Symphony Orch. & John Alldis Choir (Philips).

Brahms: *Motets & Chorale Preludes.* Simon Preston, organist and conductor, with New English Singers (Argo).

Brahms: *Vocal Quartets.* Gregg Smith conducting vocal quartet (Everest).

Britten: *Billy Budd.* Peter Pears, Peter Glossop, et al., composer cond. London Symphony Orch. (London).

Delibes: *Lakmé.* Joan Sutherland, Gabriel Bacquier, et al., Richard Bonynge cond. Monte Carlo Opera (London). [R.J.]

Delius: *Songs of Sunset; Cynara; An Arabesque.* Janet Baker, John Shirley-Quirk, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orch. & Choir under Charles Groves (Angel).

Donizetti: *La Fille du Régiment.* Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, et al., Bonynge cond. Covent Garden Orch. & Chorus (London). [R.J.]

Donizetti & Bellini: *Arias.* Beverly Sills (Westminster).

Gilbert & Sullivan: *The Pirates of Penzance.* Isadore Godfrey cond. D'Oyly Carte Opera Company (London). [R.J.]

Granados: *Songs.* Conchita Badia, soprano; Alicia de Larrocha, piano (Everest).

K. H. Graun: *Montezuma (excerpts).* **Bononcini:** *Griselda (excerpts).* Joan Sutherland et al., Bonynge conducting (London). [H.W.]

Handel: *Theodora.* Maureen Forrester, Heather Harper, Alexander Young, et al., Johannes Somary conducting (Vanguard Cardinal). [H.W.]

Haydn: *The Seasons.* Heather Harper, Ryland Davies, John Shirley-Quirk, Colin Davis cond. BBC Symphony Orch. & Chorus (Philips).

Henze: *Cantata delle Fiabe estreme; Being Beauteous; Whispers of Heavenly Death.* Composer cond. RIAS Chamber Choir & Berlin Philharmonic; with Edda Moser, soprano (DGG).

Kodály: *Háry János.* Hungarian Opera soloists & Peter Ustinov, narrator; with István Kertész cond. London Symphony Orch. & Edinburgh Festival Chorus (London).

Leoncavallo: *La Bohème.* Nedda Casei, Guido Mazzini, et al., Alberto Zedda conducting (Everest).

Mahler: *Des Knaben Wunderhorn.* Elisabeth Schwarzkopf & Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; with Szell cond. London Symphony Orch. (Angel).

Mascagni: *L'amico Fritz.* Mirella Freni, Luciano Pavarotti, et al., Gianandrea Gavazzeni conducting (Angel). [R.J.]

Mozart: *Arias.* Hermann Prey, with Othmar Suitner cond. Dresden Orch. (Angel).

Mozart: *La Clemenza di Tito.* Teresa Berganza, Lucia Popp, Werner Krenn, *et al.,* István Kertész conducting (London). [R.J.]

Mozart: *Die Entführung aus dem Serail.* Anneliese Rothenberger, Lucia Popp, Nicolai Gedda, Gerhard Unger, Gottlob Frick; Josef Krips cond. Vienna Philharmonic (Seraphim). [R.J.]

***Puccini:** *La Bohème.* Licia Albanese, Beniamino Gigli, et al., Umberto Berrettoni conducting (Seraphim, M).

Schubert: *Songs; Ländler for piano.* Elly Ameling, soprano; Heinz Deinzer, clarinet; Jörg Demus, piano (Victrola).

Schumann: *Frauenliebe und Leben.* **Schubert:** *Songs.* Teresa Stich-Randall, with Robert Jones, piano (Westminster).

***Schumann:** *Frauenliebe und Leben; Dichterliebe.* Lotte Lehmann, with Bruno Walter, piano (Odyssey, M).

Schumann: *Liederkreis, Op. 39, and other songs.* Gérard Souzay, with Dalton Baldwin, piano (Philips).

Soler: *Villancicos.* Gregg Smith cond. Gregg Smith Singers, Texas Boys' Choir, Winterthur Collegium Musicum (Columbia).

***R. Strauss:** *Der Rosenkavalier (abridged).* Lotte Lehmann, Elisabeth Schumann, Maria Olczewska, Richard Mayr; Robert Heger cond. Vienna Philharmonic; *Arabella (scenes).* Lehmann; *Songs.* Schumann (Seraphim, M). [R.G.]

R. Strauss: *Songs (Opp. 10, 15, and 17).* Fischer-Dieskau with Moore (Angel).

***Verdi & Donizetti:** *Arias.* Carlo Bergonzi (RCA).

Wagner: *Siegfried.* Helga Dernesch, Catherine Gayer, Oralia Dominguez, Jess Thomas, Thomas Stewart, Herbert von Karajan cond. Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

Wagner: *Das Rheingold.* Josephine Veasey, Oralia Dominguez, Gerhard Stolze, Fischer-Dieskau, et al., Karajan cond. Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

Wolf: *Italienisches Liederbuch.* Schwarzkopf & Fischer-Dieskau; with Gerald Moore (Angel). [G.L.M.]

Wolf: *Der Feuerreiter; Prometheus; Harfenspieler Lieder; Penthesilea,* etc. Evelyn Lear, Thomas Stewart, Vienna Jeunesse Chorus, Otto Gerdes cond. Vienna Symphony Orch. (DGG).

***Alexander Kipnis** in *Songs and Arias* (Seraphim, M).

Victoria de los Angeles in *Zarzuela Excerpts;* with Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos cond. Spanish National Orch. & Coro de Cámara del Real (Angel).

Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry, and **Gerald Moore** in *A Most Unusual Song Recital* (Seraphim).

***Marcella Sembrich** in *Songs and Arias* (IRCC, M).

Beverly Sills in *French Opera Arias,* Charles Mackerras conducting (Westminster).

The Art of* **Dorothy Maynor (RCA, M).

***Richard Tauber** in *Opera Scenes;* with Elisabeth Rethberg & Sabine Kalter (Seraphim, M).

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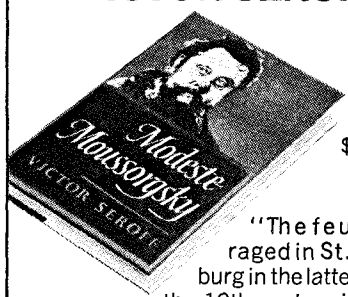

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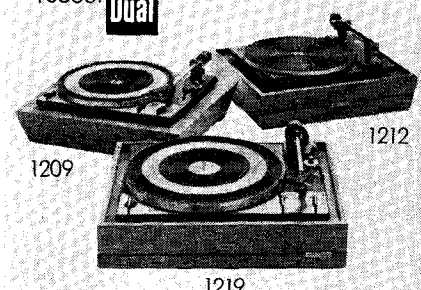

From the Dawn of Opera

by HERBERT WEINSTOCK

No recorded version of Monteverdi's *L'Orféo* has been available recently, and that is incredible, for this was the first great opera (1607, less than a decade after the first Florentine experiments) and remains an unalloyed delight. Telefunken has now repaired that damaging omission by issuing (SKH 21, $17.85) a performance of *L'Orféo* by the Concentus Musicus of Vienna, the Capella Antiqua of Munich, and an international roster of singers headed by Lajos Kozma (Orféo), Rotraud Hansmann (La Musica and Euridice), Cathy Berberian (Messaggiera and Speranza), Nikolaus Simkowsky (Caronte), Eiko Katanosaka (Proserpina and Ninfa), Max Van Egmond (Apollo), and Jacques Villisech (Plutone), all conducted by Nikolaus Harnoncourt, who prepared the version used. That preparation was made with wide musicological awareness and admirable taste. It will seem light on improvised embellishments for some newly developed tastes, but in view of the excessive added ornaments in many recent vocal and instrumental performances, one statement in the brochure supplied may well be greeted with cheers: "In our opinion, embellishment should be applied even *more* sparingly in a gramophone recording than in a concert, since every improvisation is fundamentally something unique which, when heard again—especially when heard again repeatedly—becomes ridiculous." Amen.

The relatively small scale and the intimacy of the recorded performance guarantee that we are hearing something reasonably like what was heard when *L'Orféo* was sung for the first time at Mantua on February 22, 1607. The choice of instruments, which produce seventeenth-century sounds, has in each case been made superbly. The voices used are, without exception, adequate; often they are much better than that. Oddly, though Alessandro Striggio's Italian text is sung understandably (and without *"qvello"* or *"qvesta"*), no Italian-sounding voice is heard, with the result that the vocal sensuousness desirable for an Italian Renaissance treatment of undying love is altogether lacking. For some tastes, too, the prevailing dramatic atmosphere must seem overly languid, Mr. Harnoncourt's tempos a trifle too deliberate and lingering. But such demurrers must not obscure the fact that this is a generally superior recording of one fine way of performing a masterpiece that, by itself, justifies the often maligned art of opera. *L'Orféo* fills five of the six record sides (one act to each side, a scheme that makes the non-automatic coupling less troublesome); the sixth is taken up with a musicological lecture in German, of which no translation is supplied. The excellent brochure, in German and English, supplies an interesting and reliable essay about the opera and this performance by Mr. Harnoncourt, as well as Striggio's libretto in Italian with German and English translations.

Orpheus and Eurydice in a sixteenth-century drawing by Marcantonio Raimondi.

Forty-seven years after the Mantuan premiere of *L'Orféo*, the Teatro San Apollinare at Venice presented the first performance of *L'Erismena,* by Pier Francesco Caletti-Bruni, known as Cavalli. This was a setting of a text by Aurelio Aureli dealing with love, passion, and war among rulers of Media and Armenia. This extremely lively opera—mixing tragedy, bawdy comedy, and rampant passions—became a durable hit, being played in many cities, with the result, inevitable in the period, that variant versions of it were made (interestingly, some of them survive). A few years ago a score of *L'Erismena* "containing a full, remarkably accurate, and singable contemporary trans-

(*Continued on page* 93)

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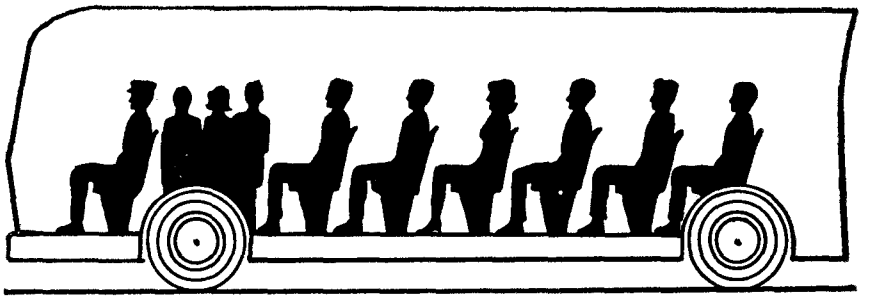

Green Light for the Smogless Car

SAN FRANCISCO.

Perhaps because they don't read the *Steambus Newsletter*, most newspaper editors across the country haven't yet told their subscribers that a green light is beckoning faintly through the smog in California to those rare motor vehicles that properly can be called polite: the ones that go about quietly, don't reek of body odors, and don't belch repulsive gases into peoples' faces.

Because I am a reader of the *Steambus Newsletter* and have some acquaintance with the purposes and persistence of its publisher and editor, I am not only aware of the appearance of the "go" signal but have been persuaded that the fume-free automobile the *Newsletter* is concerned with will within two decades at most—possibly within one—completely supplant the gasoline-burning buggy made popular by the first Henry Ford more than half a century ago.

There is no suggestion here that owners of common stock shares in conventional motor-making corporations such as Ford, General Motors, and Chrysler have cause to fear precipitate decline in the values of their holdings. On the contrary, I find growing cause to assume that present-day motor makers will evolve new designs to accommodate the evolving demand for clean breathing space just as fast as the demand asserts itself in the practical terms of the market place.

Private profit-seeking enterprise must by nature pursue research directions that promise reasonable return for money spent, and expressions of willingness to pay premium prices for smogless motoring were unheard from buyers until quite recently. Now, however, one premium offer is on record from the California State Legislative Assembly, and another is under consideration by the United States Congress. When these realities become widely recognized, popular resistance to slow strangulation by air pollutants will certainly expand first the public and then the private market for vehicles so built as not to create smog. To believe otherwise is to count the American citizen stupid and suicidal.

The editorial policy of the *Steambus Newsletter* holds that the promise of fume-free propulsion is sufficiently compelling in itself to stimulate widespread participation in smog prevention if word of new advances in transportation technology is spread as the improvements appear. The *Newsletter* is printed on the official presses of the State of California, published by the California State Assembly (three officers of which are named on the masthead: Assembly Speaker Bob Monaghan; Eugene A. Chappie, chairman of the Rules Committee; and John F. Foran, chairman of the Transportation Committee), and edited by Legislative Research Office analyst Michael Wenstrom. Subscriptions are granted free of charge to all who request them. The present circulation of 1,600 copies is sprinkled over the country and around the world. Volume 1, Number 1, appeared last July 15; the latest edition (Volume 1, Number 4) was dated November 3. The editorial text amounts to a public accounting of expenditure of the first funds ever granted by an executive agency of the government of the United States to a state legislature. The funds are going into a scientific experiment designed to demonstrate to the other forty-nine states and to the federal bureaucracy that it is not only possible but profitable first to clear away smog and then to keep the air clean.

The experiment is built around the conviction that only a limited time remains to prevent major American cities from being abandoned as centers of civilized living. California does not lightly dismiss the fact that smog contributes to the frequency of lung cancer, emphysema, chronic bronchitis, and asthma, and that in one year physicians advised 10,000 of their patients to move away from Los Angeles to protect themselves from the consequences of smog. The emphasis of *Newsletter* items, therefore, is on the speed with which the situation can be cleaned up. To obtain general cognition of progress, the first step is to equip a forty-four-passenger bus, operating on a regular schedule as part of an urban mass transit line, with an engine that emits virtually no fumes. To gain time, only the engine will be changed; the rest of the bus will be like all the other buses on the line. To gain still more time, the engine will be made of off-the-shelf parts already proved dependable in hundreds of thousands of miles of travel under normal traffic conditions on the open road and in congested city streets.

A certain amount of sophistication is expected of *Steambus Newsletter* readers. They are assumed to know that the only engine that fits these requirements is an *external* combustion engine, and they are also assumed to understand how an external combustion engine differs in principle from the *internal* combustion engine used in the standard gasoline auto of today. Since the distinctions are multiple, it may be well to review them here.

Internal combustion means just what the words say: The burning of fuel takes place *inside* the engine. Gasoline is fed from the fuel tank into the carburetor when the car driver steps on the accelerator. In the carburetor, the gasoline is mixed with air to facilitate subsequent burning. The vapors are then fired by electrically generated sparks from the spark plugs, and the resultant explosion drives pistons to turn a geared set of rods (the transmission) that rotates the axle and moves the car. Not all of the energy released by the explosion of the gas is spent in driving the pistons; the excess goes out the exhaust pipe along with microscopic debris of the explosion.

As a piece of thermodynamic tech-

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nology, the internal combustion engine is not essentially efficient. A variable fraction of its output is wasted in passing through the transmission. In slow traffic the fraction is large; at high speeds the fraction falls to perhaps 10 per cent. Consistently even burning of the gasoline is achieved only by the addition of lead to the fuel. But sixty years of human ingenuity have made the engine work incredibly well in spite of its shortcomings, much as nature through eons of time has enabled the bumblebee to carry on the miracle of pollination even though the laws of aerodynamics deny the probability of bumblebee flight.

The external combustion engine, as its name specifies, runs on fuel that burns *outside* the engine. Any one of a variety of inflammable liquids can be stored in the fuel tank and fed to a single spark plug. After the liquid is ignited, the flame burns evenly in the open, just as the pilot light does in a household oil burner. There is no need to add lead to the fuel, hence no lead fragments to be freed into the air. Because there is no explosion, there is no other debris to be disposed of through the exhaust pipe.

The simplest type of external combustion engine is the steam engine. Water is kept under pressure in a generator that resembles a stack of pancakes, each pancake consisting of a concentric coil of metal tubing. The water flows through the tubing toward the flame, warming the while, until evaporation occurs. When the car driver steps on the accelerator, a valve turns, shooting the steam into the engine pistons within thirty seconds after ignition. As the pistons move, the steam expands, losing force and allowing the pistons to push the now condensing vapor back into another reservoir, whence the water returns to the generator for recycling.

Like the internal combustion engine, the external combustion engine puts more energy into a piston stroke than is required to complete the stroke. However, the excess energy of the external combustion engine is not wasted through the exhaust pipe, but is returned to the system as heat in the water. Therefore, the external combustion engine must include a condenser coil large enough to dissipate the heat quickly. In the present state of steam engine art, most steam engines are bulkier than an internal combustion engine of equivalent power. So far as inherent efficiency is concerned, the external combustion engine is superior because it needs no elaborate transmission system: The engine's power can be applied directly to the turning of the axle. Braking is also more effective, because reverse power can be applied to the wheels as quickly as forward drive.

Steambus Newsletter readers not only are assumed to know about the advantages just described. They are still further assumed to know the early history of automobiling, in which steam-powered vehicles preceded gasoline-powered cars but fell behind in development because the external combustion engine car makers were not interested in mass production and so could not compete in price with Henry Ford once his assembly line got rolling.

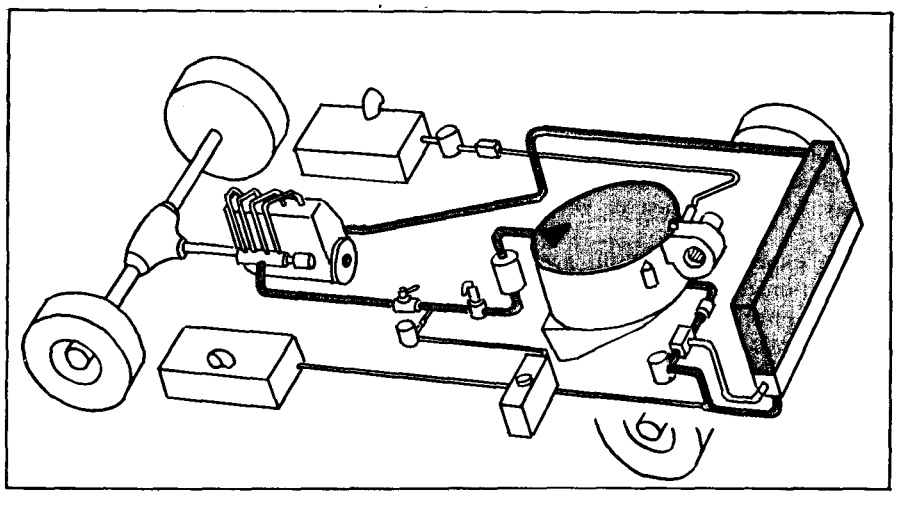
Since the *Newsletter* has more readers within California than outside the state, most people on the subscription list know without being told why California has a special concern about smog. Although smog appears almost any place where population thickens, it persists more tenaciously in geographic bowls where prevailing winds trap the air that lies close to the earth's surface. Meteorologists call these traps atmospheric inversions because cool air, which normally falls, overlies warm air, which normally rises. The longer such a trap remains closed, the fouler the air caught in it becomes. The most densely peopled such bowl in the United States is the one containing the sprawl of Los Angeles.

At least as early as the year 1946, the *Los Angeles Times* was publishing reports beginning with such sentences as these: "Like a dirty gray blanket floating across the sky, a dense eye-stinging layer of smog dimmed the sun here yesterday. The fumes hung unmoving in the still air, raising tears and sniffles in thousands of Angelenos." As early as 1947, the city of Los Angeles organized itself as an air pollution control district—three years before a similar move was made by neighboring Orange county, five years before San Diego and San Francisco.

In those days, the highly unscientific consensus was that smog came principally from factory smokestacks. Factories were convenient scapegoats. They couldn't talk back. Critics found it easy to get rid of the problem by assailing the factory corporations, which had no faces but lots of money. This Alice-in-Wonderland approach to smog ran head on into a curious Dutchman named Arie Jan Haagen-Smit, who migrated from the University of Utrecht to the California Institute of Technology in pursuit of an understanding of hormones that regulate growth of living green plants. He wanted to learn the answers to such questions as why an onion smells different from a pineapple. He was distilling three tons of Hawaiian pineapples into a few grams of the essential oils that produce the flavor and the smell of that tropical fruit when his nose became offended by the smog he encountered en route to his laboratory.

What he smelled that day in 1948 obviously was neither pineapples nor onions. It seemed more like chlorine than anything else he had ever dealt with. What could it be? He opened a laboratory window that faced a Pasadena street and rigged up his instruments in such a manner as to draw into them a mass of air equivalent to the amount a person breathes in a day. Out of this stinking cargo he collected a few ounces of condensed smog. Analysis showed the condensate to be mostly ordinary water containing a number of foul-smelling chemicals — aldehydes, acids, and organic peroxides. All these substances had been known as products of incomplete burning and had been identified as causes of eye irritation. But none of them had ever been associated with air pollution.

The implications would have been obvious even to an insensitive laboratory hack. Haagen-Smit stood far above the hack level. Besides, he loved flowers and grass and trees, which



Schematic drawing of a steamcar power plant. Steam flow shown in color.

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were being blighted by smog. A vigorous conscience long before had carried him into the wildlife conservation crusades of the Sierra Club. The stuff he brought into his window jarred him off the faculty of Cal-Tech for a year to study polluted air.

Haagen-Smit returned from that working sabbatical convinced that smog is manufactured by sunlight operating on oxides of nitrogen to convert hydrocarbon fragments of organic matter that have been released into the air. His findings, which for the first time tagged automobile exhaust as a major source of smog, were disputed when he originally published them in scientific journals. Within two or three years, however, others confirmed his experiments.

Out of Haagen-Smit's research came gradual recognition that the motorcar produces 60 per cent of the air pollution in this country—in urban centers as much as 85 per cent. The ninety million tons of waste that pours into the atmosphere through auto exhaust pipes each year is triple the amount from any other source. Factory smokestacks annually belch thirty million tons, power plants fifteen million tons, space-heating furnaces eight million tons, and refuse incinerators three million tons.

With more motor vehicles under registration than any other county in the country (the 1966 figures were 2,922,980 cars and 436,218 trucks), Los Angeles County needed no shouting of the news from Haagen-Smit's lab to waken local public officials. In 1953, they appealed to automobile makers to undertake voluntary application of Haagen-Smit's discovery. The car makers pleaded surprise. In 1955, automobile exhaust fume-control bills began popping up in the California state legislature. In 1959, the first emission-control law was passed. By 1965, Los Angeles County, having lost patience with Detroit's failure to provide meaningful relief in a dozen years' time, took to the United States Justice Department a formal request for a grand jury investigation of the situation. Indictments on charges of criminal conspiracy were sought. But after two and a half years of hearings the Justice Department instead filed a civil suit in Central California District Federal Court at Los Angeles in January 1969. All the major auto makers were accused of ganging up to frustrate general use of fume-control devices on automobiles. Violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act was alleged.

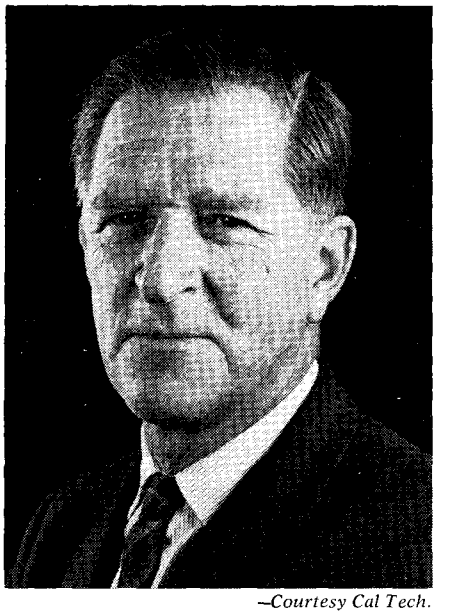
Detroit attorneys argued that what the auto makers were charged with did not constitute restraint of trade, but on behalf of their clients they offered to sign a consent decree promising that no such collusion would be engaged in. The Justice Department accepted the offer. Although the decree was objected to by Los Angeles County, the State of California, and local governments as far away as the Pennsylvania towns of Erie and Lancaster, the document was signed by Federal District Judge Jesse W. Curtis during the last week of October. In an oral opinion, Judge Curtis ruled that the consent decree would not prejudice treble damage claims the concerned governments declared an intent to enter. The judge said that all the data that had been presented to the grand jury were open to subpoena in support of such claims, and that even the grand jury transcript would be available to those who could demonstrate a "need to know" the gist of the secret testimony.

Whatever comes of the talk of treble damage claims, the motor makers henceforth will not be in a favorable position to resist public demands for a sharp reduction in auto fumes. Engineers in Detroit are already scrambling to meet the limits fixed by the California legislature and enforced by the Air Resources Board chaired by Cal-Tech Professor Haagen-Smit.

Having spent sixty years and billions of dollars to make the gasoline-fueled internal combustion engine a technological work of art, the car makers are understandably loath to abandon their favorite offspring and begin lavishing attention instead on another creature of more stolid though healthier stock. They insist that they can reduce the gasoline engine's effluents to tolerable levels simply by adding devices that will enable the burning of progressively greater fractions of the gasoline.

Haagen-Smit, who once was characterized by a friend as a cross between Old Dutch Cleanser and St. George, sees an ultimate weakness in this approach. To him, there is no escape from the genetics of combustion. All burning depends on the presence of oxygen. As more oxygen is introduced to complete the destruction of hydrocarbons that now escape from the motorcar, the oxygen combines not only with the hydrocarbons but with nitrogen in the air, creating oxides of nitrogen that are among the most vicious elements in smog.

Even if the car makers manage to do everything they hope to be able to do, no way has yet been found to guarantee that, as time passes and a car's mileage mounts, the fume-control devices on it will not become less effective, inevitably allowing more than the legal amounts of fumes to escape. Nor is there any way to prevent unscrupulous drivers from removing the devices in order to get more power from the engine. There is also the problem of controlling emissions from cars registered outside California, where restrictions on fume emissions are less stringent. Finally, granting perfect performance, control devices will never be able to reduce pollution far enough to outbalance the expected doubling in number of cars on the roads by the year 1980. Most cars operating in any year are not new cars, hence are not yet equipped with the most effective devices. Haagen-Smit estimates that by 1980 enforcement of the laws now on California's books will eliminate about 60 per cent of the waste emitted by motorcars. "But control will always be marginal," he told a reporter for Cal-Tech's *Engineering and Science*. "It is always going to be an uphill fight."



—*Courtesy Cal Tech.*

Professor Haagen-Smit—"a cross between Old Dutch Cleanser and St. George."

When Haagen-Smit says "fight" he intends a vigorous definition of the word. One automobile maker, who thought otherwise and neglected to comply precisely with Air Resources Board standards, found the California market closed to its newest models during the period of weeks it took to correct the shortcomings. Yet, for all his reputation as a scouring agent, Haagen-Smit is a pillar of patience when measured alongside some other California opposers of smog. State Senator Nicholas Petris of Alameda has vainly sponsored a law that would force internal combustion engines from California roads after 1975. State Assembly Transportation Committee chairman John Francis Foran, less extreme but more persistent, has conducted public hearings on the advantages of external combustion engines. He is the father of three pieces of

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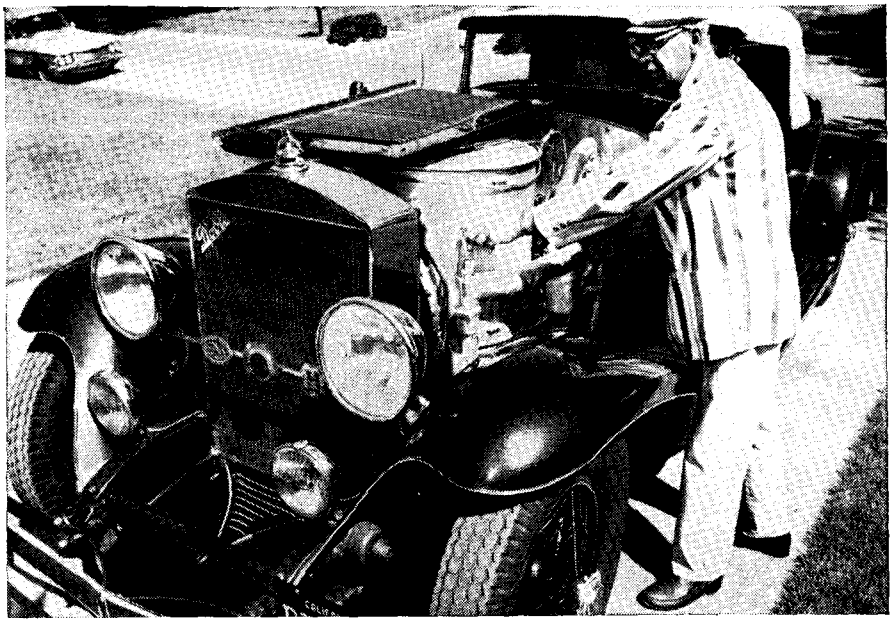

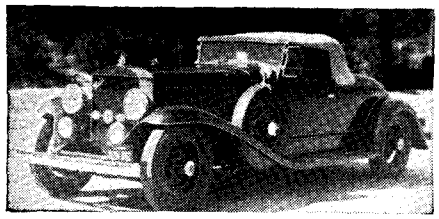

—*Photos courtesy Bernard Becker*

Bernard Becker of Walnut Creek, California, shows big steam boiler of Doble Model E Deluxe (left); (above) Model E with hood closed.

smog-fighting legislation: one fixing finite limits on fume emission by gasoline cars (with standards twice as tough as those later adopted by the federal government), another encouraging rapid development of all types of low-emission vehicles by authorizing the State of California to pay as much as a 100 per cent premium for such cars in up to 25 per cent of all purchases for the state-owned automotive fleet, and a third requesting the California Highway Patrol to test six patrol cruisers equipped with steam engines at the expense of General Motors. When General Motors, for undisclosed reasons, withdrew from the last-named project, Foran took the unusual step of appealing directly to Washington for an experimental grant from the Department of Transportation. No state legislature had ever before been given federal money. That Foran got some for his committee is an index of the extremity of the smog dilemma.

The *Steambus Newsletter* was established as part of California's contribution to the experiment. Subsequent events have been summarized in its columns. Details must sometimes be read between the lines. For example: In his enthusiasm to do something that would have an immediate effect —"not in 1975 or in 1980 but today," as he later wrote to the United States Senate Commerce Committee—Foran asked for too little help. Some utopian California inventors and a charismatic entrepreneur outside the state with a reputation for working technological miracles had led the assemblyman to believe that a wholly new steamcar could be put on the road before 1969 was out. Less than half a million dollars seemed enough to complete the job of realizing the revolutionary vision. Foran's grant from DOT fell just $50,000 under the half million.

DOT Secretary John Volpe announced the unique arrangement between DOT's Urban Mass Transportation Administration and Foran's committee last February 17. It was specified that four experimental steambuses would be tested on regular mass transit schedules—two in San Francisco and two in Oakland. Operating costs were to be absorbed by the bus lines. Acquisition and evaluation of the buses were to be overseen for the California Assembly committees on rules and on transportation by *Steambus Newsletter* editor Michael Wenstrom through a non-profit "think tank"—Scientific Analysis Corporation, of San Francisco. Monitoring the project from the technological point of view would be International Science and Technology, another nonprofit agency at Arlington, Virginia, noted for the expertise of Dr. Robert Ayres, a physicist once associated with the defense-oriented Hudson Institute and later distinguished by an external combustion engine study done independently for Resources for the Future.

On May 1, Wenstrom sent out a request for proposals. Fifteen prospective steambus contractors responded. They were virtually unanimous in saying that Foran's half million dollars could not pay for four steambuses. Counting on the fact that an advisory committee convened by Dr. Herbert Holloman, former Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Science and Technology, and headed by Professor Richard S. Morse, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, had earlier recommended a federal expenditure of $60-million to further fumeless motoring, Foran returned to Washington to ask for an additional $300,000. He got it.

Wenstrom sent out a second request for proposals, with a mid-August deadline. Sixteen hundred candidates asked for more data. Eleven propositions were in before the deadline. Late in September these were reviewed by one of the most knowledgeable teams of steam propulsion experts put together anywhere in recent years. The panel chairman was Dr. S. William Gouse, chairman of the Department of Mechanical Engineering, Carnegie-Mellon University at Pittsburgh, and author of those Morse committee report conclusions that favored intensified research on steam propulsion. Sitting with Dr. Gouse were James L. Dooley, of the McCulloch Corporation at Los Angeles, which holds licenses to develop patents originally obtained on Abner Doble's famous old steam-powered limousines (about which more will be said here later); Hyman Feldman, of the New York City Transit Authority, which is planning a test of electrically powered buses on cross-town runs in Manhattan; John A. Maga, of Sacramento, executive officer of the California Air Resources Board headed by Haagen-Smit; Samuel Miner, of Niles, Michigan, editor of *The Steam Automobile,* organ of the Steam Automobile Club of America; Dr. William Thomson, chairman of the Mechanical Engineering Department, University of California at Santa Barbara; David Dawson, of the United States Health, Education, and Welfare Department's National Air Pollution Control Administration research office at Ann Arbor, Michigan; and Richard Belt, head of silent propulsion vehicle research for the United States Army at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. After deliberating for two days, these experts concluded that the $750,000 Foran had got from DOT was still not enough to produce four steambuses. To avoid further delays, it was recommended that a contract be let immediately for one steambus so that such a vehicle could be in operation before the end of 1970.

The contract went to a welding of mid-twentieth-century nuclear science with the long vanished art of cus-

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tom building steam-powered limousines. Perhaps the only place in the country qualified for such an assignment is the office of William M. Brobeck and Associates, of Berkeley. Just after being graduated from Stanford University and M.I.T., Mr. Brobeck worked in one of the last steamcar shops run by the late Abner Doble and his brothers. Others had originated the idea of replacing the horse-drawn buggy with steam-propelled carriages. Literature on the subject mentions a French steamcar in 1770, a Gurney Coach in 1827, an Austin in 1863, a Gentleman's Speedy Roadster in 1896, a Locomobile in 1898, a White in 1904, a Clarkson Bus in 1904, and many others. The first "big" steamcar builders were the Stanley twins, Freelan and Francis, both inventors. They designed a radically new little buggy that got around fast but depended for mileage on frequent refillings of the steam boiler at public troughs provided in those days for horses. The Stanleys were happy to turn out 650 cars a year, the number that moved off the Ford assembly line every day. The Stanleys made comfortable profits on their timetable and had no wish for more. Consequently, when public water troughs were removed from most towns because of an epidemic of hoof-and-mouth disease in the early 1900s and the cities of Boston and Chicago about the same time closed their streets to the steamers because (lacking condensers) the cars billowed such dense clouds of exhaust steam in cold or damp weather that visibility of following vehicles was hampered, there was no popular demand to keep the Stanleys out of receivership in 1923. The Dobles had a more modern view. Their Model E Simplex was the first sustained attempt that anyone had made to bring the price of steam motoring within mass market reach.

The Doble Simplex, priced at $2,000, never came out. But the Model E Deluxe is still the most talked about of all steamcars, with the possible exception of the Stanley Rocket, which was clocked at 127.66 miles per hour in 1906, was estimated to have gone 150 mph, and was said once to have gone so fast that it left the ground briefly.

By the 1930s, when Brobeck got into the picture, the internal combustion engine was proving so popular on the highways that it was beginning to invade the railroads, where the steam locomotive had always been supreme. Diesel oil was being introduced as a locomotive fuel. To fight off the diesels, Abner Doble's brother Warren built a 500-horsepower steam engine to drive a two-car passenger train built by Budd in Philadelphia. The New Haven Railroad ran the train experimentally between Waterbury and Bridgeport, Connecticut. Brobeck was responsible for a major part of the design of this engine, the laboratory testing of its boiler and auxiliaries, and direct technical management of the installation and maintenance of the power plant during regularly scheduled railroad service. When the twin car failed to achieve its purpose, the young man went west from Connecticut, driving a Doble steam-powered bus from Davenport, Iowa, to the last Doble factory at Emeryville, California, where the Besler Company, taking over what was left of the Doble enterprise, dismantled the bus.

With four years in steam propulsion behind him, Brobeck was caught up in the exploration of a radically new power source: the nucleus of the atom. He helped Ernest O. Lawrence build the cyclotron and was himself chiefly responsible for designing the bevatron. After the Lawrence lab became the University of California Radiation Laboratory, Brobeck advanced to associate director and chief engineer of the institution. In 1957, he left the lab to set up the consulting firm that now bears his name.

About two years ago, when particle accelerator research reached a plateau, Brobeck and his associates surveyed likely opportunities to diversify their consultations. The steam-powered automobile was a conversation piece at the time. The central problems of steam propulsion lay in the very areas that had been most exhaustively analyzed by nuclear scientists—technological manipulation of the laws of thermodynamics, effective transfer of large amounts of heat, strengthening of construction materials, development of metallic alloys resistant to corrosion, complex mechanical and electrical and electronic controls, miniaturization of components, simplified packaging of delicately tuned devices. Mike Wenstrom's call for bids on the steambus seemed an ideal target, and the Brobeck firm accelerated itself at the precise angle and speed to score a hit.

Thirty years after seeing the steam engine he built for the Dobles supplanted by diesel power, Brobeck now will reverse the roles and put a steam engine into a bus to replace a diesel. Only the engine will be changed. The transmission will remain intact so that the bus drivers will not be required to learn the markedly different pacing that would be occasioned by its removal. To save weight, the fuel tank capacity of the bus will be halved. To dispose of the excess heat, a steam condenser three times as big as the radiator presently on the bus will be installed.

Brobeck is confident that steam power will work satisfactorily on buses and trucks even in the relatively primitive state of steam technology today. The private passenger car, however, is a different breed of vehicle, and Brobeck confesses to a hearty suspicion that car-buyer response to steam power will depend on extensive technological refinement. After all, only twenty years of work (a third of the time spent on the gasoline auto) is represented in the Doble Model E —a copy of which, incidentally, Brobeck sends skeptical visitors to see at the home of Bernard Becker in Walnut Creek near San Francisco. The points at which new research ought to be directed will become evident only after prototype steamcars are put on the open road and into urban traffic snarls. California Assemblyman Foran thinks that highway patrol cars would give steam engines about as rugged a tryout as could be imagined. According to the terms of a resolution he argued through the Assembly some months ago, the California Highway Patrol will test two steam-powered cars for six months and report the performance to the legislature. Favorable reports would be priceless advertising for the engine designers, to whom the cars will be returned after the tests. Two designers have engines abuilding: William Lear, of Reno, Nevada, who has promised delivery by mid-1970; and General Steam Cor-

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Steamcar performance improves, components shrink as operating temperature rises. Upper limit is 750 degrees Fahrenheit if engine lubricant circulates with the steam. Calvin and Charles Williams, of Ambler, Pennsylvania (above), invented a way to circulate lubricant apart from the steam. Their engine runs at 1,000-1,500° F., rolls their car at 85 miles per hour.

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poration, of Newport Beach, California, which expects to be ready in February. Highway Patrol Inspector David Luethje, charged with responsibility for completing the experiment, says both cars will be 1969 Dodge Polaras.

On the record of past accomplishment, Lear is the one present contributor to steam propulsion who qualifies as a genius. The Lear autopilot is known to airline crewmen everywhere. The Learjet is the most widely sold executive plane in the sky. Stereo tape fans are familiar with the Lear 8-track cartridge. Like all geniuses, Lear has the privilege of eccentricity and exercises it proudly. In a conversation with me at his office in Reno last August, he proposed that the federal government appoint him czar of steam-engine development with authority to spend $75-million in public funds as freely as Gen. Leslie Groves managed the atom bomb moneys of the Manhattan Project. Lear justified his freewheeling proposal on the grounds

Assemblyman John Foran

that the fight against smog is a war for survival and should be conducted as such. Last month, *New York Times* correspondent Jerry M. Flint, in Detroit, quoted Lear as saying there is only "one chance in 500,000" of the internal combustion engine's being replaced by the steam engine. Flint said Lear will deliver on the commitment to the California State Highway Patrol but that this vehicle will not be "practical." Several days later, in Los Angeles, saying he had been misunderstood in Detroit, Lear reiterated his original contention that steam power is the fastest answer to smog.

In reporting his interview, *Times* correspondent Flint reminded his readers that Detroit motor makers "have been saying for some time that a practical steamcar could not be built with today's technology." The last three of the quoted words are the ones to remember. In five months of gathering information about external versus internal combustion engines, I have met with, talked to, or heard of no one who claimed that an economical steamcar could be rolled off an assembly line onto the road in less than five years. I have heard claims that it could be done in ten years. The best informed independent advice tends to clump around a fifteen-to-twenty-year interval. I also have heard arguments purporting to show that steam will never do it but that vapors heavier than water vapor surely will.

In parallel to the California steambus project, DOT has announced a freon vapor bus experiment at Dallas, Texas. Wallace Minto, president of Kinetics Corporation, at Sarasota, Florida, is consultant to the Vought Aeronautics Division of Ling-Temco-Vought on this job. Mr. Minto says he has completed a freon power plant—"not a piston engine, not a turbine, something new"—that is now propelling a Volkswagen around Sarasota. Vought spokesmen say that the Dallas bus is still in a research and development stage and that the still unsigned contract drawn by DOT must be revised to provide a more flexible delivery schedule.

The editor and publisher of *Steambus Newsletter* will not be at all chagrined if an alternate to water vapor turns out to be the most efficient fluid for an external combustion engine. To them, the important aspect of their experiment is its effect on smog. To emphasize this point, Assemblyman Foran's Transportation Committee scheduled public hearings on December 4 in Los Angeles on the dangers of lead poisoning being spread through the atmosphere. The intent is to discourage use of lead in gasoline, and so to put the internal combustion engine on a fairer competitive footing with external combustion engines, which do not require leaded fuel.

On the principle that anything learned from steam propulsion will inevitably advance the understanding of external combustion engines generally, Foran intends to go back to Washington to ask that his $750,000 steambus grant be doubled to cover three additional experimental contracts that have been approved by his expert advisory panel on condition that money be available. First in line for these contracts is Steam Power Systems, Inc., at San Diego. This firm's expertise is centered in the person of Ken Wallis, who left William Lear a year ago after directing the development of a unique triangle-shaped steam engine that Lear had hoped to put into a racing car on the Indianapolis Speedway last Memorial Day. The engine, which Lear called the Delta, worked beautifully until someone ran it to impress visitors and forgot to open the oil injector. Since Lear owns the Delta design, Wallis cannot copy it without infringing patents, but he can apply his knowledge of steam locomotion to bus engines.

One of Wallis's competitors in the California steambus experiments is Doug Paxton, an inventor whose engine runs on a commonly known chemical vapor and is operating in the shop of Paxve, Inc., at Newport Beach, California. Another entry in the competition is Steam Engine Systems, of Newton, Massachusetts, a corporate brainchild of M.I.T.'s Professor Morse, who has no hardware to show yet, but who commands a brilliant constellation of laboratory skill.

The California initiative to clear the air around us will be felt increasingly throughout the country in the months ahead. Residents of many states will see fume-free cars in operation and will be able to judge for themselves the appeal of quiet, odorless motoring. The examples will be provided by local service fleets of gas and electric companies. These cars will use a natural gas fuel system initiated by Pacific Lighting and Service in Southern California. The natural gas is stored in an auxiliary tank in the car separate from and in addition to the conventional gasoline tank. A flick of a switch transfers the fuel feed line from the gasoline tank to the auxiliary and back again. Natural gas is already used to carry visitors around Disneyland and is being tested on a small number of federal government vehicles by the General Services Administration.

Three prestigious members of the United States Senate—Warren Magnuson and Henry Jackson of Washington and Edmund Muskie of Maine—have joined with a half-hundred congressmen (led by Washington's Thomas S. Foley and California's Paul McCloskey, Jr.) in sponsoring a federal law authorizing the GSA to pay a premium of 25 per cent above the normal price for motorcars certified to be free of fumes. The certifying board will include representatives of the several federal departments and agencies concerned with smog control and will serve as an automatic focusing device to concentrate support for research designed to get rid of smog. Whoever comes up with the first economical fumeless car pleasing to the average motorist will have a guaranteed market worth filling. With California already offering a 100 per cent premium for fumeless cars in up to 25 per cent of its state-owned fleet, it can be only a matter of time before other progressive states will turn the presently faint green light in California into a procession signaling a vigorous "go!" to smog.

—JOHN LEAR.

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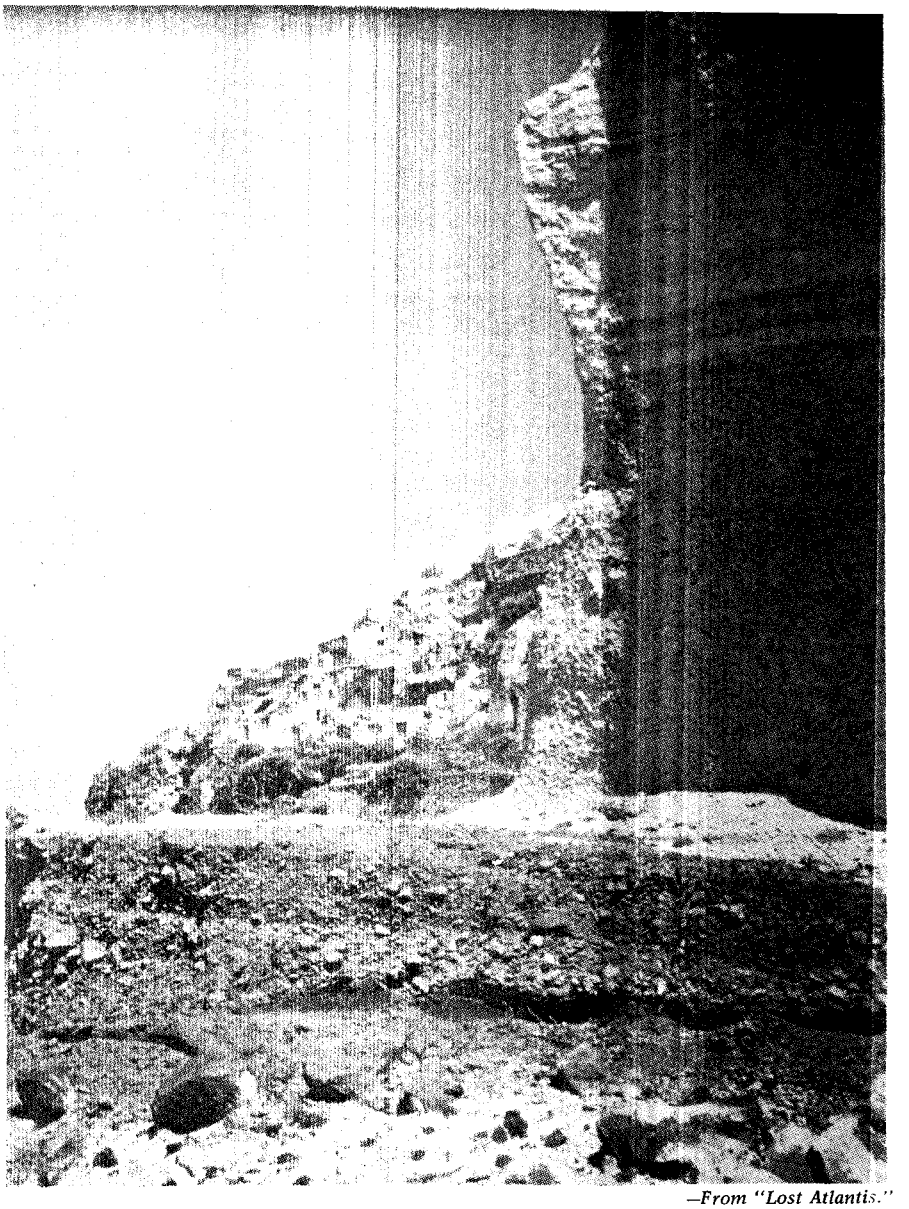
A TIME CLOCK FOR HISTORY

Does volcano ash mark the exits of civilizations?

by BRUCE C. HEEZEN



—*From "Lost Atlantis."*

Wall of the Thera volcano caldron shows layering of 100-foot-thick ash fall.

Man's knowledge of his prehistoric ancestors might be clarified considerably if planet Earth had a built-in time clock that recorded the entrances and exits of successive civilizations.

The possible existence of such a timing device—or, more correctly, a series of fundamentally identical devices—was suggested four-and-a-half years ago in a research report read at the University of Bristol in England by Dragoslav Ninkovich and myself. We pointed out then that volcanic eruptions had repeatedly strewn ashes over large areas of the planet's surface, and that these ashes could be analyzed mineralogically and their particular sources so identified.

As a familiar example, we cited the famous Stronghyli (round) Island volcano in the Aegean Sea, which blew its top three-and-a-half millenniums ago and left behind a deep caldron filled with water and rimmed with a broken circle of land fragments known in modern times by either of two names: Santorini or Thera.

We showed that a layer of ash found in cylinders of mud and soft rock cut from the floor of the eastern Mediterranean had come from the same volcano as a much thicker ash layer found on the largest fragments of the Thera island group. A sample of the Thera ash had been dated by the carbon-14 method and discovered to be roughly contemporary with the presumed date of the sudden, apparently catastrophic end of the Minoan civilization on Crete, sixty miles to the south. From this latter coincidence we concluded that the Minoan civilization on Crete may have been wrecked by the same ash fall that buried Thera.

Our report attracted favorable attention from the inspector general of antiquities of Greece, Spyridon Marinatos, emeritus professor of archaeology at the University of Athens. Marinatos had aroused much skepticism among his scientific colleagues in 1939 by publishing a suggestion that the Thera volcano was directly responsible for the Minoan ruination. In the course of his diggings on Crete, he had discovered on that island's northern coast what he took to be evidence of a tsunami (the popularly miscalled "tidal wave") generated from the Thera neighborhood. The force of this surge of water, he believed, would have been sufficiently great to account for the toppling of exquisitely decorated palaces the Minoans had built on Crete.

Despite the sharp opposition it encountered when he enunciated it, Marinatos's idea was not without precedent. The French engineers who built the Suez Canal in the nineteenth century had mined the 100-foot-thick volcanic ash layer on Thera for the manufacture of cement needed in the canal's construction. They had dug up signs of a past civilization. French archaeologists were summoned; subsequently they explored some underground rooms that were clearly pre-Greek. No one then knew how old these relics were, and it was not until 1899 that Sir Arthur Evans began the explorations that finally uncovered the Labyrinth, King Minos's palace on Crete.

By the time of Marinatos's provocative paper, archaeologists had learned

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to appreciate the Minoans as pioneers in the development of sea power politics. Crete was recognized as the center of a Bronze Age trading empire that dominated the eastern Mediterranean and may have extended its influence as far as England and Scandinavia. The ruins buried in the Thera pumice mines had come to be ascribed to a period centered about 1,000 years after the first signs of Minoan emergence on Crete and about 300 years after the Minoans had developed their own peculiar form of writing.

In 1967, Marinatos returned to Akrotíri, the site of some of the early French digging, to undertake new excavations. Beneath the volcanic ash he found what an American associate in the work, Wellesley College professor of Greek and Boston Museum of Fine Arts research fellow Emily Vermeule, has described as a major port city that must have supported a population of thousands of farmers, fishermen, traders, and craftsmen.

Last September, Marinatos convened an International Scientific Congress on the Volcano of Thera, inviting about 140 archaeologists, volcanologists, geologists, seismologists, oceanographers, and other scientists to join an interdisciplinary discussion of the implications of Thera for historical studies. I was among his guests during several days of meetings which commenced in the great hall of the Archaeological Society of Athens. In inaugurating these sessions, Marinatos disclosed that his thoughts of a relationship between Thera and the Minoans had surfaced long before publication of his thesis in 1939.

In 1932, he said, it first occurred to him that the volcanic eruption of Thera had had a significant effect on Minoan history. In that year, he had excavated some Minoan houses along the northern beach of Crete, a few miles east of Heracleon. He had found masses of pumice in the ruins of the Minoan seaport of Amnisos. Looking back on these events, he recognized that the pumice could have floated in from any one of a number of Mediterranean volcanoes and that the pumice itself could not demonstrate a volcanic origin for the widespread destruction of Minoan palaces on Crete. Nevertheless, such was the germ of what grew into the published document of 1939. World War II and other matters caused Marinatos to put the notion aside after its publication, and he was not encouraged to pick it up again until Ninkovich and I published our paper.

In presenting our thesis, we granted that a tsunami must have occurred as a consequence of the Thera explosion and that the raging water must have had a serious effect on the coast of Minoan Crete. But we maintained that the critical factor in the destruction of Minoan civilization was not an indirect result of the eruption but a direct one—that is, the fall of volcanic ash made it impossible for the Minoans to survive on Crete. Several times in the thousand-year history of Iceland, ash falls have caused abandonment of the practice of agriculture on parts of that far northern island. We assumed a similar happening not only on Crete but on other islands of the eastern Mediterranean at the time of the Thera eruption 3,500 years ago.

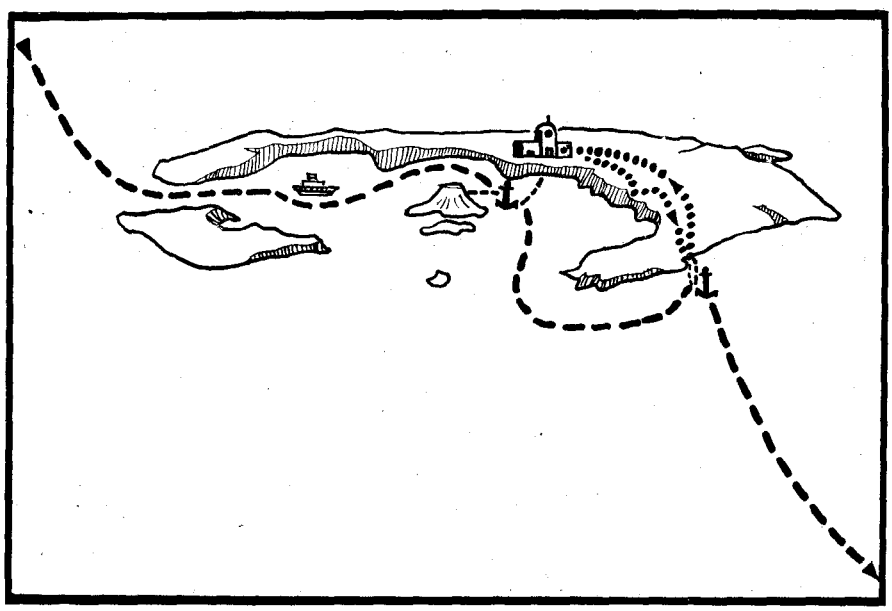
Having got the congress off to a good start by crystallizing the different theories he hoped to coalesce later, Marinatos herded us out of Athens onto the 10,000-ton Greek motorship *Knossos* for a cruise to the remaining fragments of Thera and to Minoan ruins on Crete.

Although I had read at length about Thera while drafting the 1965 report with Ninkovich, I had never visited the island before and was impressed by the sheerness of the cliffs rimming the original volcano caldron. To a geologist, there was no possible question of the violent nature of the site, but Marinatos wanted all of us to be sure; so, after the *Knossos* anchored in deep water well away from the cliffs, we clambered into the ship's launch for a brief excursion to the larger of two Kaménis, the central vent of the Thera group under which the volcano still broods. The launch next took us in the opposite direction from the *Knossos* for a closer look at the ashen cliffs of the big island of Thera. We then returned to the *Knossos* and steamed out of the caldron to Thera's southern shore, where we again debarked in the launch to a beach, whence we walked a short distance to the new excavations Marinatos had been making since 1967.

For many of the geologists in the party, this was the first visit to an active archaeological excavation. Men with shovels, baskets, sieves, and wheelbarrows were carefully sifting the soil for bits of pottery and shattered frescoes. Overhead a steel framework was taking form to protect the dig from the weather.

Marinatos interpreted his work in a series of short, skillful, extemporaneous lectures. He showed us a great storeroom with huge clay jars still in place. We saw a doorway where a wooden sill had provided means of radio-carbon dating. We saw evidence of a collapse of walls, which he attributed to an earthquake. We saw a fine stone pavement that had floored the second story of a building and was still reasonably intact because the rooms below had filled with ash and lent support. We saw beautifully decorated pottery and, most exciting, fragments of magnificent frescoes. We saw a workshop complete with stone anvils and hammers, and a staircase leading up from it.

From Akrotíri we drove along a cliffside road facing the Thera caldron to the town of Phira, where we rested at the Atlantis Hotel, listened to the singing of the choir in the cathedral, and visited the local museum before taking lunch at the home of Petros Nomikos. The main luncheon dish was octopus, which reminded us of the design on the Minoan pottery that had been in vogue when the Thera volcano blew up. After lunch, most of us sat on the veranda of Mr. Nomikos's house



Course of floating scientific congress through remains of Stronghyli volcano is marked above by dashed line. Note "Knossos" anchorages. Dots indicate overland excursion.

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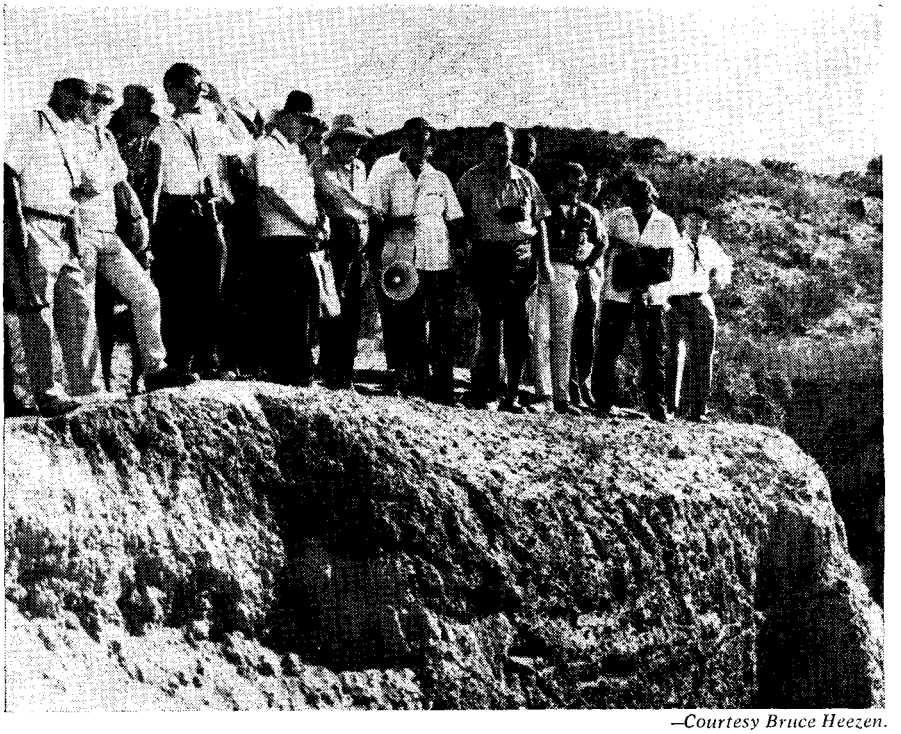
and savored the wine of Thera while a small group of the younger archaeologists formed a circle and danced, their outstretched hands linked by handkerchiefs in the Greek fashion.

The surroundings were so pleasant that we could have stayed there in the sun for the rest of the afternoon. But we could not forget that the purpose of our presence was to try to unravel the history of Thera as it related to the rest of the Mediterranean world. Several of us commandeered a car and driver to take us along the cliff top to the great pumice quarry, where we might see the ash beds that have been so widely construed as evidence that the Thera eruption took place in two or three stages separated by intervals of years.

The lowermost layer, we saw, was a coarse, cinder-like accumulation predominantly pink in color. It was evenly overlaid by a somewhat finer whitish ash, which in turn was overlaid by the grayish mass of the cliff top.

I was especially interested in the opinion of Dr. Sigurdur Thorarinsson, the noted volcanologist from Iceland. He was the only one in the party who had seen ash falling from the Hekla volcano in 1947. His reaction was not reassuring for those who contend that fifty years elapsed between deposition of the first and second ash layers on Thera. He said that the traces of erosion visible on the Thera cliffs were comparable to effects produced in Iceland by only a few hours of interval in an eruption.



—Courtesy Bruce Heezen.

Thera volcano congress delegates are shown above examining Minoan ruin at Akrotiri: Kenzo Yagi, of Japan (far left); Sigurdur Thorarinsson, of Iceland (shielding eyes); Maur Neumann van Padang, of Holland (black-hatted); Spyridon Marinatos, of Greece (helmeted, pointing); Bruce Heezen (with sling camera); Martin S. Aitken, of England (dark shirt, glasses); Max Pfannenstiel, of West Germany (far right). Visit was a "first" for geologists in party.

We anticipated the question the archaeologists would ask: If the Thera eruption had been almost continuous, how do we account for the fact that pottery found at Akrotíri seems to be slightly older stylistically than pottery found in the destroyed Minoan palaces on Crete? Could this be due to local variations in craftsmanship? We did not know the answer. But other volcanologists present—such as Professor Kenzo Yagi of Japan and Dr. James Healy of New Zealand—concurred in Thorarinsson's insistence that violently explosive volcanic eruptions occur only after long quiescence. It was difficult for any of them to believe that Thera would be an exception.

After the conversation at the quarry, it occurred to me that I might have reminded my companions of an additional piece of evidence that had been presented to the congress by one of my geology students before we boarded the *Knossos* in Athens. At the time this contribution had been made, by Dr. William Ryan of the Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory of Columbia University, I had felt somewhat abashed. For Dr. Ryan had pointed out an error that Ninkovich and I had allowed into our 1965 paper. That document had mentioned two volcanic ash layers in the Mediterranean seafloor—one dated about 3,500 years ago and one dated at least 25,000 years ago. We had attributed both layers to Thera. Ryan had re-examined the cores of seafloor sediment that we had studied and had discovered that the older ash had come from a volcano in Italy, not from Thera. Ryan also reported finding eight other ash layers, of which the last, from the vicinity of Thera, fell about 80,000 years ago. In other words, the period of Thera's quiescence prior to the catastrophic eruption of about 1,400 years before the Christian era was far longer than Ninkovich and I had calculated. There had been many other eruptions, including recent ones, but all of them were minor.

From the pumice quarry, we drove back along the cliff top to Akrotíri, returned in the launch to the *Knossos*, and sailed south from Thera to Crete, following the same route the ash had been carried over by the Bronze Age winds, the route the great tsunami traveled to Amnisos.

On Thera, the white dust from the Bronze Age eruption was everywhere. We had to wash it from our faces, shake it from our clothes, dust it from our shoes, and scoop it from our trouser cuffs. There was nothing remotely like it on Crete. Of course, the size of wind-blown volcanic ash decreases sharply with distance. Fifty miles away from a volcano vent, the average ash flake is ten times smaller than a grain of sand. But on Crete we found an entirely different concept of volcanic effluent than we had found on Thera. For example, we had heard that volcanic bombs had fallen in the Cretan palace at Zakros. But the specimens we saw at the Heracleon Museum were made of limestone and brick. They were definitely not volcanic.

The longer the congress continued the more difficult it became to correlate ideas and dates. Professor Froelich Rainey of the University of Pennsylvania Museum pointed out a number of discrepancies between the accepted dates of Egyptian archaeological finds and the dates of samples from the Marinatos dig at Akrotíri. Leon Pomerance, an American archaeologist who derived his conclusions largely from historical data, leaned toward a date of 1180 B.C. for the Thera catastrophe. Professor Rein W. van Bemmelen, a geologist from the State University of Utrecht in Holland, favored a date of 1370 B.C. Marinatos at first had hit upon 1520 B.C. but more recently had revised his date downward to 1470 B.C., the date preferred by Professor J. V. Luce of Trinity College at Dublin, Ireland. Ninkovich and I had ended with a date of 1420 B.C.

For me as a geologist, one of the most puzzling aspects of the whole investigation into the volcanic theory

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of the destruction of the Minoan culture was the failure of the archaeologists to look for the volcanic ash which presumably was to blame. Although the paper authored by Ninkovich and myself was cited by Marinatos as one of the reasons for calling the International Scientific Congress on the Volcano of Thera, the congress produced no evidence of even a superficial search for the ash on Crete during the four-and-a-half years subsequent to publication of our ideas. In one sense, the lack was understandable. Archaeologists must sift through tons of dust to find their treasures. However, Dr. Sinclair Hood, a noted British archaeologist who knows Crete well, has assured me that there are places on the island where still buried Minoan ruins could be sampled for volcanic ash without difficulty. Hopefully, the International Scientific Congress on the Volcano of Thera will have, among its ultimate effects, this kind of sampling.

The volcanic ash must be related to the pottery styles and the levels at which destruction of buildings occurred if we are to ascertain whether the destruction of Crete occurred earlier than, contemporaneous with, or later than the ash fall from Thera. Only thus can we decide whether Crete was stricken by ashes, by tsunami, by earthquakes; only so can we say confidently whether there was one continuous ash fall, or several falls separated by hours or days, or several falls separated by many years. As Denys Page, Cambridge University professor of Greek, said at the close of the congress: "We need to find that ash in the soils of Crete, in the archaeological levels. We need more cores from the seafloor around Crete to better predict the probable thickness of the ash on Crete. Then we can all come back and discuss the problem again."

The following sources are recommended to readers who wish to learn more about the volcano of Thera:

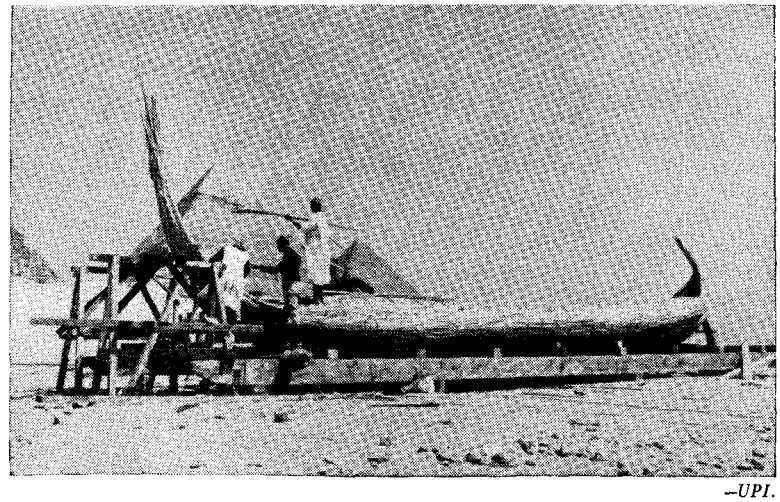
"The Volcano That Shaped the Western World"—*SR*, Nov. 5, 1966.

"A Culture Beneath the Ashes," by Emily Vermeule in SCIENCE YEAR: THE WORLD BOOK SCIENCE ANNUAL 1969. Field Enterprises Educational Corporation.

LOST ATLANTIS by J. V. Luce. McGraw-Hill.

ATLANTIS by A. G. Galanopoulos and Edward Bacon. Thomas Nelson and Sons.

VOYAGE TO ATLANTIS by James W. Mavor, Jr. G. P. Putnam's Sons.



—*UPI.*

What Happened to the "Ra"?

What ultimately happened to the reed basket in which Thor Heyerdahl crossed the Atlantic Ocean last summer [SR, May 3, Aug. 2]? After the "paper boat" Ra (so dubbed because it was built of papyrus reeds) was abandoned near the West Indian island of Barbados, did the lonely craft make a landing somewhere? A number of SR readers have asked about this over the past few months. The gist of their questions was transmitted to Heyerdahl, whose reply is reproduced in the columns below.

by THOR HEYERDAHL

COLLA MICHERI, ITALY.

When we left *Ra* not a single reed of papyrus had broken or disintegrated. The portside of the vessel was floating almost as high on the water as it had been when we started from Morocco. A large number of ropes on the starboard side had been torn off, however, with the result that the starboard side of the vessel had suffered a heavy loss of papyrus, giving us a strong list to starboard, which happened to be the side from which we were taking the wind and the sea. The weakness in the construction of the stern [described in *SR*'s reports on Heyerdahl's voyage] caused the stern to bend down and form a ramp over which the waves came and hammered directly on the cabin. The hammering moved the wickerwork floor of the cabin back and forth over the papyrus bundles on which the floor rested until the bundles on the starboard side were cut off.

As we neared Barbados, we removed the masts, sail, rudder-oars, water jars, baskets, and all other interesting accessories from *Ra* and brought them to Barbados, whence all have been shipped to the Kon-Tiki Museum in Oslo.

The unmanned remainder of *Ra* was set adrift in the direction of Barbados, with a small steering sail attached to two ordinary oars stuck upright. *Ra* should have arrived at Barbados a week later if it had continued at the same speed and in the same direction as it was traveling when we left it. However, American scientists associated with the BOMEX Project [*SR*, Oct. 4] reported spotting something on the water right at the edge of *Anna*, the season's first hurricane. This something could hardly have been anything but *Ra*.

We may assume that the hurricane blew *Ra*'s improvised sail overboard and put the vessel on another course—one that would carry it into the Mexican Gulf. If washed up on a tropical beach, the remainder of *Ra*, consisting merely of some lashed-together bundles of reeds, would mean nothing to an uninformed observer. Unless the final remains of *Ra* should happen to be observed by somebody who knows the whole story, we shall probably never learn where *Ra* ended.

I believe we can be sure that whatever remains of *Ra* has never sunk. A bundle of the same papyrus of which *Ra* was built had been left in the Egyptian port of Alexandria for testing at the time we removed *Ra* from its construction site behind the pyramids outside Cairo. This test bundle was still afloat in its testing basin when I last saw it at the very end of September, and probably is so today.

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Letters to the Science Editor

Northwest Passage

JOHN LEAR is correct in his "Northwest Passage to What?" [*SR*, Nov. 1] in pointing to the potential tragedy should the polar ice fields melt. To my great amazement, he stopped short of stating that a *Torrey Canyon* incident would yield that "effective darkener . . . that would float on water and consequently would spread quickly and widely" and thereby lead to the gradual melting of the Arctic icecap "with certainly distressing and perhaps disastrous consequences for modern man." Oil tankers and indeed all vessels that are likely to contribute an accumulation of oil slick should be prohibited from the Northwest Passage.

PAUL OLYNYK,
Associate Director,
Division of Environmental Sciences,
Cleveland State University,
Cleveland, O.

CERTAINLY one of the major questions raised by the voyage of the *Manhattan* was not "Passage to What?" but passage *through* what? Many Canadians feel strongly about the question of sovereignty over that portion of Arctic waters through which the Canadian icebreaker *John A. MacDonald* cleared a path for the *Manhattan*. The matter was discussed everywhere here, from Parliament to pubs, with public sentiment for some sort of declaration of Canadian sovereignty running so high that the government even sent the United States a note on the subject. It was disappointing, therefore, for Canadian readers not to find any mention of this issue in *SR*'s article. It was downright disgusting to find Canada mentioned only in connection with floating bags of human feces.

HERBERT C. GOLTZ, JR.,
St. Thomas University,
Fredericton, New Brunswick.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Canada formally claims sovereignty over the Arctic islands, but has no firm position on surrounding waters. At the U.N. recently, Premier Trudeau emphasized Canada's desire to exercise "stewardship" of the waters to prevent pollution. The SR report on the Northwest Passage said, regarding the Canadians:*

> Whatever future the Alaskans may opt to invent for themselves, the Canadians are persuaded that water-borne tankers will open up their 1.5-million square miles of tundra. Oil, iron, copper, zinc, asbestos, nickel, and sulphur are there in abundance. The Canadians are preparing to prevent abuse of what they see as a historic opportunity. Land-use regulations are being drafted to govern the North. Entry licenses will control such fine points as when a bulldozer blade may be lowered. Elaborate arrays of scientific instruments will be placed in certain river basins to observe ecological effects of seemingly isolated intrusion. Washington might learn from Ottawa.

Further Identification

I THINK *SR*'s readers will wish to know that the report excerpted under the title "Behavioral Science or Electioneering?" [*SR*, Nov. 1] was jointly sponsored by the National Academy of Sciences and the Social Science Research Council. The complete text of the report will be published soon as a Prentice-Hall book, *The Behavioral and Social Sciences: Outlook and Needs*.

STEPHEN VIEDERMAN,
Executive Officer,
Behavioral and Social Sciences
Survey Committee,
National Research Council,
Social Science Research Council,
Washington, D.C.

Wind Direction

REFERRING TO John Lear's "How Hurricanes Are Born" [*SR*, Oct. 4]: The trade winds do not flow in opposite directions. Rather, the northeast trades from the Northern Hemisphere and the southeast trades from the Southern Hemisphere unite at the Intertropical Convergence (also called the Meteorological Equator) to flow from east to west.

DAN MCDONALD,
Fort Collins, Colo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The report on hurricanes stated explicitly: "The northeast and southeast trade winds . . . meet in what is called the Intertropical Convergence." It was in this sense that the words "opposite directions" were used.*

Wind Speed

SO THAT John Lear does not contribute to the prolongation of another misconception, I think *SR* might do well to correct the statement regarding hurricane *Camille*: "the winds within her churned up to sixty miles per hour and so made her a hurricane." By definition, a hurricane is wind of over seventy-five miles per hour. As usual, the drama is excellent, but in science accuracy should have a place.

ROBERT ATWATER,
Detroit, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's science editor was wrong. So is Mr. Atwater. Public acceptance of a hurricane as such begins when the storm is officially named. That happens when the Environmental Science Services Administration characterizes the disturbance as a tropical storm. This characterization is given when the winds reach a speed of thirty-nine miles per hour, although the textbook definition of a hurricane calls for winds moving at a speed of sixty-four knots per hour (seventy-four miles per hour).*

Voiceprints

I WAS PLEASED to see that, in contrast to most reporting in the popular press, Ross E. Steinhauer in "Voice Prints: A New Aid in Detecting Criminals" [*SR*, Sept. 6] recognizes that there is at present no scientifically substantiated basis for the claim that it is possible to identify speakers without error by using sound spectrograms.

However, I consider the illustrations of contour-type sound spectrograms misleading. There is a widespread misunderstanding that this type of spectrogram is more accurate and is used for identifying voices. In fact, L. G. Kersta, the proponent of voiceprinting, has used the more conventional bar display.

I must also take exception to Mr. Steinhauer's conclusion that medical evidence is required to make voiceprinting acceptable. If anyone can demonstrate that he is able to make completely accurate identifications under rigorous test conditions established by experts in the field, and if he can train others to do the same, medical evidence is unnecessary. On the other hand, no amount of medical testimony that it should be possible will cause voiceprinting to be admitted as legal evidence until someone shows that he can actually do it.

FRANCES INGEMANN,
Chairman, Linguistics,
University of Kansas,
Lawrence, Kan.

THE ROSS STEINHAUER article, generally a valuable one, quotes court testimony in which incorrect statements are made about a resolution passed by the "speech communication committee" of the Acoustical Society of America concerning the "voiceprint process." This resolution was adopted at a meeting of the technical committee on speech communication of the Acoustical Society of America on June 1, 1966, in Los Angeles, California, and reads in the committee minutes as follows:

> The technical committee on speech communication is concerned that "voiceprints" have been admitted as legal evidence on the basis of claims which have not yet been adequately evaluated scientifically. The committee invites the executive council [of the Acoustical Society of America] to consider the matter and take appropriate action.

The concern of the technical committee led to the appointment of a study group to review the scientific problems in voice identification for legal use. The group, as individual co-authors, have documented

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their findings in a report that appeared in *Science* in October.

J. M. PICKETT,
Chairman, Technical Committee
on Speech Communication,
Acoustical Society of America,
Gallaudet College,
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The report in "Science" stated the same conclusion that Ross Steinhauer's SR report reached—that scientific experiments could be, but have not yet been, designed to determine whether a speaker can be unquestionably identified through the use of visual patterns of his voice tones.*

Science in Religion

IN SPEAKING OF myths and legends with their high content of miraculous or unnatural events, H. G. MacPherson says ["What Would a Scientific Religion Be Like?" *SR*, Aug. 2]: "If the scientist displays tolerance to such biblical stories as that of the virgin birth, a tenet common to several religions, it is on the same basis that he repeats the story of Santa Claus to his children." There is no need here to discuss the virgin-birth theme as a tenet in the various forms of Christianity. The point is that a negative approach holds such stories in low esteem because they are collections of superstitions irrelevant to adults. A positive approach would seek literary beauty and usefulness as teaching media for conveying spiritual and moral values. Historians and anthropologists, as well as theologians, find their own interests in these ancient tales regardless of whether or not the events in them took place as described. The importance of different biblical stories varies, of course, but one does not diminish their human significance by attacking them as factually incorrect. Mythology, like any other form of literature, can be accepted on its own merits.

In describing the mysteries of the universe, he writes: "If one chooses, one can regard these regions beyond the domain of the scientist as the territory of a supreme deity. . . . Acceptance of such a thought can provide the comfort of a verbal description of a universe that has no gaps. One can complete the picture by saying, 'God created the universe and its laws.' If the scientist were to subscribe to this, he would do so with an awareness that he was substituting one mystery for another. He is rather likely to refer to this god in an allegorical sense, expressing his awe in contemplation of the grandeur of nature." This is a beautiful idea, not unlike that of the Psalmist who sang: "The heavens declare the glory of God." MacPherson's hesitance ("If the scientist were to subscribe . . .") can be understood as his normal skepticism, but he fails to take note of the enormous importance of what the allegory implies: The universe is grand, God is grand, life is grand, man is grand. This could be the beginning point of an ideal religion, if the scientist would but take hold of it.

For me, the most interesting part of the article concerned the human spirit. MacPherson observes that it is the spirit that "either makes life joyous and satisfying or converts life into something considerably less than satisfactory," and that, rather than a fixed thing given him at birth, "a person's spirit develops with age . . . depend[ing] strongly on the surrounding spirits with which it comes into contact." He demonstrates these points with warmth as well as with scientific discipline. The relationship and influence of one spirit upon another are an exciting source of meaning in life, and I think one only diminishes it by connecting it to concern with an afterlife as MacPherson does. The scientist is again forced to point out that there is no scientifically verified evidence, in this case, from spirits of the departed. He argues well that "a person's spirit is a quality associated with a person's life," but it is my impression that his feeling is tempered by the conclusion that "this spirit can live on only through the effects it works on other people's lives." The principle would be so much more positive without those words "can" and "only" (not to mention that it would avoid the illogic of an argument based upon negative evidence).

MacPherson's final conclusion, regarding rules for behavior, is a sound one based upon his stated observations. "I look at the effect of my actions and attitudes on the spirits of those about me. Where this influence helps those about me to meet the problems of life in healthy and constructive ways, then I regard my actions and attitudes as good. Conversely, if I do things that turn out to be harmful to the spirit of others, then I have done wrong." This is a modern, sophisticated, and pragmatic restatement of the golden rule. It is well put and a valuable contribution.

MacPherson does not state it explicitly, but I think his position implies that religion, organized religion, is or should be a means of cultivation of the spirit. I take it he is not satisfied with what he has found, and that is why he seeks a "scientific religion." Speaking as a rabbi, I can say that I am with him, but I have found within the traditions and teachings of Judaism abundant bases for what is in my eyes scientifically acceptable spiritual value. I am sure that he can find the same in Christianity.

A scientist might also have spoken about the satisfactions of belonging, of being a member, an active participant in a living religious body, for religion does not flourish as a separated individual's discipline. MacPherson is a creative contributor to religion, and I think he would agree that his church needs him and others like him if it is to be effective. If certain religious bodies are unscientific, it is because they lack scientifically oriented members.

What I missed most of all in the article was a sense of enthusiasm, of joy and pleasure in scientific religion. Any religion is full of romance, and what a great pity if scientific method quenches all romance. I hope this is not necessarily the case. I hope the scientist can still enjoy the holiday celebrations, the poetry, the music, the warmth that religion offers.

I am left with one more thought. It is that scientific thinking cannot let matters rest here. I, too, am committed to this method, but science must be for us a stimulus—not an inhibition. We need not be limited to a proven body of knowledge in our actions. In the words of Deuteronomy (29:29): "The mysteries belong to the Lord our God; that which is known is for us and our children, that we might put this teaching into action." What we know, we should have no trouble following. The mysteries add spice.

RABBI DAVID L. KLINE,
Temple Menorah,
Little Neck, N.Y.

"This is your captain speaking. How many of you have ever heard of loop the loop?"

Word from Russia

WOULD YOU PLEASE take note that the article "The Equivocal Standard" [part of the symposium titled "The Water That Won't Freeze," *SR*, Sept. 6] was written jointly by Professor Churyev and myself?

Concerning the presumed role of sodium in the formation of anomalous water, I have no proof of such a role so far. As our experiments were made in very pure (99.999 per cent) fused quartz capillaries, this role is not very likely.

B. V. DERYAGIN,
Institute of Physical Chemistry,
Moscow, U.S.S.R.

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Dawn of Opera

Continued from page 80

lation [into English]" came to light. To quote further from the booklet accompanying the recording (Vox SVBX 5213, $9.95): "The noted English critic Eric Walter White has suggested that it might have come from the library of Samuel Pepys and could perhaps be the 'Italian opera in musicque, the first that had been in England of this kind' which John Evelyn saw on January 5, 1674."

Professor Alan Curtis of the University of California prepared an edition of *L'Erismena* from several sources, using the seventeenth-century English libretto; it was given its U.S. premiere at Berkeley on May 17, 1968. Substantially, that is the version on the Vox recording, which Professor Curtis conducts from a harpsichord, with strings and trumpets from the Oakland Symphony, and this cast: Walter Matthes (Erimante), Edgar Jones (Diarte), Delreen Hafenrichter (Erismena), Edward Jameson (Argippo), countertenor Paul Esswood (Orimeno), Carole Bogard (Aldimira), Holly Alonso (Flerida), countertenor Walt McKibben (Alcesta), Melvin Brown (Idraspe), and Leslie Retallick (Clerio). The accompanying booklet contains a full, if rather apologetic, essay by Professor Curtis, a quotation of the plot-story as given in the English manuscript score, and the libretto itself in English as sung.

The result is consistently enjoyable, often emotionally moving, often rollicking fun—but it must have only faint resemblance to what was heard in Venice more than three centuries ago. Indeed, in part it sounds like a purely English opera, not least because (again) no singer in the cast produces an Italian-sounding vocal color and at least three of the singers sound very American indeed. Like the Argo recording of Raymond Leppard's version of a greater Cavalli opera, *L'Ormindo* (reviewed here, May 3, 1969), this "is thus a very free modern revision." Like that version, it is almost sure to be successful, for it too "offers a marred opportunity to hear reasons for Cavalli's popularity: his sharp responsiveness to dramatic situations, his astonishing ability to characterize in music, his talent-justified freedom from many of his era's conventions, his expressive handling of voices." An unmarred opportunity would require that an original score of one of Cavalli's finest operas be sung in Italian, preferably by Italians, in a document-respecting atmosphere like that of the Monteverdi recording reviewed above. While awaiting such a proof of genuine belief in Cavalli, we are, I hope, grateful for the smaller favors granted us in the recordings of *L'Erismena* and *L'Ormindo*. For Cavalli, though he was not Monteverdi, was a very great composer.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 71: skin, inks, sink.

"I'd be glad to help you find the piece you're looking for. But I can never remember my Koechel listings!"

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(Continued on page 94)

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(Continued from page 93)

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(Continued on page 96)

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(Continued from page 95)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1861

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. "Tell it not in———." (II Samuel, 1:20).	7 34 44 62
B. Beginning or occurring outside the mind or personality.	68 111 125 137 144 155 164 177 213 216 5 28
C. Different.	77 78 100 105 149 188 197 204 209
D. Abundantly supplied.	19 26 87 118 127 130 134
E. Scene of the betrayal of Jesus (Matt. 26:36).	39 49 60 72 82 101 115 136 152 167
F. The defendant in G. & S.'s "Trial by Jury."	170 175 18 31 54
G. The British government or its policies.	99 104 113 138 147 166 176 220 83
H. Instance of onyxis (2 wds.)	91 108 124 180 200 30 59 81 148 14 132
I. Drifted along easily.	157 169 179 185 192 202 46
J. Touched gently.	67 70 117 135 142 160
K. The outer surface of an arch.	172 210 218 25 38 75 107 140
L. Figure bounded by two radii and the included arc of a circle.	143 153 1 13 129 195
M. She-goat or nymph who fed the infant Zeus and whose horn became the Cornucopia (var. sp.)	203 3 43 94 109 128 156 184
N. Hatred of reasoning or enlightenment.	4 20 69 205 97 208 40 162
O. Jane Austen novel.	183 11 48 55
P. Hiding places.	74 86 90 201 212 47 61 150
Q. He was undone by the sun.	51 56 63 79 93 8
R. Becomes gripped or entangled.	92 120 141 52 189 194 9
S. As a minimum (3 wds.)	66 85 112 193 219 161 186 53 17 21
T. Produced as clear profit.	27 36 158 171 190 121
U. Flipped, knocked out, carried away.	23 41 123 182
V. Closely arrayed, as a body of troops (2 wds.)	116 6 145 29 80 173 88 35 37
W. Bottom.	102 110 214 33 45 89 15 217 114 165
X. Capital of Tahiti.	211 95 146 159 12 32 58
Y. Greek astronomer and philosopher (611-547 B.C.), disciple of Thales.	73 199 163 154 122 65 84 206 133 16 96
Z. Disproves.	42 22 24 2 64 119 198
Z¹. Mythological sea creature with a human head and torso.	139 57 126 71 168 98 10 106 181 191 76 215 151 50
Z². Calm.	178 131 103 207 174 196 187

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

				1 L	2 Z	3 M	4 N	5 B	6 V	7 A	8 Q		9 R	10 Z¹	11 O	12 X	13 L
14 H	15 W	16 Y	17 S		18 F	19 D	20 N	21 S	22 Z	23 U		24 Z	25 K	26 D	27 T	28 B	29 V
	30 H	31 F	32 X	33 W		34 A	35 V		36 T	37 V	38 K	39 E	40 N	41 U	42 Z	43 M	44 A
45 W	46 I		47 P	48 O	49 E	50 Z¹	51 Q	52 R	53 S	54 F		55 O	56 Q	57 Z¹	58 X	59 H	60 E
	61 P	62 A	63 Q	64 Z		65 Y	66 S	67 J	68 B	69 N		70 J	71 Z¹		72 E	73 Y	74 P
75 K		76 Z¹	77 C		78 C	79 Q	80 V	81 H	82 E	83 G	84 Y	85 S	86 P		87 D	88 V	89 W
90 P	91 H	92 R	93 Q	94 M	95 X	96 Y	97 N	98 Z¹		99 G	100 C	101 E	102 W		103 Z²	104 G	105 C
	106 Z¹	107 K	108 H	109 M	110 W	111 B	112 S		113 G	114 W		115 E	116 V	117 J	118 D	119 Z	120 R
121 T	122 Y	123 U	124 H		125 B	126 Z¹	127 D		128 M	129 L	130 D	131 Z²	132 H		133 Y	134 D	135 J
	136 E	137 B	138 G	139 Z¹	140 K	141 R	142 J	143 L		144 B	145 V	146 X	147 G	148 H	149 C	150 P	
151 Z¹	152 E	153 L	154 Y	155 B	156 M	157 I	158 T	159 X	160 J	161 S	162 N		163 Y	164 B		165 W	166 G
167 E		168 Z¹	169 I	170 F		171 T	172 K	173 V	174 Z²		175 F	176 G	177 B	178 Z²		179 I	180 H
181 Z¹		182 U	183 O	184 M	185 I	186 S	187 Z²		188 C	189 R	190 T	191 Z¹		192 I	193 S	194 R	195 L
196 Z²		197 C	198 Z		199 Y	200 H		201 P	202 I	203 M	204 C	205 N	206 Y		207 Z²	208 N	
209 C	210 K	211 X	212 P	213 B	214 W		215 Z¹		216 B	217 W	218 K	219 S	220 G				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 22 of this issue.

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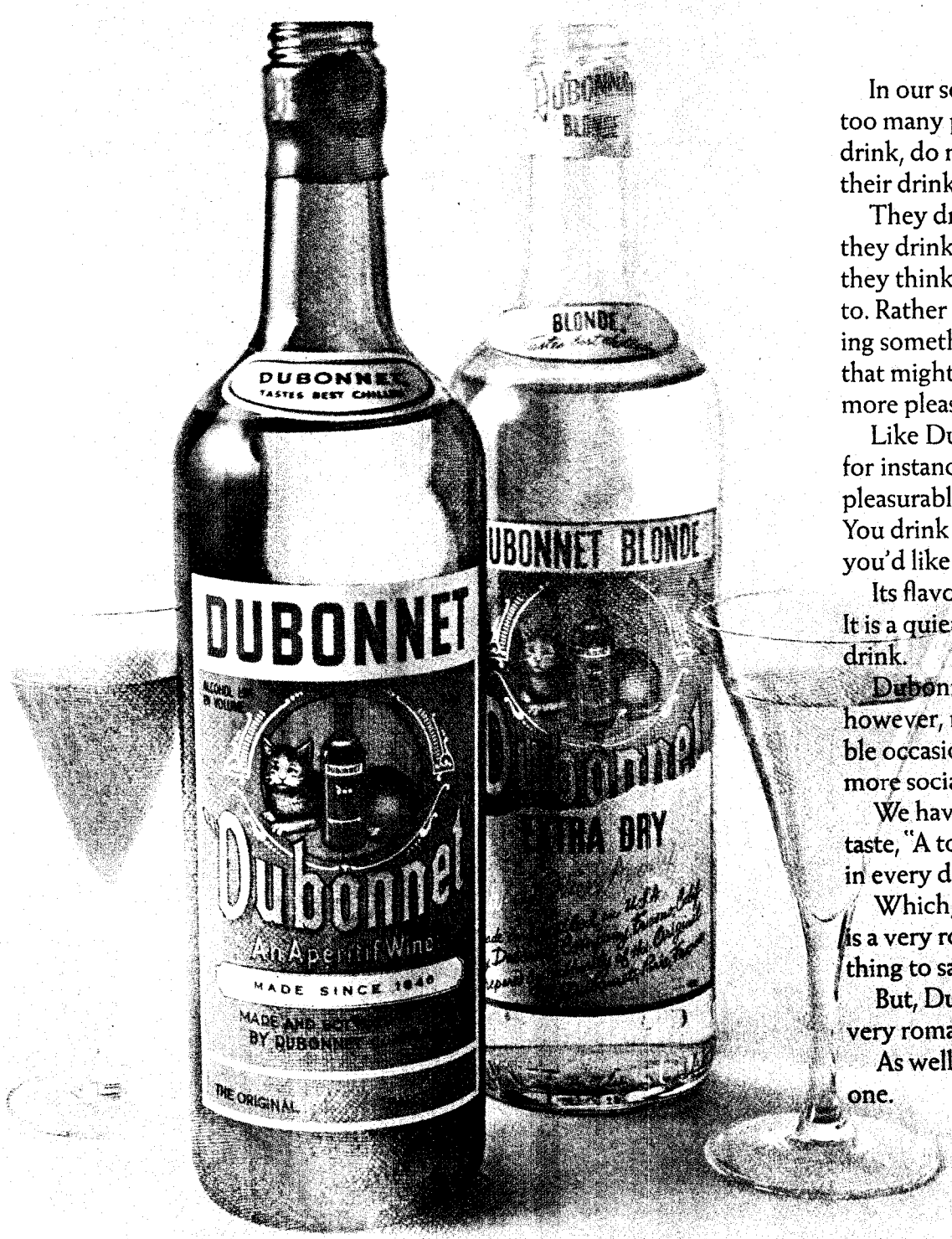
A bit of common sense in the Drinking Society.



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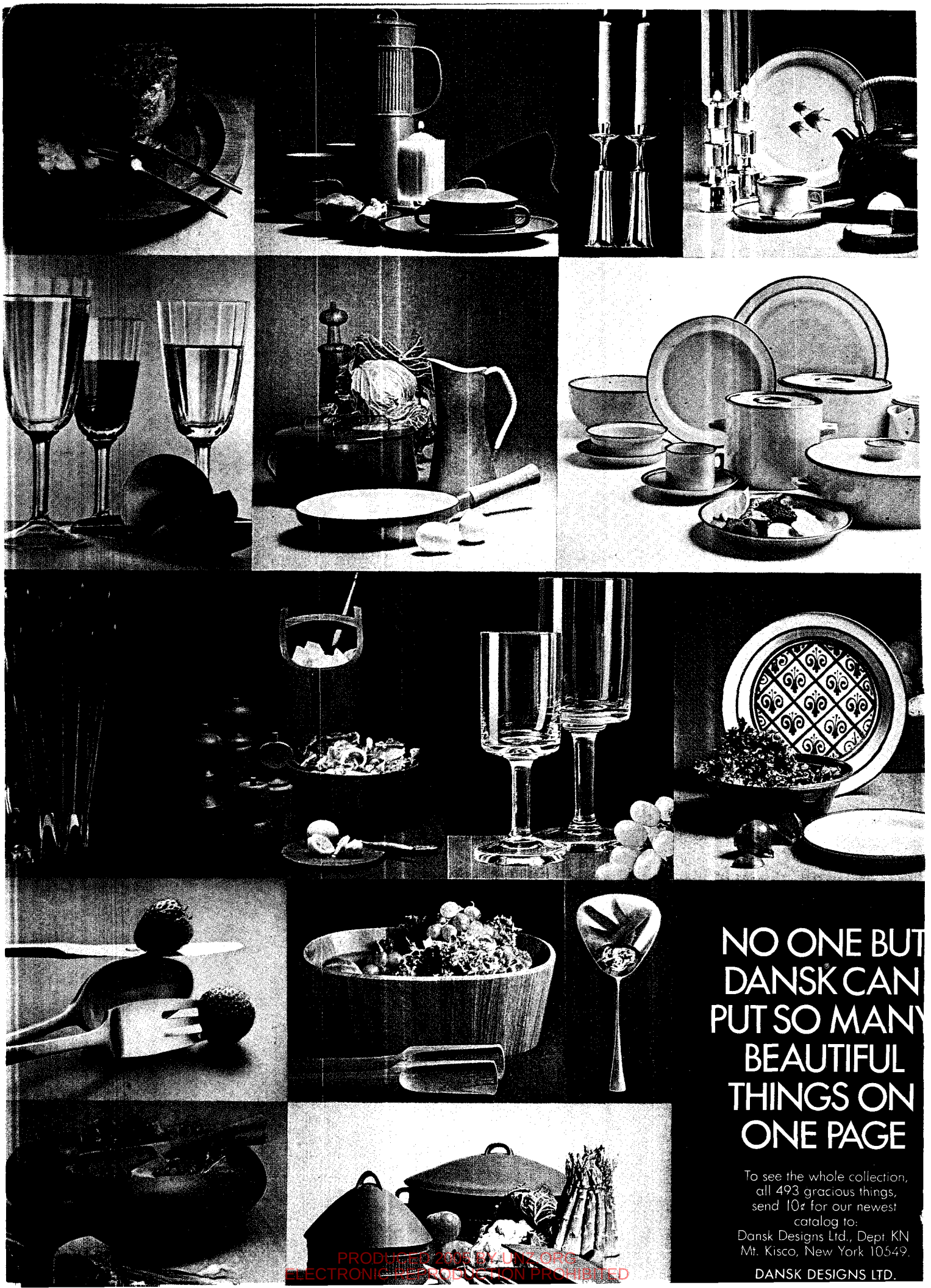

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